

CHATTELAINE

SEPTEMBER

1960

15¢

The Canadian Home Journal



How close are we to test-tube babies?

The Queen's other family

The interfering mother-in-law



Homes '60—five award-winning houses across Canada

Does she...or doesn't she?



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Do women make good voters?

EVER SINCE women received the franchise, men have been speculating on what kind of voters we are and what political appeals might best win our support. It looks as though we are going to be the subject of even more research in the future. According to an article on women voters, which was published recently in the New York Times, women will probably outnumber men at the polling booths in the coming U. S. presidential election. The author, Philip K. Hastings, is associate professor of psychology and political science and the director of the Roper Public Opinion Research Center at Williams College in Massachusetts.

It seemed to me, as I read the article, that Professor Hastings was not exactly jubilant about the growing importance of women voters. His first gloomy observation was that the woman voter is less well informed on public affairs than men, and less interested in the international picture. In his surveys about the voting habits of women he found that they were more conservative than men and more reluctant to support changes — whether they be economic or in social welfare. In their political ignorance women apparently didn't even turn to their male relatives for guidance. The perverse creatures voted as they pleased. Sometimes, Professor Hastings found, they even persuaded their husbands to vote *their* way.

Women proved to be unpredictable, too. Professor Hastings discovered that they have a deep feminine distrust of political machines. They can't be counted upon to stick with any particular party. When they go to the polls they make their choices because of the personal appeal of the man, not on his platform. They are most swayed, it seems, by a clean-cut family man with children. What of the future, then? Will the growing importance of women at the polls be a good or a bad thing?

Room for optimism, professor

There is no doubt about Professor Hastings' pessimism. But perhaps there is room for a little more hope than he can muster. First of all, the fact that women are not going to be easily assimilated into party machines is an encouraging piece of news. Alarmists might be tempted to cry that the tendency of women to vote for a good-looking man with good-looking children makes them push-overs for demagogues and handsome incompetents, but neither Washington nor Ottawa is in any danger of becoming a second Hollywood yet. The most serious charge is that women are not well informed and that must be remedied — and will be as women become more active in public life. On the other hand, the most encouraging news in the report is the fact that women make up their own minds. A democracy was never seriously harmed by an active, independent vote. If we can only make sure the vote is also a thoughtful, well-informed one, the future, in spite of Professor Hastings, doesn't look too gloomy to us.

Doris McCubbin Anderson
EDITOR



CHATELAINE

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News/Views

EDITORIAL	1
WHAT'S NEW	2
HERE'S HEALTH <i>Lawrence Galton</i>	14
IT'S YOUR WORLD <i>Marjorie McEnaney</i>	18
TEEN TEMPO <i>Susan Cooper</i>	128
THE LAST WORD IS YOURS	154

Special Feature

HOMES '60 — FIVE AWARD-WINNING HOUSES ACROSS CANADA <i>Barbara Reynolds</i>	91
--	----

Features

HOW CLOSE ARE WE TO TEST-TUBE BABIES? <i>Christina McCall Newman</i>	27
THE QUEEN'S OTHER FAMILY <i>Graham and Heather Fisher</i>	28
HOW THE KESNERS CAME TO CANADA <i>Eileen Morris</i>	32
GOING BACK TO WORK <i>Sheila Ward</i>	37
THE PROBLEM OF THE INTERFERING MOTHER-IN-LAW <i>Violet Munns as told to June Callwood</i>	44

Fiction

HOUSEWARMING <i>Jean Loggie</i>	30
HAVE GUN, WILL SHOOT <i>Sheila MacKay Russell</i>	34
DEATH COMES TO THE ISLAND CHATELAINE BONUS NOVEL CONCLUSION <i>Florence Ford</i>	36

Food/Homes

30-MINUTE DINNER MENUS FOR YOUR FIVE-DAY WEEK <i>Elaine Collett</i>	42
MEALS OF THE MONTH	78
HOMEMAKER'S DIARY <i>Joan Jackson</i>	80
SHOPPING WITH CHATELAINE <i>Jean Byers</i>	124

Fashions/Beauty

DOS AND DON'TS OF DRESSING FOR THE JOB <i>Vivian Wilcox</i>	38
HOW TO MAKE THE CHANGE — HOME TO OFFICE <i>Eveleen Dollery</i>	41

Chatelaine Crafts

TWO WINNING SWEATERS <i>Wanda Nelles</i>	121
--	-----

Gardening

PLEASE FENCE ME IN! <i>Helen O'Reilly</i>	144
---	-----

Your Child

HOW TO TEACH YOUR CHILD TO LEARN FROM MISTAKES <i>Marguerite W. Brown</i>	148
WHEN BABY CAN'T DIGEST HIS FOOD <i>Elizabeth Chant Robertson, MD</i>	151



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What's New at Chatelaine

What do you do with an apartment balcony? "Paint a floor mural," says Helen Fairbairn—and she does.

The case of the girl with the blue hands

The other day editorial assistant **Helen Fairbairn** came in with blue hands. She wasn't cold—she'd been painting her balcony, she said. Helen shares a downtown apartment with two other girls and they got tired of thirty-two feet of bare concrete, and decided to do something about it. First they sketched out a design in chalk—two bathing beauties, blond and redhead, a fishpond and an octopus. Friends were eager to help, and before the first coat was dry they found themselves as hostesses of a balcony-painting party. Here Helen puts the final touch on the fishpond. She recommends the project for perk-ing up dullish weekends, recreation rooms, carports and patios.

Our house-building marathon

Homes '60 — Chatelaine's annual roundup of outstanding Canadian homes—is a formidable decorating marathon for **Barbara Reynolds** and her home-planning staff. Five houses, all across Canada, have to be built, color-co-ordinated, furnished and accessorized in a matter of two months (from the time the first bulldozers bite into the half-frozen ground until the moment when the last ash tray is put into place). But no matter what the obstacles, through fire and flood, our homes are always finished on time. This year Barbara literally did have to cope with a flood on the very doorstep of one of the homes. She arrived in Edmonton after one solid week of spring rain and the ground around the two-story home in



Barbara Reynolds.



Edmonton West was a street-wide, turbulent clay-colored river. But this kind of crisis didn't stop Barbara or **Vera Jory**, her assistant. They simply bought knee-high rubber boots and waded six blocks to work, as you can see in the picture of Barbara, below left. For the result of their efforts turn to page 91. And don't forget that you can visit these homes, if you live in one of the five cities where they are located through the month of September (see times and addresses on pages 96 to 105).

First-hand look at The Look

The Italian Look is still The Look, according to Chatelaine beauty editor **Eveleen Dollery** on her return from a recent trip to Rome. Pale make-up looks best when skins

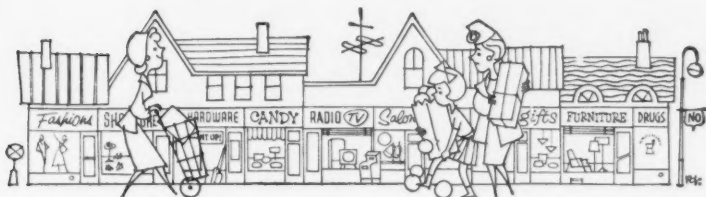


Eveleen Dollery and Princess Sciarra.

are deeply tanned, which is right about now in Canadian terms. You might be interested in a few tips that Eveleen found out when she talked to **Princess Sciarra** of the Elizabeth Arden Salon in Rome: Few Italian women wear tinted make-up during the day but they all wear eye make-up. Italian women don't diet—they like their food too well. But they visit salons weekly for body massage and facials. They take much better care of their hands than we do—and the care pays off. Eveleen says Italian men still practise that charming habit of kissing a lady's hand.

For change of address write Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont. Chatelaine Magazine is authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department, Ottawa

What's New in the shops



Cooking for a crowd

For you who get involved in providing father-and-son banquets, church dinners or any en masse catering, we suggest an investment in **100 to Dinner**. The revised, enlarged and brought-up-to-date edition is now available with general information and recipes worth their weight in ingredients. Entertainingly illustrated, too. Published by the University of Toronto Press; \$6.95.

The Cambridge cut

The hairdo pendulum has swung in the opposite direction with the advent of the **Cambridge cut**, shown below. "It is such a daring departure from beehive and bouffant dos," warns beauty editor **Eveleen Dolery**, "you should attempt it only if you have the poise and insouciance to carry it off. Coiffure was created by Eddie Sens of New York to complement the fall fashions. More hair news from Clairol is an **ultra-blue lightener** which, it's said, bleaches with extreme gentleness, and women with sensitive scalps can have pale pastel hair tints without scalp irritation. Available in beauty salons only.



Food finds

More and more interesting foods and aids to **gourmet cooking** are coming on the market. Keep your eye open for packaged **wild rice dressing**—a mixture of white and wild rice, a Chun King product; and for **Pyrohy**—cottage-cheese-filled dumplings which you can sauté in butter for a luncheon dish or drop into good beef stock for a hearty soup. In 14-ounce tins, a product of Essex Packers. For parties, Clover Leaf have tins of **smok-**

ed steelhead salmon—delicious for hors d'œuvres—and a **smoked oyster spread** for sophisticated palates. You will find them in supermarkets and specialty shops this month.

The long line for fall

Easy fit, new mobility, that's the keynote in fall dress silhouettes, according to fashion editor **Vivian Wilcox**. You will see many dresses with long torsos, and skirts softly gathered or box-pleated. And if you want to give last year's dress a new look, replace the conventional buckled belt with a **leather sash** or **narrow bowed belt**. Another fall '60 touch: accessories in spotted fur, real or fake. Outfit sketched, by Mr. Mort, has goldenrod overblouse, straight skirt, leopard printed stole with goldenrod wool reverse; about \$45.



Magnetic chess

For those who can't take their chess or leave it at home, this **portable, magnetic chess board** should make them happy. The metal box is both



board and container for the polished wood pieces, which have magnetized bases. Price, \$3.49 in department stores across Canada.

What's New Continued on page 4



"What in the world will he get into next?"

(Facts about childhood's greatest enemy—accidents)

To a little boy or girl, everything is interesting. But in finding out "the way of things," a great many youngsters are hurt or crippled or killed.

It's a mistaken belief, that children are bound to have accidents—and that it's useless to try to prevent them. Studies have proved that most childhood accidents need never happen.

For example, deaths from accidental poisoning could be drastically cut by observing these simple precautions:

Store all drugs—especially flavored or brightly colored medicines—in a locked closet or cabinet.

Destroy all left-over medicines prescribed for temporary use. Don't throw them into a wastebasket where a child might find them.

Put all household products—dis-

infectants, insecticides, furniture polishes, bleaches, metal cleaners, lye, ammonia and acids—out of the reach and out of the sight of children. Replace covers or stoppers tightly.

Keep all potentially harmful substances in their original containers. Don't transfer them to unlabeled containers, particularly those that are meant to hold food or beverages.

Read all labels carefully, and follow warning directions to the letter whether it's a label on a bottle of medicine or a container of paint solvent.

Find out if there's a Poison Control Center near you. These centers are ever ready to provide your physician with quick identification of poisonous ingredients, and directions for emergency, life-saving treatment.

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What's New with you

By JESSIE LONDON

Announcing:

Chatelaine's Club Award

When we counted votes for entries in Chatelaine's third annual Club Award, the Soroptimist Club of Fort William-Port Arthur emerged winner. The thirty-member branch



Howard-Fry's Rev. G. Morgan, Mrs. E. Wishart; Soroptimists Kitty Rae, Grace King—at house that won \$100.

of the international career women's service club fulfilled its fall 1959 promise to provide one hundred dollars a month if the John Howard and Elizabeth Fry Society would rent and run a supervised home for women in need. The needs vary: those who have served sentences or had sentences suspended on condition they live in Soroptimist House; troubled juveniles; penniless transients and others seeking shelter. For this — and other welfare work — supported with the one thousand six hundred dollars they raised, CHATELAINE gives its 1960 Club Award plaque and a cheque for one hundred dollars to the lakehead Soroptimists.

Honorable Mention certificates go to the six-member, Low, Que., United Church Women's Association for raising three hundred and twenty-eight dollars toward a fund to replace their present church — built in 1869 and now pictured on a fast-selling souvenir plate; the nineteen-member Vancouver Alpha Omicron Pi Alumnae for its Figures in Fashion show, which netted two thousand dollars for health and educational causes; the Montreal

Commandos Chapter IODE for buying a recorder and dictating one hundred and eighty hours of tapes for the blind; the Chatsworth Country (meaning rural) Club, Vermilion, Alta., for imaginative once-a-month community endeavors, and the Grand Falls, Nfld., University Women for sponsoring a money-and-interest-raising art exhibit and counseling high-schoolers on career opportunities.

They're doing something about: new ventures in old age

Learning something new late in life is the way five Canadian women are keeping young in spirit. Girlhood memories of England are recreated by Mrs. G. S. Lyle, of Oak Bay, B.C., through dolls she fashions from pipe cleaners, nylon hosiery and bits of this and that. Among her creations are an organ grinder and a flower seller, straight from the streets of nineteenth-century Sutton Coldfield, England. But these are just for fun; for money, Mrs. Lyle turns out fur fabric bunnies at four dollars each to fill orders on a waiting list she's never yet managed to overtake.

Mrs. Victor Kaufman, of Edmonton, who is in her seventies, is hard at work on her second book about historical Alberta churches. Mrs. Kaufman paints pictures of pioneer churches and adds historical data she collects from old documents and local residents.

Past fifty when she first saw a spinning wheel, Mrs. Ann McCaig, of Craven, Sask., now seventy-eight, is the woman behind "Mac's Genuine Homespun" woolens sold in Saskatchewan craft shops. Mrs. McCaig turned to spinning when raw wool from the McCaig sheep ranch could not be sold profitably during

What's New Continued on page 6



Specially designed to match the luxury of Soft-Weve[®]—this royal robe of ermine and satin by Hulitar. Soft-Weve has two thicknesses of facial quality tissue to give it twice the softness.

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What's New with you Continued

the thirties. Her fabric was selected for showing in the Canadian exhibit in the **Brussels Exposition** two years ago. Her latest work of art is a sweater in intricate double brioche pattern—the white wool from white sheep, the black from the family farm's black sheep.

Another late starter was **Toronto's Mrs. G. E. Lindsay**, who twenty years ago began collecting sea shells. Now eighty-eight, Mrs. Lindsay is a recognized authority on shells, and corresponds with other conchologists around the world. Artistic yearnings that got little encouragement when she was a child on a **Prince Edward Island** farm in



Art at eighty: PEI's Laura MacLean.

the 1880s have turned into a money-making venture for **Mrs. J. M. MacLean**, of **Montague, P.E.I.** A great-grandmother, Laura MacLean started painting ten years ago—at the age of seventy. Island gift shops sell Mrs. MacLean's oil paintings on velvet, glass, canvas and nylon. Her subjects are the birds, flowers and landscapes of her beloved P. E. I. "I am still no artist," she says, "but every time I paint in my own simple way, I feel a sense of fulfillment of my dreams."

24 RED ROSES for a pioneer

The woman who founded Canada's first and only far north branch of the **Women's Institute** (at **Haines Junction, Yukon**), **Eileen Hough**, of **Stratford, Ont.**, is heading north again during September. Her mission: to organize a string of WI branches in the **MacKenzie Basin**



Eileen Hough carries the WI north.

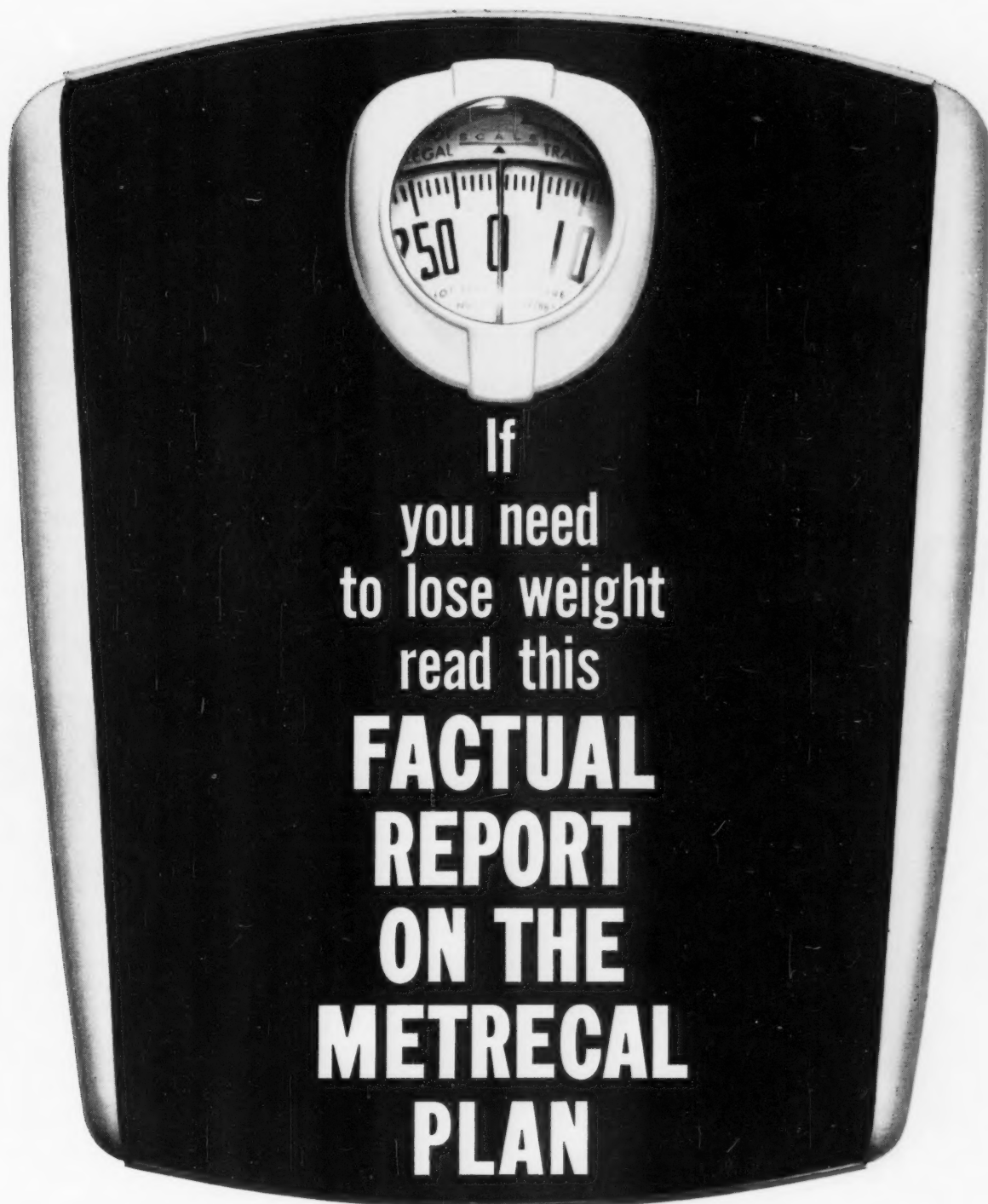
area of the N. W. T. The WI assault on the north is a result of Mrs. Hough's own earlier efforts. She started a WI branch when her husband William was sent to **Haines Junction** in 1956 as superintendent of the agricultural experimental station. Within three years the **Haines Junction WI** spearheaded efforts for a new school to replace a Quonset hut classroom; set up a library as part of an improved program in the community hall; sparked the idea for a fall fair and ran courses in child care and sanitation for the Indian homemakers. Mrs. Hough's reports to the WI executive inspired them to enlist the **Northern Affairs Department** in starting more WIs up north.

First choice for the job of organizer was Mrs. Hough, now widowed and living in Stratford with her two children, Wendy, seven, and Tommy, three. She got leave of absence from her receptionist job and the Northern Affairs Department will pay expenses for the project. A home economist, Mrs. Hough will run cooking demonstrations to attract prospective members in **Fort Smith, Hay River, Yellowknife**—and any other places she can reach by land or air. She's traveling light: outpost women must be shown up-to-date uses for the primitive equipment available.

Quote of the month

Gladys Porter, ex-mayor of **Kentville, N.S.**, and first woman to win a seat in the **Nova Scotia** legislature, after her election victory: "Women, more than men, made comments about politics being no place for a woman."

What's New Continued on page 8



Clinical testing shows the Metrecal Plan provides weight control with sound, wholesome nourishment from four glasses a day!

Almost a year ago, Mead Johnson introduced a new concept in weight control through a new dietary product. After extensive clinical testing, the product was released for sale to the public. It is called Metrecal, a name taken from the Latin for "measured" and "calories".

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comes in three flavours: Plain, Chocolate and Butterscotch.

Is it safe to use?

Clinical tests show that the Metrecal Plan is quite safe when taken as directed. The Metrecal Plan is effective and well-accepted by most people. Your physician is your best source of counsel and guidance in choosing your reducing programme. Extremely overweight individuals, patients with kidney, heart and blood vessel diseases, and others who require special diets should always consult their physicians before trying any reducing programme.

How does the plan work?

The Metrecal Plan helps you take off weight because it gives you a lower caloric intake than is necessary to maintain weight. To produce maximum weight loss, Metrecal is recommended as the only source of food for the initial period. The tests have shown that excess weight disappears rapidly and readily.

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What's New to see and hear

Edna May, actor Hans Conried (centre) tour Toronto museum with director Theodore Heinrich.



"Collectors are born—sick"

Actor **Hans Conried** lives in Hollywood, is constantly on the hop between movies, TV and the stage, and commutes to New York weekly where he frequently turns up on the **Jack Paar Show**. He keeps his equilibrium by collecting Oriental art objects. He has, as he described it to me, "a modest collection — some few hundred objects, including Japanese sword guards, toggles, ancient Korean pottery, small oriental sculptures and a library of five thousand books."

While he was in Toronto recently I accompanied him on a tour of the **Royal Ontario Museum's** Chinese collection (world's largest under one roof), and an inspection of some of the pieces now being featured in **The Gandhara Show** (August 12 - September 7), the most comprehensive exhibition of sculpture from northwest India ever to be brought to North America. Conried gave me his philosophy about collecting: "You look at a bowl used thousands of years ago and think how it was made, used, cared for and passed down, and suddenly you become part of the world of gentlemen. A collection rounds you out and makes you more knowledgeable, which in turns helps an actor who doesn't always get time for an education." But, Conried added, "You don't begin collecting — it's a sickness you're born with."

Some pointed questions for Stratford '61

The wonder of the spectacle provided in the **Shakespearean Festival Theatre** on our own Avon is a joy I'll remember all winter long. Perhaps now, as the successful eighth season is drawing to a close, the time has come for this lover of

the festival to pose some questions.

Shouldn't more young and beautiful girls be found (or developed) to grace the stage? This year young slips of girls such as Helena and Hermia in **A Midsummer Night's Dream** were played by **Kate Reid** and **Helen Burns**, both captivating actresses but more mature in appearance than the ladies described in the script.



Reid and Burns: according to script?

How about Canadian - born **George McCowan**, who has co-directed twice, taking a turn at direction on his own next time?

And couldn't comedienne **Corinne Conley** get a chance to strut her stuff when the bard calls for a gay witty woman?

Another thought: now that familiar members of the company are so much in command of Shakespearean speech and the apron stage, guest stars will have to be

of the highest calibre to hold their own. I agree with critics who feel that **Julie Harris'** voice can be raspy, tinny, monotonous and without the vocal range required; in fact her performance makes me ask again why **Frances Hyland**, an actress with considerable experience in Shake-

Hyland: why?

What's New Continued on page 12



IT'S NEW! THE AVON LIPSTICK in a rainbow range of shades

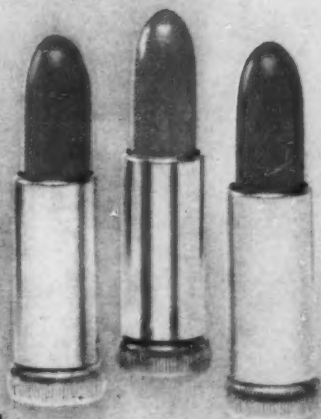


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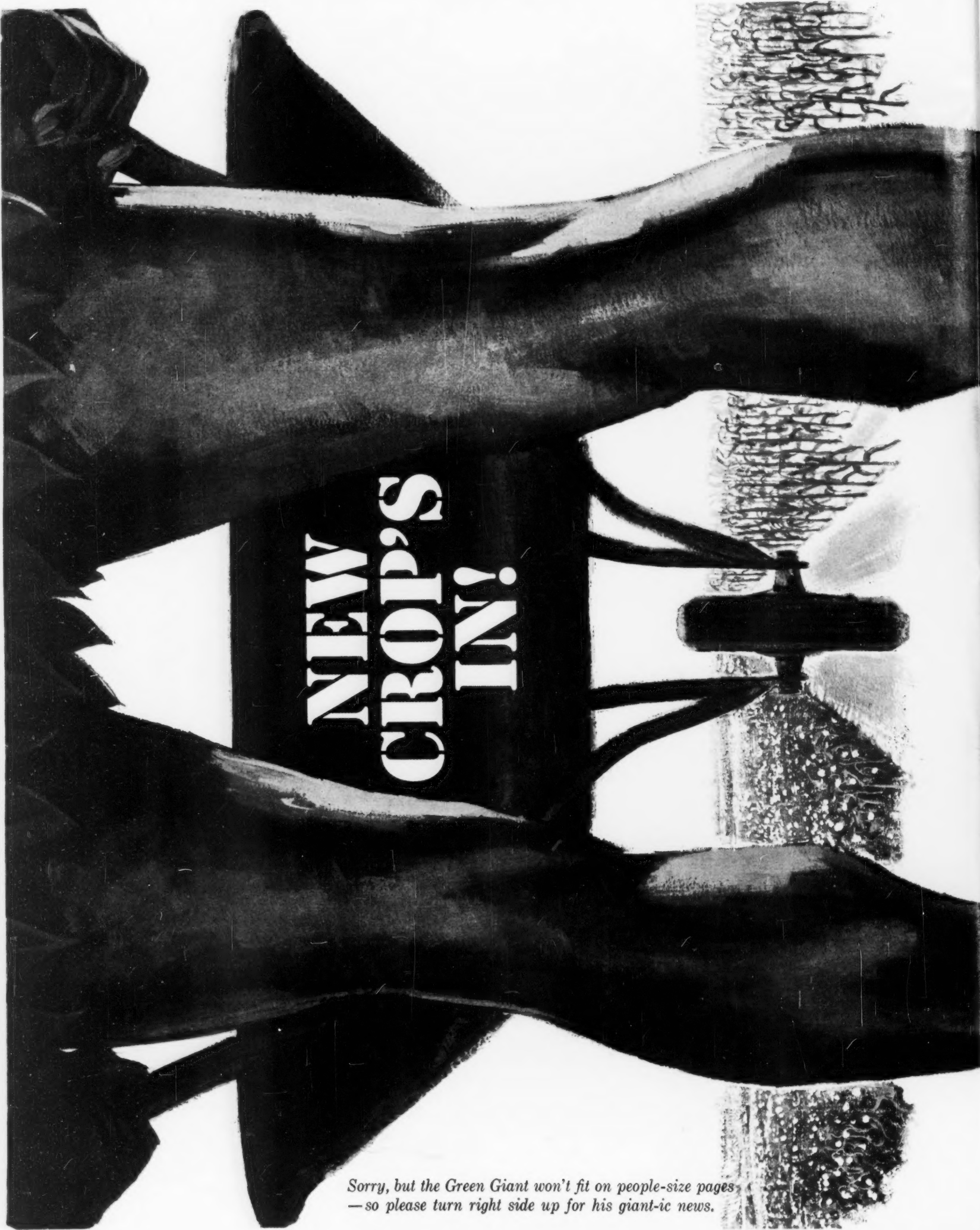
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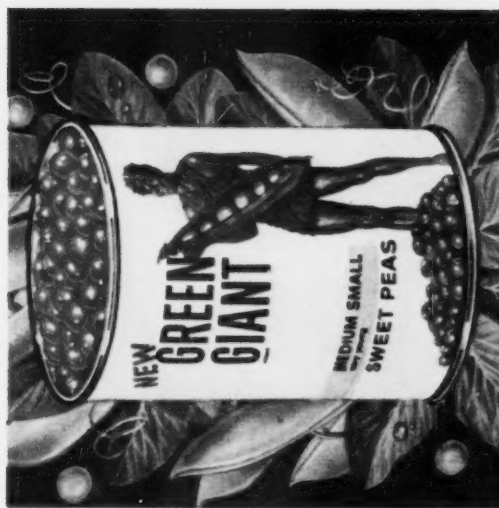
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What's New to see and hear Contd.



John Gielgud.

let's scale the heights — **Sir John Gielgud** in *King Lear*, or, odds bodkins! how about **Chris Plummer** and **Audrey Hepburn** in *Antony and Cleopatra*?

All this, and money too

Tony Urquhart, internationally known Niagara Falls, Ont., painter who has paintings in museums in Ottawa, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Toronto and such American museums as Arizona's Phoenix Art Gallery, and The Walker Art Center of Minneapolis, moves to London, Ont., where he'll fill the newly created post of resident artist at the **University of Western Ontario**. Urquhart, who is only twenty-six, won't give formal lectures, but will paint in a studio on the campus, give talks and arrange shows for the university art gallery. "Encourage art among students and faculty," explained Tony while creating some of his lyrical watercolors, "and I'm delighted because I can go on painting and get paid for it, too!" His next one-man show will be at the **Isaacs Gallery** in Toronto.

"Why bother with diamonds?"

Twenty-year-old Israeli star **Elana Eden** is attracting attention as the new, sultry and beautiful star of the latest Biblical picture *The Story of Ruth*. But while she wears décolleté gowns in the picture, off screen I found her simply dressed in a black shirtwaist — and I think dark-eyed

Elana must be setting a new note in Hollywood because she told me this: "I don't go out much and I like simple clothes. Why bother with mink or diamonds? I want to keep on learning and am going to enroll at University of California to study history and philosophy between pictures." For première appearances in Chicago and New York, Elana turned her back on the usual décolletage and took the lime-



Elana Eden (right): a new note set?

light in a flowing long-sleeved, high-necked gown rich only in its material woven of silk with 14-carat gold and embroidered in black. Her next movie: *The King Must Die*.

A big bag of the best

Canadian Short Stories (Oxford University Press, \$1.75) is a good buy, well printed and bound and filled with stories selected by **Robert Weaver**. Nearly half the stories



Editor Weaver.

were written since 1945 and this is the first short-story anthology in English to include translated stories by French-Canadians. Authors include **Stephen Leacock**, **Morley Callaghan**, **Irving Layton**, **W. O. Mitchell**, **Roger Lemelin**, **James Reaney**, **Mordecai Richler**, and many others. The stories show a variety of style and spirit.

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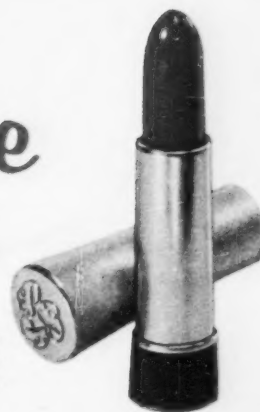
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here's health

by Lawrence Galton

If you're angry, show it

It has long been the popular belief that people who suppress anger, instead of expressing it in words or in action, run the risk of having high blood pressure. Now evidence to back this up comes from a study at Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital in which ten people with normal blood pressure were deliberately made angry by interviewers while their heart rates and blood pressures were measured. When those who expressed their anger vocally and physically were compared with those who suppressed it, there was no significant difference in heart rates, but the anger-suppressors showed a consistently higher blood pressure. The study suggests that a factor in essential hypertension — the most common form of elevated blood pressure and one in which no organic cause can be found — may be the chronic inhibition of angry feelings.

Helping the fat child reduce

To twenty-one British children, all obese and steadily gaining still more weight, a University of Sheffield physician gave an appetite-curbing agent, Preludin. For a month, some children received the medication while others received dummy tablets. For the next month, this was reversed. While on the real medication, eighteen children lost an average of four pounds, with losses running as high as eight pounds. While on the dummy tablets, seventeen children gained weight, as much as five pounds. No child complained of ill effects from the drug which appears to be a useful aid when obese youngsters cannot stick to diets.

Relief for peptic ulcers

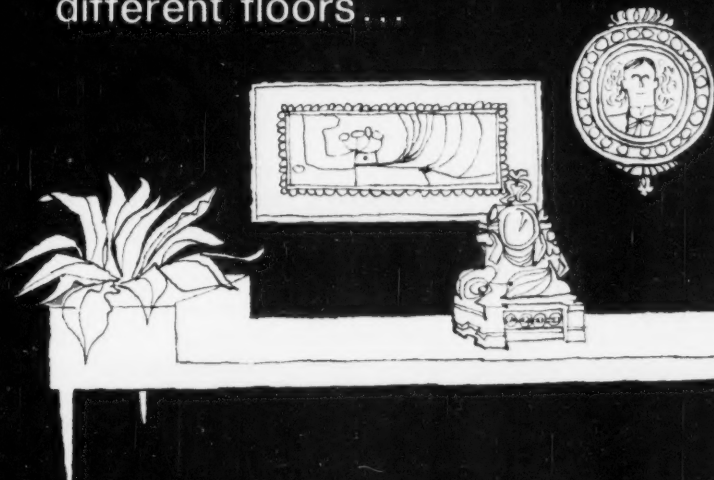
A preparation called Robuden — made from gastrointestinal tissues of freshly slaughtered young farm animals — appears to be of definite value in peptic ulcers. The report comes from two Quebec City physicians. They investigated the medication in one hundred and thirty-six men and women, nearly all of whom had ulcers which had not benefited from other forms of treatment. Two of every three improved. Relief from ulcer distress usually began within two weeks. Healing of the ulcer was in progress by the third week. Improvement has been maintained for observation periods varying thus far from a minimum of fourteen months to as long as four years.

Burns — a good tip from Iceland

Applying cool water to burns and scalds at once — and continuing to apply it as long as pain persists — is a traditional folk remedy in Iceland. Now medical studies, carried out in both humans and animals, show that the treatment, which has the advantage of ready availability as well as simplicity, is often effective not only in easing discomfort, reducing swelling, and curbing fluid loss, but also in speeding healing.

Continued on page 16

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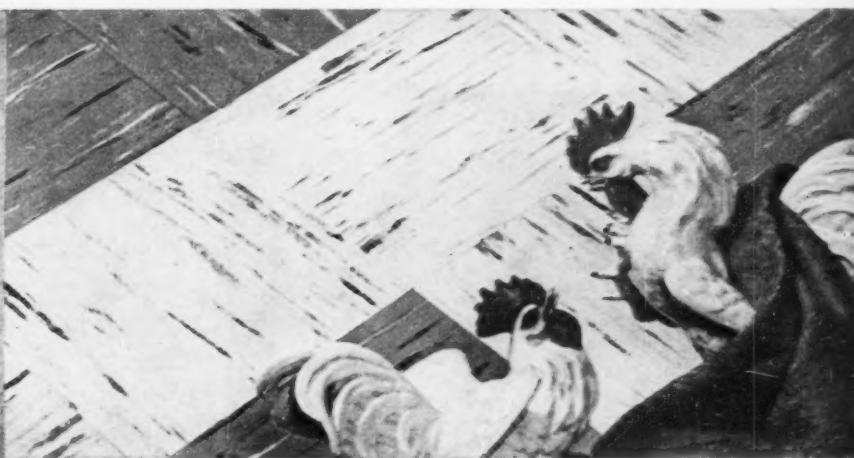
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here's health CONTINUED

Preventing — and curing — child foot problems

In a British study, one hundred and sixty-four children with defective feet were kept in well-fitting shoes over a period of two years. Corns, callosities and cramped toes practically disappeared, and displacement of the big toe toward the other toes lessened considerably. The study shows that a major factor in the development of foot defects lies, not in poor fitting of shoes to begin with, but in poor wearing habits. When correctly fitted at the time of purchase, children's shoes will allow unrestricted growth for four to six months.

But, report the investigators in the British Medical Journal, "the universal habit of keeping new clothes for best wear applies to children's shoes, too. Any one pair of shoes can be worn for as long as one year or more — namely, four months' best wear, four months' school wear, and four months to play in at home after school and at the weekends. Very few parents allow their children to wear new shoes straight away every day, as they should, discarding them after four months for another pair."

Help for heart and blood vessel troubles

Promising results in patients with coronary artery (heart) disease and other blood-circulation disorders are being obtained with hydroxychloroquine sulfate, an antimalarial drug. Blood sludging — the sticking together of red cells — is a complicating factor in many circulation disorders. It slows blood flow and often causes plugging of small blood vessels. Hydroxychloroquine has shown a desludging effect in malaria cases.

Now, in every one of a group of patients with intermittent claudication — inability to walk far without laming pain because of poor leg circulation — the drug has produced striking relief, usually within three days. Most of a group of patients with vein inflammation (thrombophlebitis) showed improvement within forty-eight hours. Significant relief also has been obtained in sixty-five percent of a group of patients with angina pectoris, the severe chest pain associated with poor circulation through the coronary arteries which feed the heart muscle.

Overcoming weakness after flu

Physical and mental debility may persist for many weeks after an attack of influenza. In postflu patients distressed by fatigue, muscular weakness, labored breathing, aching limbs and mental depression, a British physician made blood and urine tests which suggested that the flu attack may have led to inadequate functioning of the adrenal glands. Rapid improvement in all patients followed temporary use of prednisolone, a synthetic hormone similar to the adrenal hormone, Cortisone.

Do smoking and drinking affect sight?

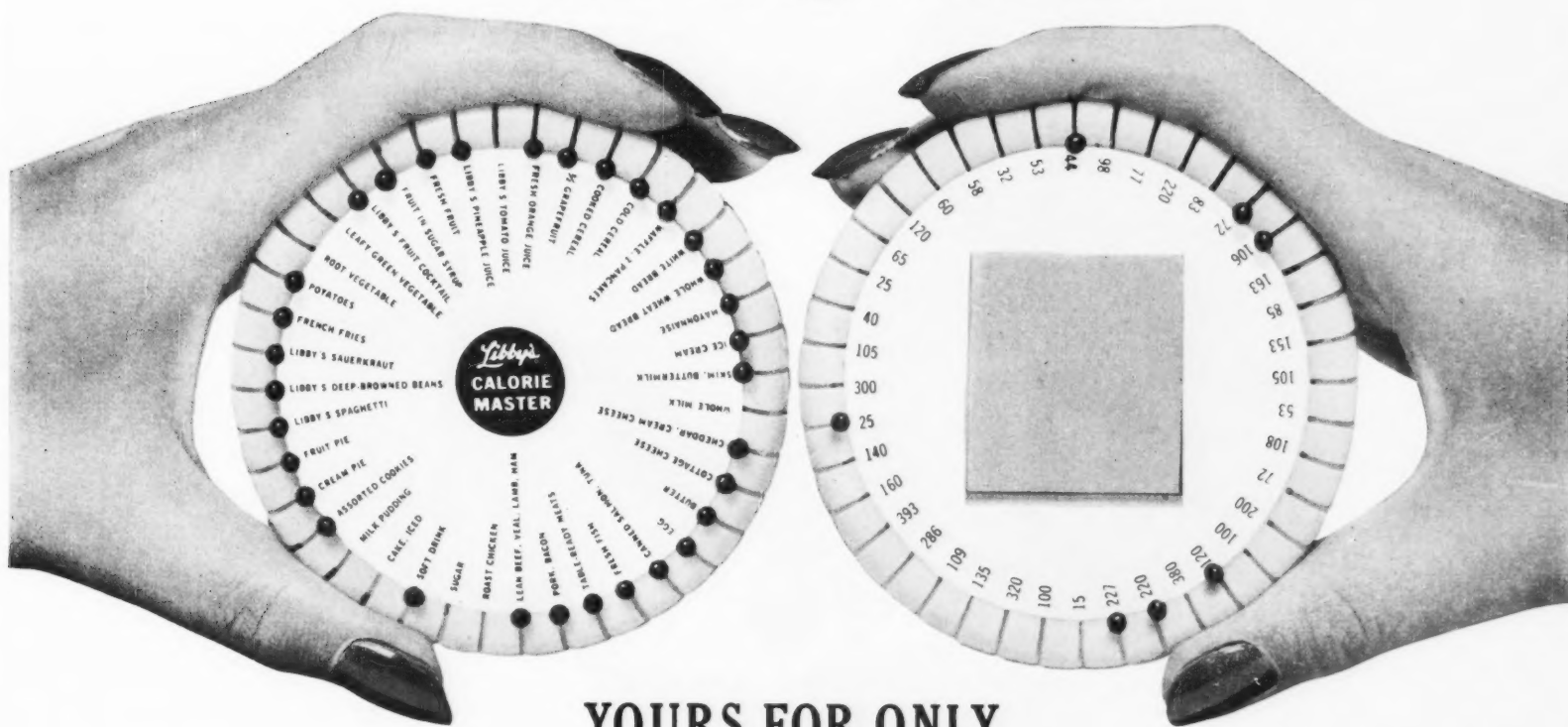
Loss of visual acuity along with appearance of dark, cloudy patches before the eyes may indicate what has been called "tobacco-alcohol amblyopia." But, contrary to previous medical belief, the condition is a nutritional deficiency disease in which excessive smoking and drinking play only a secondary role. This is shown in a study of fourteen patients at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. All were heavy drinkers and most were heavy smokers as well. But malnutrition was found in every one of the group. And improvement occurred with an adequate diet, regardless of subsequent drinking and smoking.

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IT'S YOUR WORLD A monthly background to the news headlines

The quiet revolution of Chinese

China, a burgeoning giant of 650 million people, may vastly influence our world in the next 50 years. One of its most dramatic changes is in the lives of women. Here's a revealing report by the first Canadian woman journalist ever invited behind the Bamboo Curtain

This is Chen Shu-len, 22, a commune laborer. She works in the fields in summer, in a factory in winter. She puts in a 10-hour day, attends school at night.



women

By MARJORIE McENANEY

■ "Is your life any better now?" I asked. I was standing in a turnip field in a people's commune not far from Peking in Communist China. It was August 1959. The second crop of vegetables for the season was just nicely above the ground, and Pao Tsie-jen, to whom I was talking, had been busy hoeing the weeds.

I still had a strong feeling of wonder that I should be there at all. China had been almost completely cut off from the Western world for ten years since the Communists took control of the country. Before that, the vast Red areas of China were a preserve for those journalists from the West who had some considerable sympathy for the Communist cause. These were the years from 1931 to 1949, when the Chinese battled first the Japanese, and later each other, until the Communists emerged in control.

The northern plain on which I was now standing had seen disaster time and again — crop failures, war, famine and plague. And there I stood, in a setting now bucolic and peaceful talking to old Pao Tsie-jen.

I had been invited to go to China by the Chinese People's Association for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, to see for myself "the truth about China." I was the first Canadian woman reporter to receive an invitation from this organization.

China is the third-largest country in the world, with the biggest population, estimated at 650 million people. How does one see the "truth" in one month? How does one see past and through the officials and interpreters who are understandably determined to put nothing but the finest face on new China? A journalist cannot carry the full burden of such an assignment. I decided to accept the invitation and do my best to see clearly and report honestly.

I arrived in Peking on August 1, flying from Prague in a new Soviet TU 104 jet—six miles up and almost six hundred miles per hour. For the first few days I took in the sights: the Summer Palace and the lake built for the dowager empress toward the end of the last century; the Forbidden City and the Imperial Palace, the magnificent Celestial Temple. But eventually I found myself in a commune, several miles from Peking. A Red Chinese commune is a district roughly comparable in size to a Canadian county. It has a population of from twenty thousand to sixty thousand people, with a single administration for agriculture, industry, education (including kindergartens), recreation, food and shelter. All of rural

Continued next page



In this Peking co-operative skilled workers produce ornamental luxury items in ivory, using the old traditional hand methods.



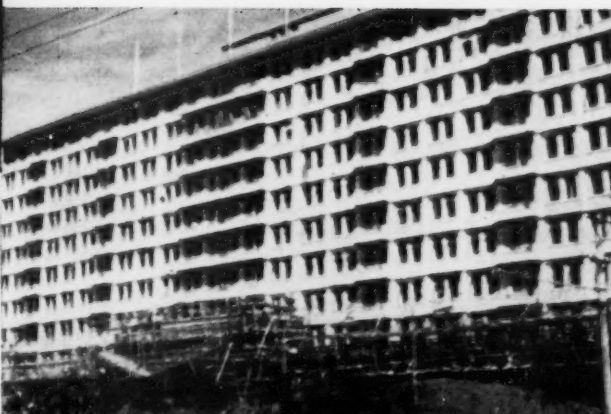
Working mothers who must nurse babies are allowed a half hour from their machines morning and afternoons, to care for their children in factory crèches. Older children attend nursery schools on the factory grounds.



Late summer heat drives factory girls outdoors for lunch. China's skilled workers earn equivalent of forty-six dollars a month.



Above, an "improved" street in a village near Shanghai. It is clean but crowded, typical of much of the older, poorer areas. At right, one of the giant apartments replacing Peking slums.



Two Peking girls relax over refreshments at one of the city's many outdoor restaurants. At this one, near the ancient Celestial Temple, only soft drinks, tea and coffee are served patrons.



the ROMANTIC REVOLUTION

Special is our word for September. That's because we decided that The Romantic Revolution in popular taste was so important, only an all-out special issue could do it justice. In this memorable issue of the most beautiful magazine in Canada, our talented photographer-writer teams show how this Revolution is changing Canada's old and new houses, gardens and patios. And Frank Moritsugu's provocative article explains, among other things, why the curve is as important to the New Romanticism, as it is to Marilyn Monroe. Which is why our Romantic Revolution symbol (shown here) is a curve that keeps on curving. This special issue may startle you. It may please you. Or it may annoy you. But we're betting it won't leave you indifferent.

And another special for September: CH's Cross-Canada Shrub Flowering Guide. A handsome chart in colors, it's fold-out size and perforated. For gardening buffs or amateurs planning a garden wedding, this authoritative chart shows when the most popular shrubs will bloom in whichever Canadian region you live.

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"Would you like to meet a 'reformed capitalist?'"

Continued from previous page -
China is now organized in communes.

We were met by five of the officials of the commune and, after being plied with several cups of tea and innumerable statistics, I found myself in the turnip field talking to Pao Tsie-jen.

He was a bit startled when I singled him out, but he straightened up and smiled and mopped his brow before we were introduced. "Is your life any better now that you live under Communism?" What could he say? I knew what his answer would be. But *why*—what *reason* would he give? Pao Tsie-jen answered by handing me his hoe.

"My life is better"

"This makes my life better," he said. "In old China I was a poor peasant. I fought with the Red Army as a guerrilla, and I tended my fields when I could; but it was hard to get a living from my land when I had only a pointed stick to scratch and cultivate my poor earth. Now I have this hoe, and it does it much better."

His answer was similar to one I got later from a man pulling a cart. "My life is better," he said, "because I have ball bearings in my old cart, and rubber tires."

I asked the question again in another setting far from Peking. This time I sat in the living room of a lovely home in Shanghai. My Chinese hosts had suggested I might like to meet a "reformed capitalist."

We arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Lieu fairly early one hot morning. Mr. Lieu was waiting for us on the steps and ushered us into the cooler living room where we met his wife. They both spoke English; Mr. Lieu had perfected his at Cambridge where he studied economics about twenty years ago.

The Lieu home wasn't as imposing as some we had seen built by both Chinese and foreign capitalists. It was impressive, nevertheless: it would sell in Canada for about fifty thousand dollars. While we sat and chatted and got acquainted a manservant brought us tea, cigarettes, iced drinks, candy and melon at intervals. We stayed for about three hours.

The living room was in conventional Western décor of about twenty years ago, with only a few Chinese *objets d'art* to be seen. The walls were painted pale green, the woodwork was dark, the coffee tables walnut. The chester-

field was of the comfortable sort, and the two chairs which matched had plain green twill covers. The only striking pattern in the room was the horizontally striped curtain, in pale green and maroon. The dining room, which led from the living room through a wide archway, was similarly decorated.

Mr. Lieu told us that his father had been one of the five wealthiest men in China before the Communists took over. He had almost a monopoly on coal, cement, matches and other commodities in the Shanghai area. When the Communists came to power they made deals with Mr. Lieu, his father and brothers. If the Lieus would continue to operate their factories, they would be paid five percent on their investment and five percent of the profits. The government would buy everything they produced and handle negotiations with workers. Our Mr. Lieu was to manage the match interests.

"I have an income of 800,000 yuan per year (that's \$320,000 in Canadian money) and very few worries," he explained. He pays no taxes and can pass on his wealth without succession duties, but he takes no vacations except those granted to his workers, and can only buy a new car every three years.

In old days, a gay whirl

Mrs. Lieu sat quietly while her husband was talking. She was chic, sophisticated and perfectly groomed. She wore a pale-green embroidered silk dress, cut in the straight Chinese style, with high collar and only a hint of shaping at the waist. The skirt was slashed, and when she sat this gave tantalizing glimpses of her thigh. (This isn't immodest in China, and the rest of the female body is usually well covered.)

Mrs. Lieu said that in the old days they had a very gay social life. The women of her social class played bridge in the afternoons, and they spent much time shopping and gossiping. They held many parties, and she wouldn't think of appearing at one without a completely new outfit — she would lose some of her social status if she did.

Much of this social life, Mrs. Lieu told me, has now disappeared. They have a few dinner parties, but nothing

Continued on page 24

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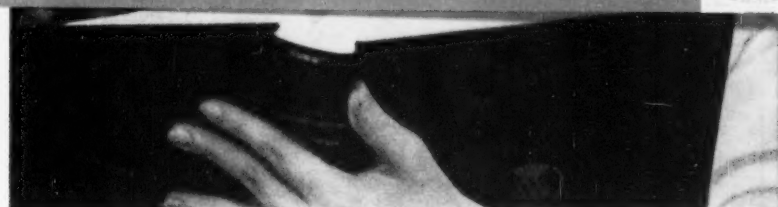
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Special is our word for September. That's because we decided that The Romantic Revolution in popular taste was so important, only an all-out special issue could do it justice. In this memorable issue of the most beautiful magazine in Canada, our talented photographer-writer teams show how this Revolution is changing Canada's old and new houses, gardens and patios. And Frank Moritsugu's provocative article explains, among other things, why the curve is as important to the New Romanticism, as it is to Marilyn Monroe. Which is why our Romantic Revolution symbol (shown here) is a curve that keeps on curving. This special issue may startle you. It may please you. Or it may annoy you. But we're betting it won't leave you indifferent.

And another special for September: CH's Cross-Canada Shrub Flowering Guide. A handsome chart in colors, it's fold-out size and perforated. For gardening buffs or amateurs planning a garden wedding, this authoritative chart shows when the most popular shrubs will bloom in whichever Canadian region you live.

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In old China I was a poor peasant. I fought with the Red Army as a guerilla, and I tended my fields when I could; but it was hard to get a living from my land when I had only a pointed stick to scratch and cultivate my poor earth. Now I have this hoe, and it does it much better."

His answer was similar to one I got later from a man pulling a cart. "My life is better," he said, "because I have ball bearings in my old cart, and rubber tires."

I asked the question again in another setting far from Peking. This time I sat in the living room of a lovely home in Shanghai. My Chinese hosts had suggested I might like to meet a "reformed capitalist."

We arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Lieu fairly early one hot morning. Mr. Lieu was waiting for us on the steps and ushered us into the cooler living room where we met his wife. They both spoke English: Mr. Lieu had perfected his at Cambridge where he studied economics about twenty years ago.

The Lieu home wasn't as imposing as some we had seen built by both Chinese and foreign capitalists. It was impressive, nevertheless: it would sell in Canada for about fifty thousand dollars. While we sat and chatted and got acquainted a manservant brought us tea, cigarettes, iced drinks, candy and melon at intervals. We stayed for about three hours.

The living room was in conventional Western décor of about twenty years ago, with only a few Chinese *objets d'art* to be seen. The walls were painted pale green, the woodwork was dark, the coffee tables walnut. The chester-

investment and five percent of the profits. The government would buy everything they produced and handle negotiations with workers. Our Mr. Lieu was to manage the match interests.

"I have an income of 800,000 yuan per year (that's \$320,000 in Canadian money) and very few worries," he explained. He pays no taxes and can pass on his wealth without succession duties, but he takes no vacations except those granted to his workers, and can only buy a new car every three years.

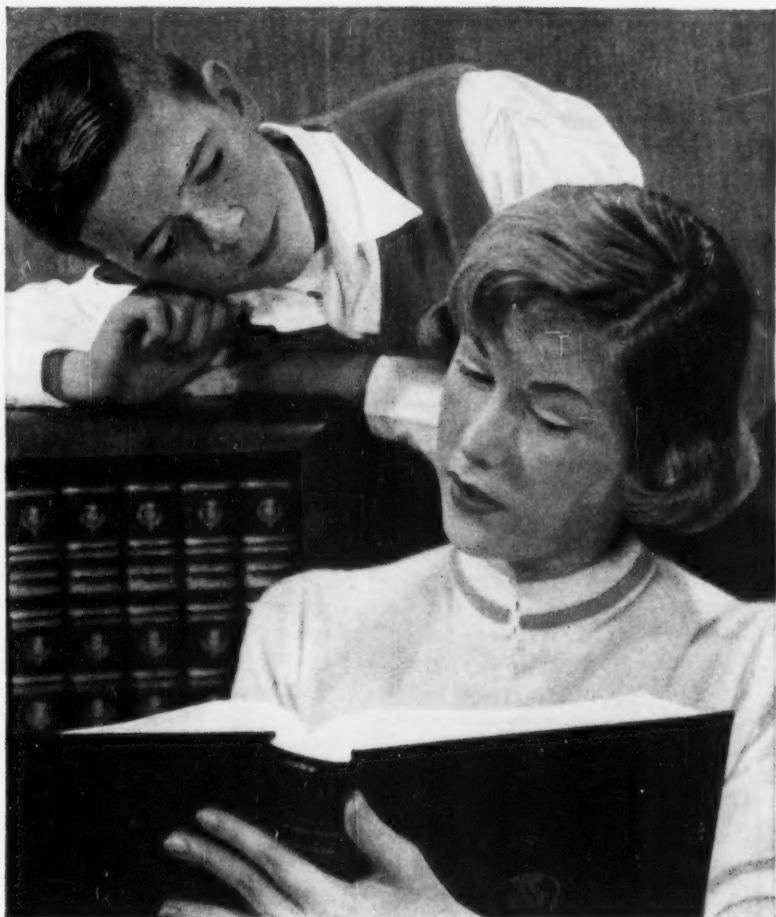
In old days, a gay whirl

Mrs. Lieu sat quietly while her husband was talking. She was chic, sophisticated and perfectly groomed. She wore a pale-green embroidered silk dress, cut in the straight Chinese style, with high collar and only a hint of shaping at the waist. The skirt was slashed, and when she sat this gave tantalizing glimpses of her thigh. (This isn't immodest in China, and the rest of the female body is usually well covered.)

Mrs. Lieu said that in the old days they had a very gay social life. The women of her social class played bridge in the afternoons, and they spent much time shopping and gossiping. They held many parties, and she wouldn't think of appearing at one without a completely new outfit — she would lose some of her social status if she did.

Much of this social life, Mrs. Lieu told me, has now disappeared. They have a few dinner parties, but nothing

Continued on page 24



ARE YOU FEEDING THEIR HUNGER FOR KNOWING?

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for the dough:

- ¾ c. milk
- ¼ c. granulated sugar
- 2 tsps. salt
- ¼ c. shortening
- ½ c. lukewarm water
- 2 tsps. granulated sugar
- 2 envelopes Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 4 c. (about) once-sifted all-purpose flour

for the filling:

- 1 c. coarsely-chopped onion
- ¼ c. butter or Blue Bonnet Margarine

for the topping:

- 1 egg yolk
- 2 tbsps. cold water
- poppy seeds

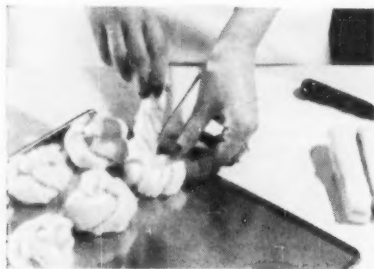
1. Scald milk, stir in ¼ c. granulated sugar, salt and shortening. Cool to lukewarm.



2. Meantime, measure lukewarm water into large bowl and stir in 2 tsps. sugar. Sprinkle with yeast. Let stand 10 mins., then stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture, well-beaten eggs and 2 c. of the flour. Beat until smooth and elastic. Work in remaining 2 c. (about) flour.



3. Knead dough until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl. Grease top. Cover. Let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk—about 1 hr. Meantime, slowly cook onion in butter or margarine, stirring often. Cool.



4. Punch down dough, knead until smooth. Roll out to 12" x 18". Spread ½ dough lengthwise with onion mixture, cover with unspread ½ of dough and cut crosswise into 18, 1" strips. Twist each strip several times, then place one end on greased cookie sheet and wind rest of strip around it; tuck end under. Cover. Let rise until doubled—about ¾ hr. Brush with mixture of egg yolk and cold water. Sprinkle with poppy seeds. Bake in hot oven, 400°, about 15 mins. Makes 18 savory buns to serve with soup, salad, cold cuts.

"In the old days my husband would have a concubine"

Continued from page 20
elaborate. It isn't considered good form in new China, to spend money lavishly on entertaining.

Instead of playing bridge, she and her friends now have study groups in the afternoons, at which they read up on politics and discuss what they have read. They don't do much welfare work as this is largely state organized, but they help with sanitation campaigns or similar drives organized by their street committee.

Is she happy under the Communist regime? Mrs. Lieu answered readily; she'd evidently been asked the question by other visiting journalists. "There is one thing I like," she said. "In the old days a man as handsome and as wealthy as my husband would have a concubine in his home by this time — perhaps several of them. This thought had nagged at me. I knew I would deeply resent them, but could not prevent them from coming. Now he is forbidden by law to have more than one wife."

Mr. Lieu chortled, "I'm stuck with one woman now — isn't it lucky for me I have such an attractive one?"

Most of the women I met in China were not so well-heeled. Take Mrs. Wu, for example. She lives in one of the apartments recently built for workers near a textile factory in Peking. It has five rooms, and she lives there with her husband, their six children, her husband's parents and his sister and her husband — twelve people in all.

Not austerity, they claim

When I visited the Wus' apartment I talked to the grandparents; their daughter-in-law was at work in the nearby textile factory. Since it was school-holiday time some of the grandchildren were at home. I was entertained in the living room, which also functioned as a dining room and bedroom. It was about twelve by fourteen feet in size. The double bed in one corner had no springs or mattress and was covered with a woven-bamboo spread. This wasn't austerity — the Chinese claim that mattresses are too hot in summer, and that, anyway, bare boards build straight backs and strong muscles. There was a plain wooden table in the centre of the room, a heavy wooden chest of drawers against one wall, and two or three straight chairs.

We talked softly, for Grandmother Wu had nodded in the direction of a closed door and explained that her daughter, Mrs. Chou, and her son-in-law were asleep in the adjoining room. They work the night shift in the factory.

Grandmother Wu, a tiny woman dressed in black trousers and a straight black jacket, her hair combed back and fastened in a bun, told me about her life. She and her husband take care of the apartment, because all the other adult members of the family work in this textile factory. All but the youngest of the grandchildren go to school or kindergarten on the factory grounds. Her daughter-in-law (Mrs. Wu) takes the baby to the nursery before she goes to work at eight o'clock in the morning. She picks him up when she comes off shift at 4 p.m. Grandmother Wu looks after the three-year-old, and she also prepares the meals for the whole family.

They don't have vacations

They have breakfast at 7.30 a.m. — a thin porridge or gruel made of boiled rice, or ground corn or wheat, and a few cooked cold vegetables, slightly spiced. In summer she must be up very early to buy fruit and vegetables from the stalls on the street, for as soon as the sun gets hot they disappear.

Grandmother Wu's son and daughter-in-law have their lunch in the communal dining room, operated by the factory. They have the evening meal at home in the apartment. It consists of boiled rice, bean cake, possibly steamed bread, a cooked green vegetable and fruit in season — while I was there, in August, watermelon was the favorite. On Sundays, the only holiday in the week, they eat all meals at home, and they may even have a little meat or fish. The Chinese workers don't get annual vacations yet, but they have national holidays three or four times a year, and this is the time for feasting.

While Grandmother Wu was telling me all this I had one small man on my mind — Baby Wu in the factory nursery. How does he get his meals? Later I got the answer from his mother, the younger Mrs. Wu. She gets a half hour from her machine in the morning shift and the same in the afternoon to nurse the baby, and the nursery is only a short distance away.

Continued on page 66



Happy moments with Matinée

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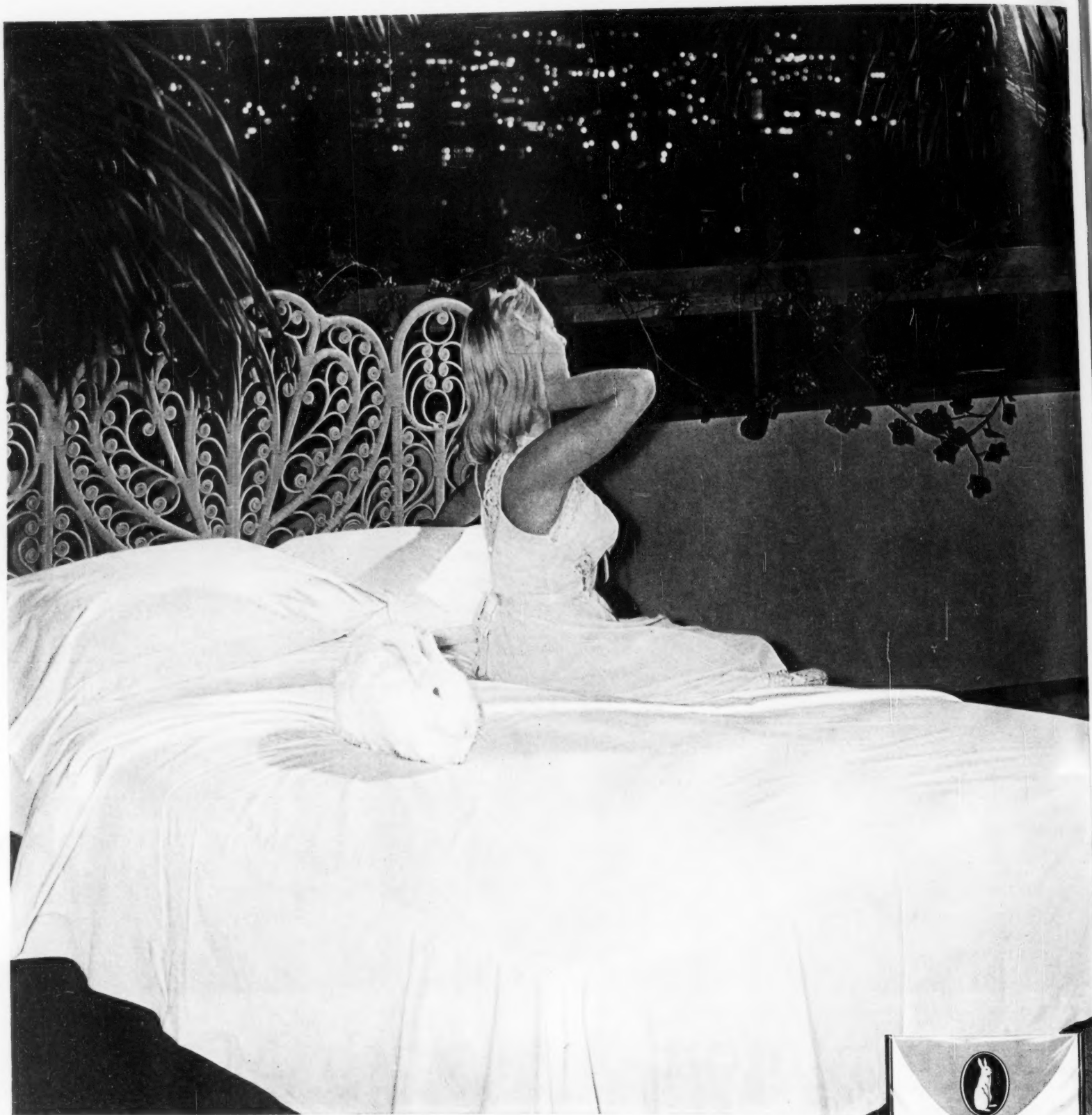
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Matinée

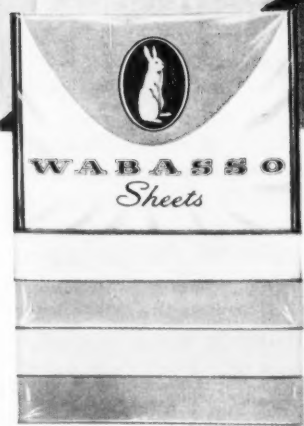
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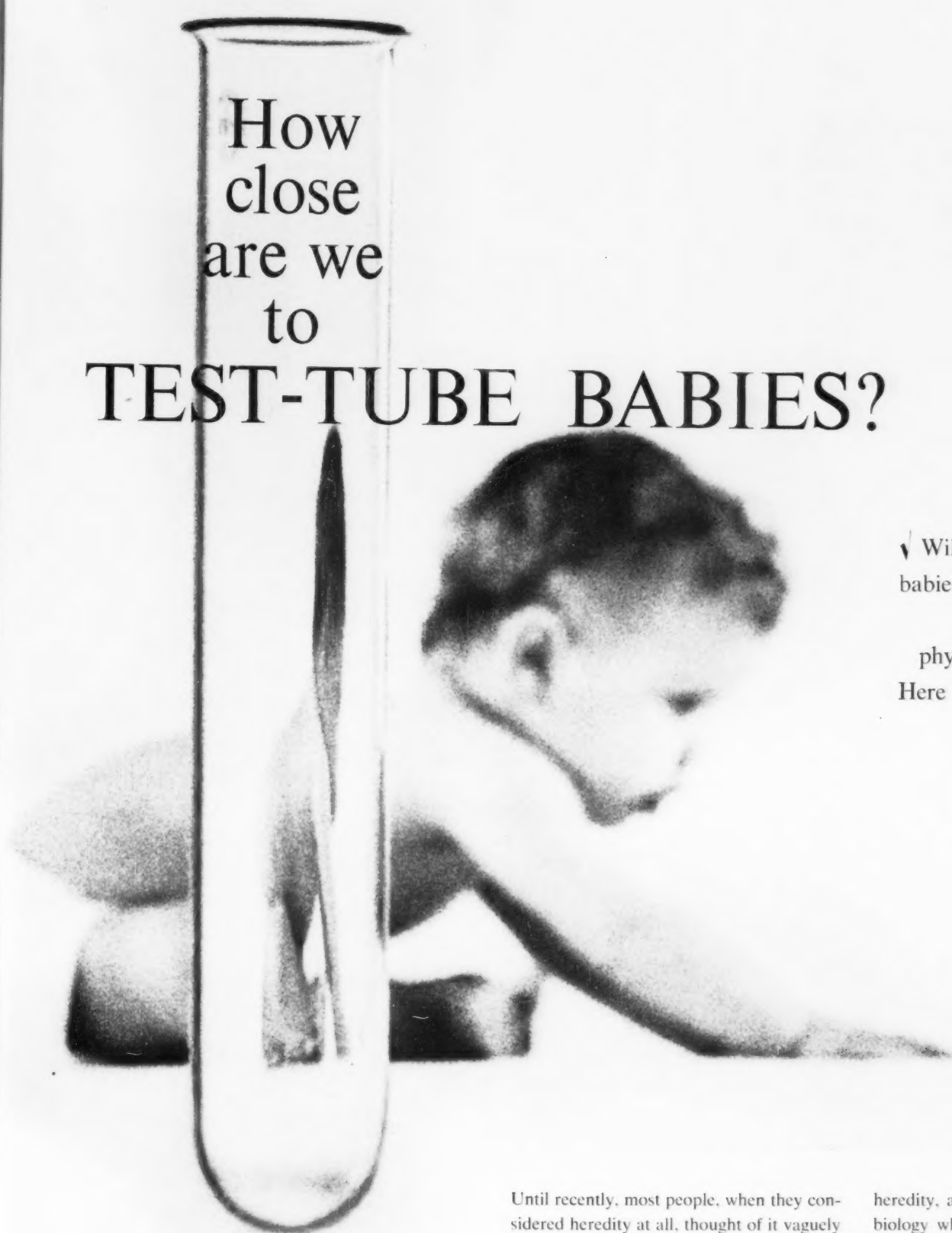
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How close are we to TEST-TUBE BABIES?

√ Will we “order” tomorrow’s babies by sex and talents?

√ Will we have only physically perfect babies?

Here are the scientists’ startling predictions

By CHRISTINA McCALL NEWMAN

Photograph by Ray Webber

Until recently, most people, when they considered heredity at all, thought of it vaguely in terms of qualities they supposedly inherited from their ancestors. “My grandfather had snapping black eyes and a terrible temper, and my son is *exactly* like him,” they might say. Or more often, in talking about one of those unfortunate families of so-called no-goods that every neighborhood seems to harbor, they might mutter in the sanctity of ignorance, “Those crazy Hoopers just can’t help it — they have bad blood in their veins.”

★ But few of us ever thought very much in time past about genetics, the science of

heredity, a comparatively young branch of biology which is concerned with inherited characteristics in plants and animals, and, in larger terms, with the mystery of life itself. In the years since the first A-bomb was dropped in 1945, however, the inescapable warnings issued by geneticists that radiation resulting from such explosions can horribly mutilate future generations has forced most of us into an awareness of genetics.

★ That awareness will be brought even more sharply into focus in the next few years, for the study of genetics is packed with mind-stunning surprises. Its verdicts may affect the future *Continued on page 61*



THE QUEEN'S OTHER FAMILY

Recently Elizabeth
added her husband's
adopted family name
to her own, and thereby
raised a question.
Just who are her in-laws
a colorful,
scattered family the
world hears
so little about?

By GRAHAM and HEATHER FISHER

The Queen's recent decision that her male-line descendants not entitled to the style of "prince" will use the double-barreled name of Mountbatten-Windsor may have worried die-hard traditionalists, but it brought pride and pleasure to the heart of at least one man — Earl Mountbatten of Burma.

It is an open secret that this controversial and flamboyant personality who is uncle to Prince Philip, brother to Sweden's Queen Louise and Chief of Britain's Defense Staff, has long fretted over the fact that there was no acknowledged link between his own historic family and that of the royal house into which his nephew and protégé married.

In *The Mountbatten Lineage*, a book which he completed for private circulation last year, Philip's uncle makes some point of the fact that the Queen was actually a Mountbatten when she ascended the throne: she had taken her husband's name on marriage. But two months after the accession — acting on what Mountbatten calls "the

formal and insistent advice" of Sir Winston Churchill, then prime minister — she reverted to her original family name of Windsor.

Adds Mountbatten in his monumental work which traced the history of his family back through forty-four generations: "So the House of Mountbatten only reigned for two months from February 8 to April 9, 1952. But historically it takes its place among the reigning houses of the United Kingdom."

Prince Philip is a Mountbatten on his mother's side — a grandson of Prince Louis of Battenberg, a German princeling who renounced his nationality to join the Royal Navy and rose to command it. When war with Germany broke out in 1914, Prince Louis was Britain's First Sea Lord. But his German origin saw him hounded from office. And as the war went on and anti-German feeling increased in Britain, he wisely changed his name to the Anglicized Mountbatten, at roughly the same time that the royal family was changing its own name from Guelph to Windsor.

Continued on page 139



SOME OF THE HOST OF IN-LAWS
MARRIAGE BROUGHT THE QUEEN



Most famous of Queen's in-laws is Earl Mountbatten (above), Prince Philip's "Uncle Louis," shown above in 1945 meeting with his protégé, then a navy lieutenant. Mountbatten — whose name Philip took when he became a British subject — arranged the introduction of Philip to Elizabeth.



Philip's father, Prince Andrew of Greece, was stripped of rank, nationality and forced into exile after a Greek battle defeat. He died in 1944. His mother (right) is Princess Alice —English-born of German ancestry. Once mother superior of a religious order, she still wears nun's habit.

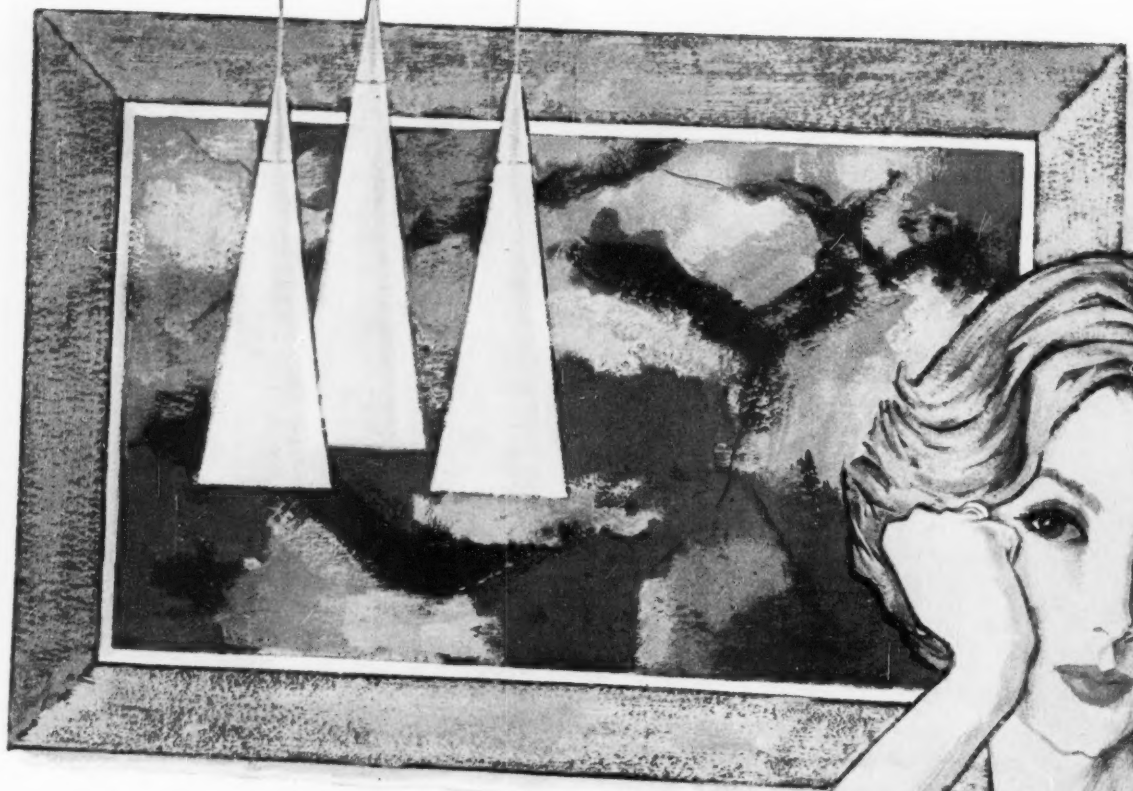


German nieces (above): Princesses Christina, Dorothea and Beatrix. Philip arranged for Christina and Beatrix to study in London. Christina now lives there, the wife of Yugoslav Prince Andrei. At right, Philip attends the wedding of another niece, Princess Margarita, to Yugoslavia's Prince Tomislav, in Salem, Germany. Queen has yet to visit kin in Germany.



Rare photo (above) of Philip with his sisters, during 1953 visit to Germany. From left: Sophie, Theodora, Margarita. A fourth sister, Cecilie (right), died with her husband and two sons in an air crash when Philip was still at school. War split family but ties have been renewed, visits are frequent.





Lucie's question left Tom stunned and angry. "Is it so apparent?" he answered.



HOUSE- WARMING

The party was
a dazzling triumph.
Mary was tasting
success, Tom was
facing defeat,
and on what
they shared
lay the
cold hand
of
fear

By JEAN LOGGIE

Mary's party got under way about six o'clock on an April Saturday. Her husband, Thompson Saunders, dutifully shook hands and directed the male guests through the dining room to the pantry where the bar had been set up. Leopold, the community butler, and Mrs. Sampson, their cook, had everything well under control, assisted by two Swedish ladies from Georgetown. Mary's guest list was close to a hundred and some of the faces Tom didn't even know by sight.

He was glad to see his friend, Bob Mason, who had just been accepted as science teacher in the new regional high school. Bob's cherubic cheeks were pink from a recent shave and his crew cut dark with bay rum. He opened his blue eyes at the lavish array on the buffet tables and demanded, "Say, what is this stampede you're having, Saunders? You folks struck it rich or something?" He gestured to encompass the perfection of the new house set in the middle of thirty choice Connecticut acres. He hadn't seen it before and it was very different to the little homestead where the Saunders had lived in the valley.

Tom gave him a patient look. "It's our debut, old boy," he said dryly. He still had the traces of a Canadian accent although he had been living in the States for ten years. He had a tall thin body and dark curly hair. He had acquired great self-discipline, but his brown eyes were slightly weary and he had grown conscious of a tenseness in his diaphragm, as if he dreaded what might come next. He led Bob around to the pastel kitchen where he had set aside a bottle of Johnny Walker. He didn't usually drink, but this was medicinal and might help him through the succeeding hours. He didn't know what it might do to his heart condition and didn't much care.

"A real country kitchen, I see," Bob observed. He shook his head, marveling, running his hand along the smooth pink counters. "I hope Carol stays in the other room," he sighed. "I'll never hear the end of it if she gets a look at these gadgets."

"She ought to have a look at my electric bill," Tom told him, taking a tray of ice from the horizontal pink freezer on the long wall. The fluorescent lights shone on the waxed green linoleum floor, the chrome of the built-in double ovens, the triple toaster, the percolator, the blender and the sinks with their disposals and spreading drainboards.

Mrs. Sampson came in with a first tray of used glasses and put them in the dishwasher. Her rather dour face was reflected in the long picture window. She opened one of the smoothly

Continued on page 82



How the Kesners came to Canada

Mario, his wife Anna and their three children were refugees in Europe, homeless and despairing. This is the moving story of how one Canadian neighborhood gave them a wonderful new life in Canada



New home in Port Credit is seen by Kesners for first time, as TV's Fred Davis, who helped organize drive to bring them to Canada, leads them to second-floor apartment. There, Anna is shown through rooms fully equipped by people of Orchard Heights, wordlessly hugs Mrs. Davis.



New life for Kesners, already overwhelmed by sponsors' generosity, begins in shower of gifts from local merchants, who outfit children in Sunday-best clothes. Fun begins at home as Lucio and Ivan experiment with phone. Lucilla settles into classwork, and Mario begins his new job.

By EILEEN MORRIS PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SEBERT

● One day this spring, alarm clocks in Orchard Heights, a flowery upper-executive suburb near Port Credit, Ontario, began ringing at the unlikely hour of 5.30 a.m. By 6.15 late-model cars were slipping out of the hushed, attractive streets. More than thirty men, wives and school-truant children were off to meet the 7 a.m. boat train at Toronto's Union Station.

Sharp on the hour the first rush of immigrants from Italy came tumbling through the doors into the dingy station. A cry of, "They're here!" brought Orchard Heights up on their toes, craning to catch a first glimpse of a smiling, shy, dignified family of five. The Kesners had come to Canada.

There was Mario Kesner, a small fine-boned man; his wife Anna, warm-faced, dark, excited, one arm curved protectively around her children. Eleven-year-old Ivan was

shoulder-high to his father; nine-year-old Lucilla was plump and pretty, and seven-year-old Lucio was a pocket edition of his big brother. Every motion of the three youngsters seemed to respond to some inner discipline.

The Kesners stepped into a circle white-lighted for TV cameras and photographers, ringed by Orchard Heights well-wishers. This family was news — the first physically handicapped family to be brought to Canada by a private group of citizens. (Mario had scar tissue on one lung as a result of a pleurisy attack.) They were leaving behind two dreary years in an Italian refugee camp where they had existed after escaping Communist-controlled Yugoslavia.

"This is a happy morning for our whole community of Orchard Heights," smiled Jo Davis, wife of Fred Davis, personable emcee of CBC's Open House and Front Page Challenge. On behalf of the suburb's more than four hundred families, pretty, ash-blond Mrs. Davis *Continued on page 70*

◀ Kesners arrive at Toronto's Union Station. Anna and Mario talk with Mrs. Ade Geinz, acting as interpreter, as Ivan, Lucilla, Lucio wait, shy and solemn.



If it was to be a fight
between the highways department and the proud Martins of
Alberta, Milly the maid was ready. Only, as it turned out, it was Nan who
was left holding the shotgun

Have gun, Will Shoot

If anyone had told Nan Martin six months or even six minutes before it happened that she was capable of aiming a deadly weapon at another human being, let alone deliberately intimidating employees of the provincial government with a shotgun, she would have raised her eyebrows in polite incredulity at the idiot who could suggest anything so bizarre. If the same idiot had tried to tell her that in the plump, nondescript person of Milly Schmidt, her hired girl, she was harboring a rabid composite of Carrie Nation, Annie Oakley and Pancho Villa, she would have laughed spontaneously at the utter

absurdity of Milly being cast in heroic mold.

That however was before the department of highways had conceived the idea of making the road past Martin Acres a hard-surface highway, demolishing fences, stone gates and her lovely stand of blue spruce in the process.

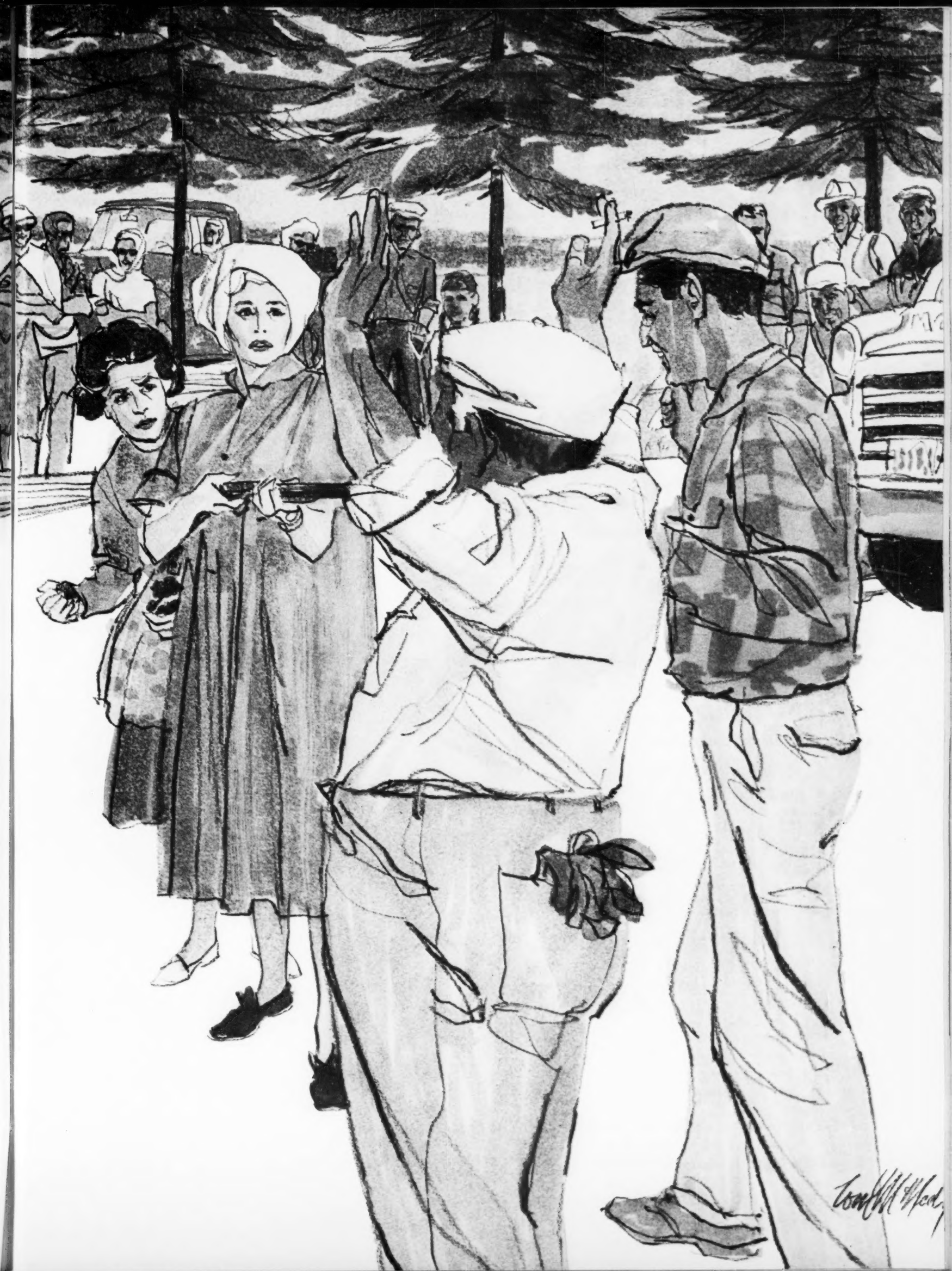
It was the trees really that did it. No one but herself could know how much those blue spruce meant to Nan. Long before the Martins had moved from the old house by the ravine where they had homesteaded to the big brick house on the hill, she had made them a part of the dream that was gradually

to become reality in the rich rolling fields and immaculate grounds of Martin Acres.

Later, they remained an integral part of the inner vision she held of herself and her family. Stately and beautiful, they announced to the world that here lived the Martins, a truly exceptional family, a Master Farm Family of Alberta. Without them, the vision lost its perfection, and the house with its remaining occupants was exposed and vulnerable to the critical gaze of the world passing by.

The seeds of her rebellion sprang into full bloom the day the *Continued on page 107*

By Sheila MacKay Russell



CHATELAIN
BONUS
NOVEL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE. Three years after Roger Fallon drowned at his Grandmother Starke's island summer home, Suzy Fallon, a young actress and his widow, is invited by the old woman to the island. It is her first meeting with the Fallons, who refused to attend her wedding. She meets aloof Mildred Fallon, a sister-in-law and Mrs. Starke's companion; George, Roger's elder brother, an alcoholic, and his nagging wife Irene; Tom, the second brother, who seems friendly, though his beautiful wife Lilas does not; Roger's stepmother, Clover, and stepbrother Larry. At lunch the old woman questions that Roger's death was an accident, and sets the group on edge. All the Fallons are waiting to share the grandmother's money, and Roger, her favorite, had he lived, would have received half the total. Now, George offers to pay for Suzy's child's education. That afternoon, Lilas accuses Suzy of setting fire to her bed with a careless cigarette, which Suzy denies. Later, in the library, Suzy studies a snapshot of Mildred with an unknown young man obviously deeply in love with her, but she is interrupted by Tom. Nick Endicott, Suzy's fiancé, arrives. He persuades Suzy to leave, but when they reach the dock the only available motorboat is gone.

DEATH COMES TO THE ISLAND

Was this the key to Roger Fallon's death? His grandmother screeched at Mildred, "Admit it, murderess! Admit that you killed Roger!"

By FLORENCE FORD

CONCLUSION

Suzy and Nick watched the boatman disappear toward the mainland, bribed, no doubt, by Mrs. Starke to leave them stranded. "I don't like this," Nick growled as they rounded the northwest corner, returning to the house. "I don't like having you spend the night here."

"I like it much better now that you're here, too," Suzy admitted.

"Suzy, don't you realize that a man or woman who kills once will kill again, if it seems necessary? Just give that man or woman the idea that you suspect something, and you're in danger. What's the use of taking such chances?"

Suzy was silent. Tossing her coat on a chair in the hall she steered Nick toward the dining room doorway and the sound of voices

Continued on page 122

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A special Chatelaine guide for the woman who is

GOING BACK TO WORK



What you should know about dress, grooming, skills and attitude toward your new career.
For everyone who has been away from an office one year or ten By SHEILA WARD

Two kinds of married women return to work — the one who wants to, and the one who has to.

Regardless of why you are returning to work, plenty of thought, planning and self-analysis are necessary beforehand.

Realize, first of all, that there is no longer any stigma attached to the working married woman. Today, in fact, married women outnumber single women in Canada's labor force. Just last week, in the executive wing of a large Canadian corporation, I counted fifteen married women out of a total of twenty-one. A growing number of women are turning in superb performances as combination career girls and housewives. The secret of their dual success appears to be planning and foresight.

Before hiring a married woman, employers want assurance that her domestic affairs will run smoothly in her absence. Reliable baby sitters or a nursery school should be arranged for where there are young children. No woman can hold down a job and give full value for her salary if her mind is on domestic matters half the day and frequent phone calls to and from the home front are necessary. Nor can employers be expected to tolerate domestic affairs as an excuse for late arrivals and early de-

partures from the office. If you're active in church or club work, you may have to give these up in order to cope with a nine-to-five job plus homemaking. Remember, you will be expected to turn in the same performance as the single woman at the office, and all this calls for foresight and long-range planning before you even go job-hunting.

You'll have to learn to plan shopping and menus far in advance. Once you have the job, do as many as possible of your early-morning chores the night before — setting the breakfast table, squeezing the orange juice, doing your nails, polishing your shoes, planning your clothes for the next day.

Even if you've been away from work for only a year, and no matter how good you may have been then, brush up your skills before you go looking for a job. You can't live long on the reputation of your reputation, and pride not only goes before a fall — it asks for it! Ensure that your specialty — shorthand, typing, Comptometer or switchboard operating — is worth all you're asking for it, because this is the product you are out to sell at the highest figure you can get. You can brush up your shorthand by taking notes from the radio or from some patient friend; your *Continued on page 51*

For advice on Back to Work beauty, styles and recipes, turn page



Dos and don'ts of DRESSING FOR THE JOB

- * Do wear suits or simple dresses in dark or neutral colors.
- * Do check the hemlines to see that they are neither too long nor too short. Check with the fashion magazines, not with the woman next door.
- * Do see that your shoes are polished and in good repair.
- * Do have a handbag in the best-quality leather you can afford, and be sure that the contents are neat.
- * Do wear a hat that has chic — but is not fussy.
- * Do wear classic slip-on gloves, and keep them immaculate.
- * Don't wear a pastel print. Connotations are either it's a housedress or you're going to a tea party.
- * Don't wear a sheer blouse.
- * Don't wear ornate necklaces, rhinestones, dangle earrings.



BY VIVIAN WILCOX

Chatelaine Fashion Editor

By the policeman: commuter wears a grey wool dress which combines two textures—jersey and nubby knit. Fully lined for smooth fit. Lucerne, sizes 10-18, about \$29.95. With grey accessories.

Opposite page, centre: black wool broadcloth dress with spanking-white dickey (detachable for overnight laundering). By Windsor, in sizes 7-17. Budget-priced, too—it costs only about \$16.95.

Opposite page, right: there's fashion news in long torso and pleated skirt, here combined in grey Arnel and viscose fabric (pleats are permanent, of course). By Klever Klad, sizes 7-15, about \$35.

Above left: basic black dress that's the backbone of a wardrobe, changes character with accessories. We substituted black calf for the self-belt, added pearls. Algo Jr., sizes 7-17, about \$19.95.

Above centre: a dress that can be as becoming to the senior executive as to the young career girl. Brown-and-white-striped wool. By Klever Klad, sizes 7-15, about \$39.95. High-crowned hat adds chic.

Under the newspaper: she wears executive grey flannel outfit of overblouse and skirt. By Junior Sophisticates, sizes 5-15, about \$39.95. Accessories with the six outfits here are from Simpson's.

CONTINUED



DRESSING FOR THE JOB

Continued from previous page

Left: two suits for two smart subway travelers — obviously on their way up! Leather piping gives the black-and-white tweed suit its new 1960 look. The jacket is about \$19.98; skirt about \$14.98. The black wool suit has a double-breasted jacket with wool-braid collar edging — about \$22.98. Its easy-moving pleated skirt is about \$16.98. Both suits in sizes 8 to 18. By Mr. Mort Sportswear.

This calm and collected woman driver wears purple — the newsmaking fall color. Her purple-and-black tweed suit has fashionable away-from-the-throat collar, bracelet-length sleeves. By Progress, sizes 8 to 20, about \$49.95.



*For WHERE-TO-BUY
see page 84*



Before starting to work Louise McGouran, like most homemakers, had little time for studied grooming. "Juggling meals and other house chores," she says, "you are not always aware you have a face, hair or figure. Make-up is usually a comb-and-lipstick proposition." Above, Louise serves lunch to her children.

By EVELEEN DOLLERY
Chatelaine Beauty Editor

How to make the change

HOME TO OFFICE



Louise McGouran went back to work after many busy years at home and suddenly found she had to re-evaluate her good looks

First, we showed Louise how to apply a "morning face" to last through the day — with refreshing touches at noon and five. Her make-up begins with moisture lotion, tinted foundation base and a translucent-toned powder that can be reapplied during the day without darkening. No rouge. Grey eye shadow and black mascara — employers do like eye make-up if it's naturally good-looking. She chooses a lipstick (applied with a brush) to match her costume. In the morning, Louise sprays on a light refreshing cologne. Poor posture is a consistent report from employers. "I'm forever telling myself to stand straighter," says Louise. "At home you're not conscious of slumping." A weekly trip to a beauty salon for manicure and hair styling is now a must. An equally important factor in looking well on the job is a full quota of sleep.



Good posture is a great ally to on-the-job alertness. "I've found," says Louise, "that it gives me a more interested, wide-awake attitude through my work day."



A close-up of Louise McGouran as she now appears on the job as secretary-receptionist for an employment agency: her greying hair (given a slate rinse) is professionally styled in an easy-to-keep line, make-up is lightly applied — adding up to compliments even from her co-workers. END

Photographs by Beverly Rockett; Brenner suit: J. H. Warsh; hair styling by Caruso.



By ELAINE COLLETT
Director Chatelaine Institute

30-MINUTE DINNER MENUS FOR YOUR FIVE-DAY WEEK

Follow easy step-by-step instructions . . .
have three courses ready
for the table in half an hour

MONDAY

Apricot Twinkle
Tomato Beef Quickies
Buttered Noodles
Peas Cabbage Salad
Cherry Orange Puffs

TUESDAY

Minted Grapefruit Halves
Veal and Mushroom Mozzarella
Buttered Mixed Vegetables
Whipped Potatoes
Toasted Chocolate Almond Squares

WEDNESDAY

Beef Soup
Sweet and Sour Pork
Fried Rice Cob Corn
Tossed Salad
Fresh Peaches and Cream

THURSDAY

Curried Chicken Soup
Mixed Sea Food Platter
Creamy Potato Flakes
Crumb-top Baked Tomatoes
Crystal Lime Whip

FRIDAY

Tomato Appetizer
Beef Buttercrust Pie
Broccoli
Quick Rissol  Potatoes
Baked Stuffed Pears

MONDAY-TO-FRIDAY RECIPES START PAGE 54

Photographs by Peter Croydon

MONDAY



TUESDAY



WEDNESDAY

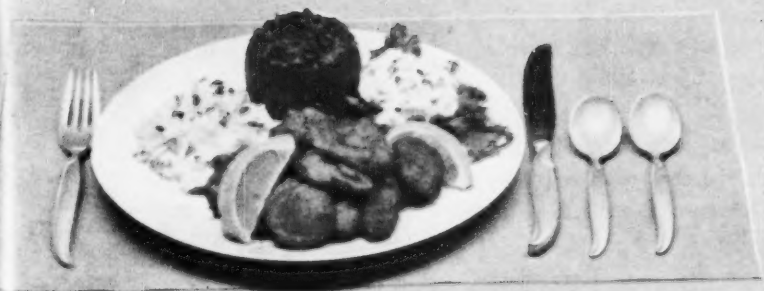
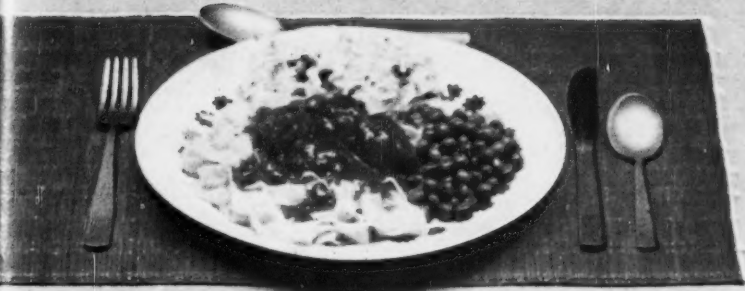


THURSDAY



FRIDAY





**how
the Stones
met the problem of
THE INTERFERING
MOTHER-IN-LAW**

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY CHRIS THOUGHT

HIS MOTHER WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP.

LOUISE WAS HUMILIATED AND FURIOUS.

**WHAT THEY LEARNED IN DESPAIR BROUGHT NEW HOPE—
AND UNDERSTANDING**

● The classic marriage problem, according to those irreverent sociologists, the comedians, is the intruding mother-in-law. Comics with a flair for cross-indexing have entire files devoted to mother-in-law jokes. They are as sure as sunset; even the poorest of them triggers an automatic, reflexive laugh from the audience. Mother-in-law, just the word, stands for something hilarious, possibly because it can be only a shade off tragedy.

As everyone knows who has either experienced an intruding mother-in-law, or been one, the situation is far from hilarious. It's a throbbing, screaming irritation, with certain heartbreak on both sides.

Despite the popularity of the mother-in-law theme, very few of the teetering marriages that come to our counselors for help are being blighted by this problem. Often the distaste of a parent, objecting to some difficulty within the marriage, becomes a factor in the arguments between husband and wife, but the mother-in-law problem in such cases is secondary.

The young and handsome Stones, however, were clearly that rare couple who arrived at the bleak moment of considering divorce largely because of an interfering, dominating mother-in-law. Christopher Stone's mother had made the raising of her only child the focus of her life. By the time he was grown, the mothering had accumulated too much momentum to be stopped. She continued to coddle and instruct him after his marriage and stepped up her efforts to control him when he became a parent himself.

Chris Stone's young wife, Louise, telephoned our office about two years ago and asked for an appointment. The counselor suggested the next afternoon but Louise said she couldn't arrange for a sitter at that time. "Chris could be there, though," she added, and the meeting was arranged.

The cheery garrulous Chris Stone arrived, quite late, the next day. He was a tall affable twenty-four-year- *Continued on page 46*

BY VIOLET MUNNS Director of Casework, Neighborhood Workers Association, Toronto,
as told to JUNE CALLWOOD



Clover Leaf presents

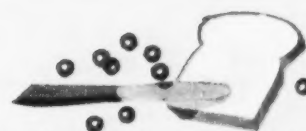
THE ART OF THE GOOD TUNA SANDWICH



The secret is moistness. Team drained, crushed pineapple with Clover Leaf Tuna. Mix with mayonnaise. Use fresh, white bread and make the filling really thick.



Moisten Clover Leaf Tuna with seasoned sour cream. Use lots of tuna. Top off with thinly sliced cucumber. Season. Wonderful on french bread.



Spread cranberries on buttered, white bread. Cover thickly with Clover Leaf Tuna and a touch of mayonnaise. Pretty as you please and twice as good tasting.



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For a mouth-watering Clubhouse mix Clover Leaf Tuna with mayonnaise. Use crisp bacon. Salt and pepper the tomato slices. Add a tender, green lettuce leaf.



One of the best tuna sandwiches mixes chopped apple, celery, Clover Leaf Tuna and french dressing. There's a crisp lettuce leaf and the bread is whole wheat.

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THE INTERFERING MOTHER-IN-LAW

Continued from page 44

old, dressed in a casual near-Bohemian fashion, with suede desert boots, corduroy trousers and a turtle-necked sweater. He began at once to describe his marital situation.

Louise, it appeared, was an untidy housekeeper, incapable of organizing any system or serving meals on time. She was always restless and complaining, particularly about his parents, who visited them several times a week and often stayed overnight. They bickered all the time, usually over money matters. "I haven't been able to find a suitable job these past few months," he added, almost as an afterthought. "My parents have been helping us out. Despite this, Louise carries on as though they were monsters!"

He and Louise were married three years previously, at a time when he was a technical supervisor in a factory making radio parts. The management of the company, Chris Stone explained, had been incompetent and as a result the staff had to be cut. "The president himself told me that he hated to see me leave. He was really broken up about it," Chris commented with pleasure.

This happened a year before and since then he had tried a similar job with another company, but quit "because they didn't know their business — just jerks." After that he sold used cars for a time but disliked selling and dropped it. His intermittent employment led to debts, which his parents paid. Eventually he reached his present state, which was penniless. His mother, during her frequent visits, would dole out ten, fifteen, twenty dollars for food and rent.

"I'm looking for work all the time," he explained, but without concern. "It's impossible to find something in my line."

A few days later Louise Stone was able to leave her year-old baby with a neighbor. She came in to the counselor's office looking neat, well groomed and frantic. "It's so humiliating, living on his parents the way we do," she commented in a shaking voice. "I am surrounded by his mother."

Her mother-in-law seemed, in the beginning, to be pleased about Chris marrying Louise. The families had owned summer cottages in the same resort area for many years and were on good terms with one another. The

elder Mrs. Stone warned Louise that Chris was irresponsible about money. "He never could manage on the allowance we used to give him," she related fondly. "I'd have to sneak extra money to him all the time. And, Louise, although he's been living at home and has a good job, he hasn't saved a cent!"

Louise, who came from a prudent, saving household, was surprised but Mrs. Stone's attitude indicated that this was on the level of a prank. As it developed, the elder Stones supplied the money to furnish the first small apartment in which Chris and Louise lived. Mrs. Stone briskly instructed Louise in the purchases, vetoing a pastel pink rug because "it would show the dirt too easily" and glass lamps because they were "too fragile." Louise was helpless to argue, since the money was Mrs. Stone's. When she appealed to Chris, he seemed annoyed and pointed out that his mother probably knew what was best.

Does mother know best?

From this ominous beginning, matters worsened. Mrs. Stone, towing a pallid and unprotesting husband, turned up several times a week and clucked over the state of the apartment. She kept a supply of aprons in a kitchen drawer and began her visits by cleaning and bestowing household hints generously as she went along. Louise was humiliated and furious, but Chris took the view that they were lucky his mother showed such an interest.

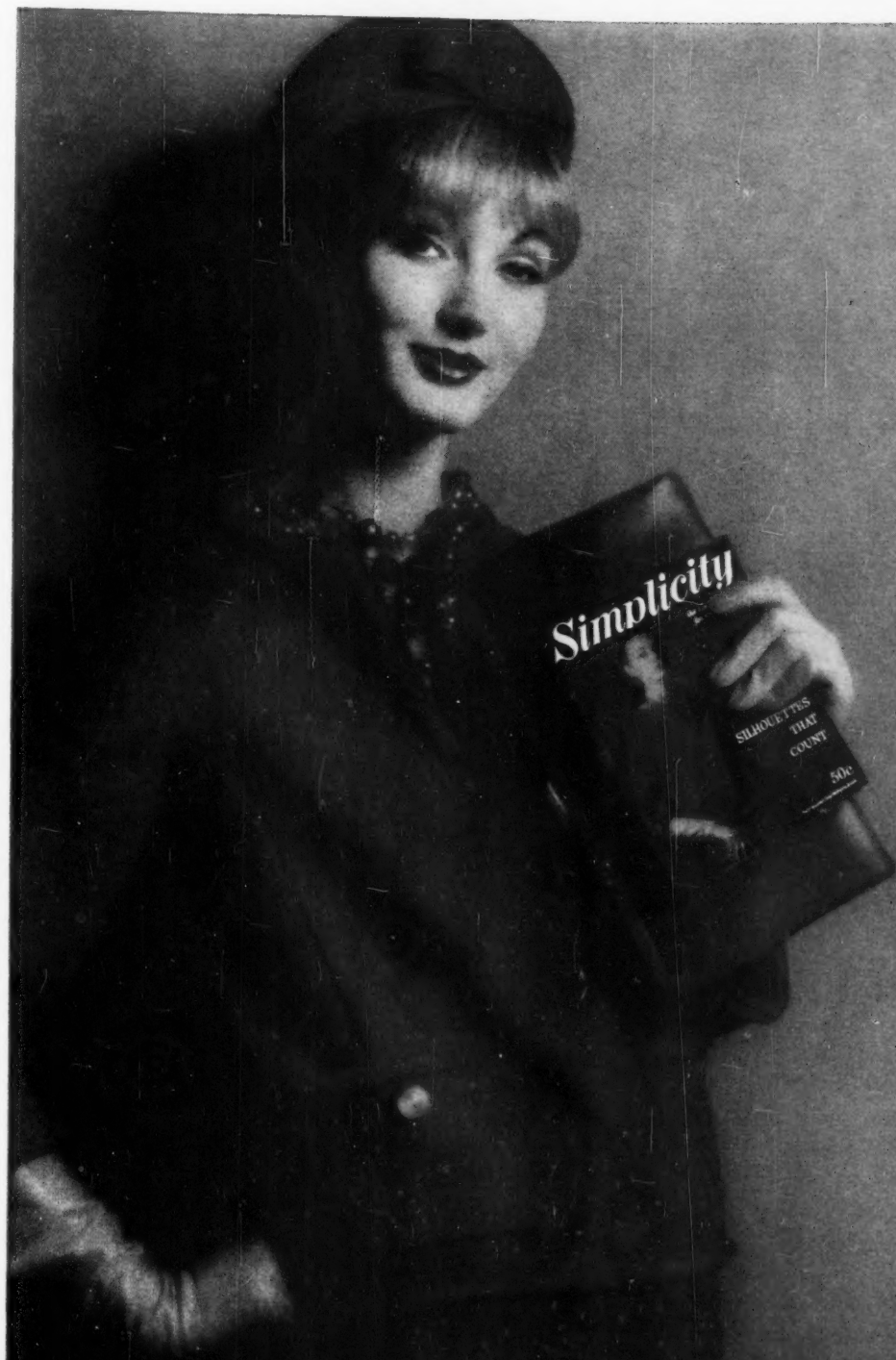
"You have to admit, Louise," he said one afternoon, "that the apartment is really a mess. I don't know what we'd do without mother."

The counselor had been listening to Louise's account without interrupting. Now she asked quietly, "Are you a poor housekeeper?"

"I suppose so," Louise confessed. "But when we first married I was working. I thought my salary would help repay the Stones and then we'd be free of obligation. It didn't work out that way — Chris just spent more. I would be too tired to bother cleaning when I got home from work and, besides, Chris has never in his life been trained to pick up after himself. He leaves his clothes wherever he takes them off."

Despite the tangle of their finances, Chris boldly bought a bungalow in the suburbs, with his parents' help in the down payment. Shortly after this, Chris was fired at the radio factory.

Continued on page 48



For women who sew,
used to sew, might be
tempted to sew again

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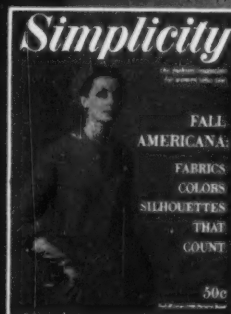
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CHATELAINE HOME PLANNING FEATURE

TURN TO PAGE 91

Continued from page 46

They lost the house and moved into a shabby flat in a downtown district. Louise explained that her mother-in-law continued to visit just as often; she had taken over the task of washing Chris' shirts, remarking that Louise was incapable of getting the collars clean enough.

"If we just had enough money!" Louise groaned. "I'm sure everything would be all right if we didn't have to take money from her."

Privately, the counselor was not as convinced that this was a money difficulty. After seeing both Stones, it appeared obvious that the devouring need of the elder Mrs. Stone to be a vital force in her son's existence had sapped him of independence and thoughtfulness. Money, the North American symbol for power, gave Mrs. Stone authority to dominate. If this hadn't been available, she might have found another method.

The counselor's theory was strengthened in the next interview with Chris Stone. His mother nagged at him constantly to get work, he admitted, but she never seemed to approve of the jobs he found. She felt he was quite right to quit the factory he disapproved of, and she congratulated him on

leaving "that nasty selling job." He wasn't embarrassed to divulge that his parents were supporting him; his past experience led him to believe this was normal.

"Louise is the big problem," he continued. "Every time we have moved, she gets all excited about how different it's going to be. Then, shortly after we're settled, she's bad-tempered again and complains."

"Perhaps she hopes each move will result in fewer visits from your mother," suggested the counselor.

Chris was slightly offended. "That's crazy of her. My mother is wonderfully good to us."

"Is she?" the counselor asked, in a noncommittal voice.

"She means to be good"

Chris was about to retort, but paused and thought it over. "She means to be," he replied quietly. "She really means to be."

During the years he had lived with his parents, Chris had developed a habit of withdrawing with a solitary hobby. The counselor privately suspected that these, in the beginning, were something of a refuge from the smothering inquisitiveness of his

mother. As a boy he built models, collected stamps, conducted chemistry experiments, constructed a radio. As a man, he was absorbed in hi-fi equipment. Louise protested bitterly that he spent every evening in a disheveled litter of wires, condensers and baffles, spread all over the living room.

"He doesn't even talk to me," she told the counselor. "He just fusses with all that junk. Whenever we start to have an argument, he turns his back on me and starts working on the record player again."

"Hobbies are engrossing," observed the counselor. "Perhaps you might try one."

"What!"

"You've been saying that your baby needs pretty clothes and you hate to ask your mother-in-law for the money. Why don't you make her some?"

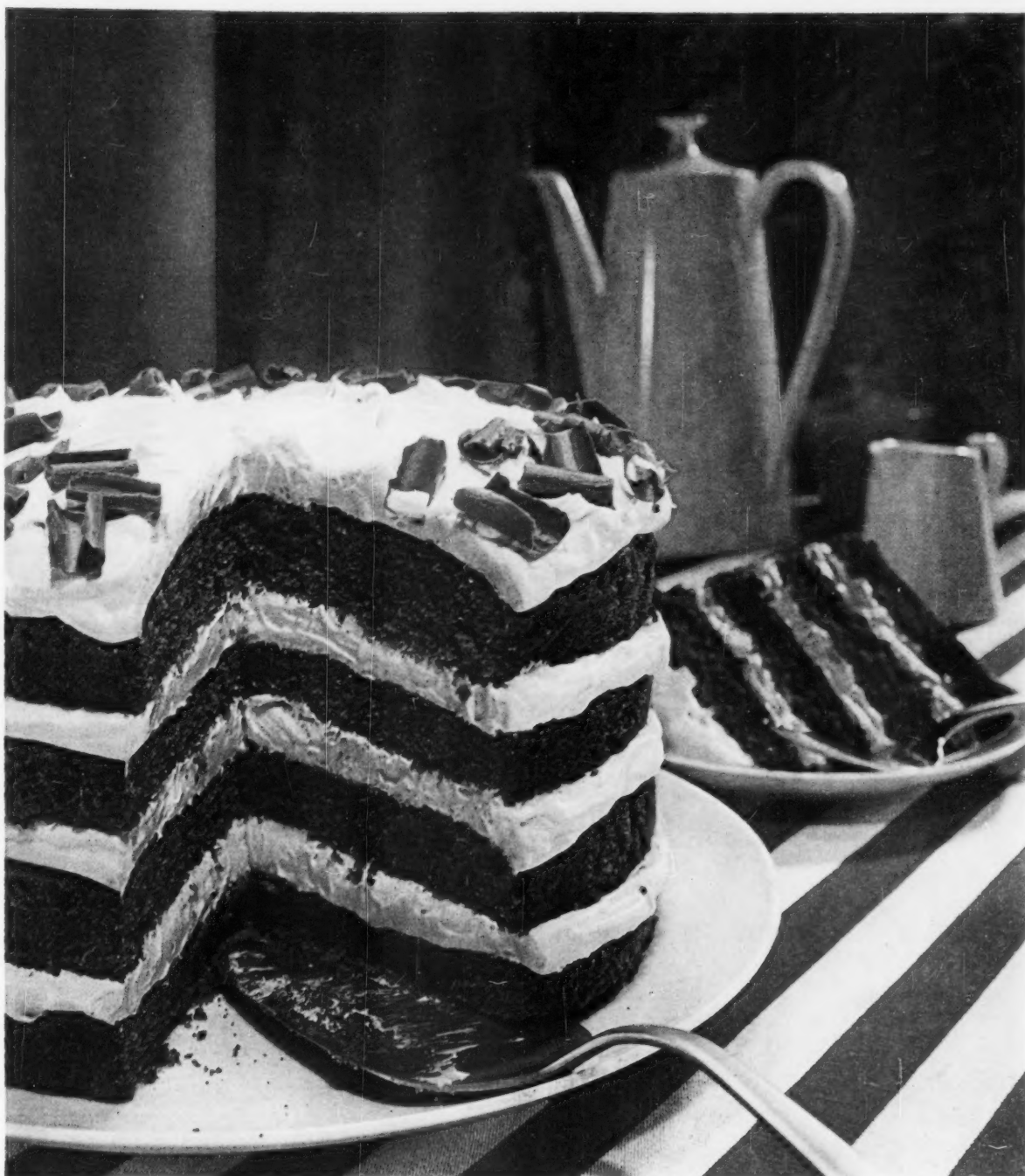
Experiment in contentment

That night Louise found a summer sheer party dress in the back of her closet, decided it was past its prime, and cut out of it a tiny dress for their daughter. She sewed on it in the living room, while Chris rearranged some speakers. Both were concentrating on their projects and little was said, but as they prepared for bed Louise realized it had been the most contented evening she had spent in months. Chris was impressed with her needlework and congratulated her. Gratefully, she struggled for an appropriate compliment for him. "The sound is much improved," she said, though she noticed no difference. They beamed at one another.

During the next few days, Chris renewed the efforts to find a job that he listlessly had almost abandoned. The counselor believed that the revived interest was a symptom of the clearer picture of himself that he was gaining by talking to a sympathetic stranger. Often a counselor's most valuable function is listening; many people, in telling their problems in detail, suddenly see them in perspective for the first time.

Miraculously, wonderfully, Chris found a job in a booming hi-fi equipment centre. He was hired as a consultant, a position with a measure of prestige that was gratifying to his restless nature.

"Now, you'll have to do your part," the counselor advised Louise. "Prepare a good breakfast for him, have the house clean and an appetizing dinner waiting when he gets home." The Neighborhood Workers Association



Four fine-textured layers of rich chocolate cake alternating with cool, peppermint-flavored whipped cream. And using the one-bowl method it's surprisingly easy! Bake it with Magic, serve it with pride!

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Sift together into a bowl

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all-purpose flour
3 tsps. Magic
Baking Powder
3/4 tsp. salt
1 1/2 c. fine
granulated sugar
1/2 c. cocoa

Add

2/3 c. soft shortening
1 c. milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Beat 300 strokes with wooden spoon or 2 mins. with electric mixer set at medium speed.

Add

2 eggs
and beat another 150 strokes or 1 min. Turn into 2 greased 8" round layer cake pans, lined in the bottom with greased waxed paper. Bake in a mod. oven 350°, 35 to 40 mins. Stand on wire racks for 10 mins. Turn out, peel off paper and allow cakes to cool completely.

Split cold layers horizontally. Put layers together again with filling and topping of Peppermint Whipped Cream Filling. Decorate with curls of chocolate.

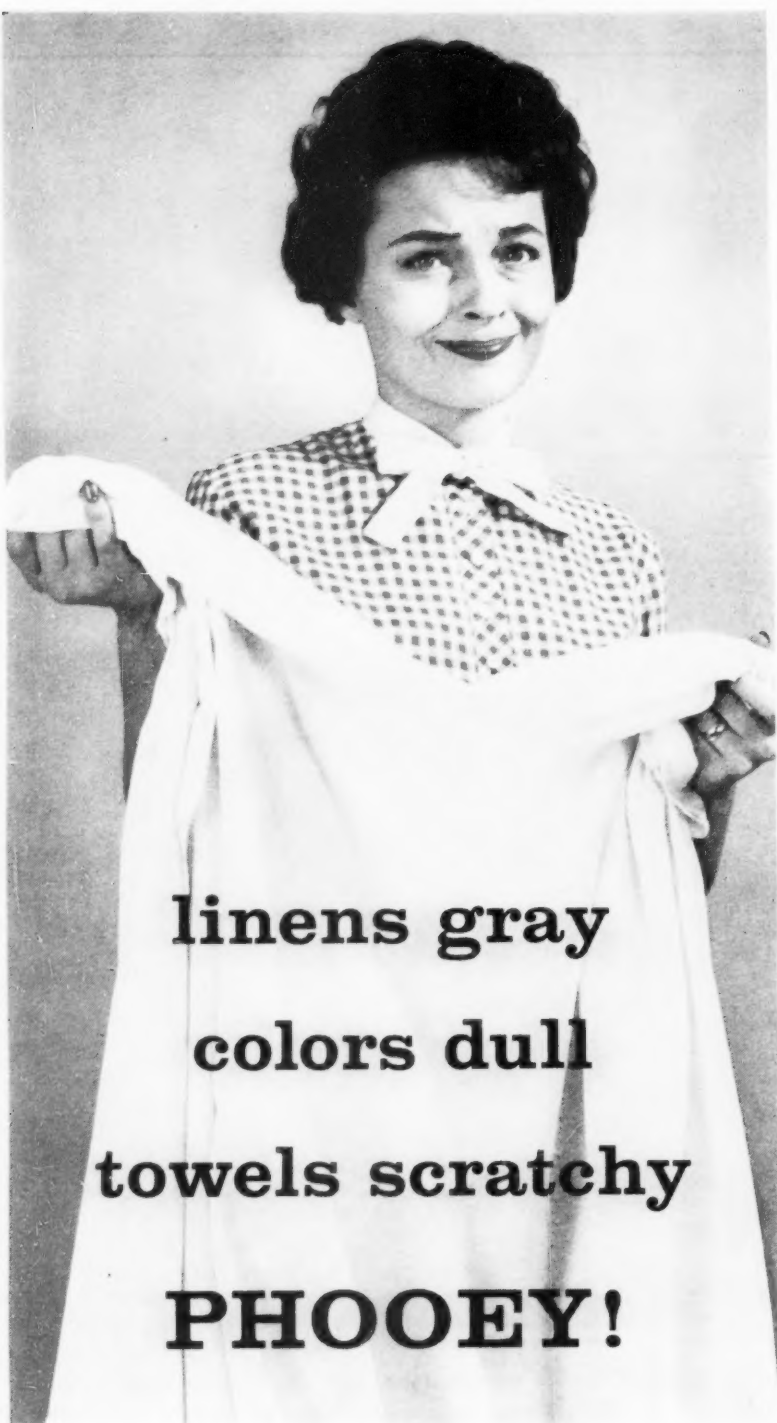
Yield: about 10 servings.

Peppermint Whipped Cream Filling. Beat 1 pt. (2 1/2 c.) whipping cream until softly stiff. Add and beat in 1/3 c. icing sugar and 1/2 tsp. peppermint extract. Tint delicately with green food coloring.

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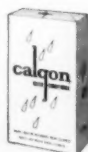
Calgon* rinses gray clothes white and soft again, or double your money back!

Try this prove-it-yourself test: (1) Wash and rinse a load of clothes your usual way—leave in washer. (2) Refill washer with hot water... add a cup of Calgon water conditioner... then agitate 5 minutes. (3) Surprise! A layer of old, left-in suds and dirt appears! Calgon itself does not make suds. They were embedded in the clothes during previous washings. Calgon rinsed out the suds and dirt.

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calgon
WATER CONDITIONER



provided Louise with an expert's advice on the organization of housework and meal planning, as well as a suggested budget. The Stones' spending had always been controlled by the elder Mrs. Stone, since she provided the funds.

"We'll pay back your parents, every cent," Louise told Chris fiercely. He was surprised at the notion, but agreeable. The relationship between the two was vastly improved. Louise was jubilant to find herself capable of efficiently running a house—her mother-in-law had convinced her this was unlikely.

The evenings she and Chris spent together were increasingly pleasant. She had learned to smock and enthusiastically made charming, expensive-looking dresses for their little girl. They worked together, after the dishes were cleared away, and praised one another outrageously.

The major problem left was the basic one — Mrs. Stone. Her visits were just as frequent and she still found housework to do, but Chris commented to Louise that this was unfair. Louise, gratified to have Chris' new awareness, found herself less annoyed at the older woman. In the past, they had argued openly but now they had reached an easier attitude. Basking in her husband's approval, Louise no longer felt as threatened by his mother.

"But still she comes so often!" she exclaimed to the counselor. "I don't know what to do."

"She'll hit the roof"

The counselor advised her to take a stand, openly, rather than to simmer in silence. "Why not start with Christmas Day?" she remarked. "Christmas is a good time to start fresh."

Louise considered this. "I'll ask Chris. It would be lovely to have Christmas alone, see his parents the next day. I'll see what he says."

Chris approved, but refused to be the one to tell his mother. "She'll hit the roof," he said. Louise felt just as tremulous. They put it off for a week, as Christmas neared. One evening, when his parents were staying overnight, Chris diffidently brought up the subject of Christmas.

"We'll stay over the long weekend with you," Mrs. Stone announced. "That will give me plenty of time to get everything ready for Christmas dinner."

Chris avoided looking at her. "We... we think we'd like to spend Christ-

mas alone this year. Just us and the baby. We want you and dad to drop over, the next afternoon."

There was silence. Louise, sewing, kept her eyes on her work. Mr. Stone's expression said clearly that he wasn't even present and Chris wretchedly stared at his hands.

Mrs. Stone glared at them all, close to tears. She thought of a number of hasty comments, rejected them all. Finally she said in a low voice, "All right. What time should we come around?" The relief that swept the

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room was richly mixed with admiration.

The counselor has seen the Stones only once since Christmas. They came in together, both handsome and gay. The elder Mrs. Stone continues to visit, but usually only once a week. She is still a fountain of advice, cautions and disapproval, but Louise rarely is bothered by it. She has learned the trick of running the house properly, earning her husband's respect, and this comforts her. Mrs. Stone, gradually, is learning a trick, too: she has asked Louise to teach her how to smock.

END

Editor's note: Names and places in this story have been altered to protect the identity of the family.

GOING BACK TO WORK

Continued from page 37

typing, by renting a machine and putting in a solid hour's typing every day for two weeks. If you're really rusty, better enroll for an evening refresher course at some accredited business school. When you go for an interview, be sure you don't have to start off with an apology—"I'm afraid my shorthand isn't too accurate right now, but with a little time I could . . ." The prospective employer is a buyer of skills and he's not going to buy any pig in a poke.

Before you go job-hunting, one other thing: stand back and scrutinize yourself objectively in a full-length mirror. Be honest. Have you gone to seed a little? More than likely you're accustomed to a house dress and pin curls for the better part of the day. If so, an agonizing reappraisal is in order—right now (see page 41).

Now, let's talk about attitudes. If you're going back to work because you want to, beware of overconfidence. If you're going back because you must, beware of too little confidence. One is as bad as the other and both can get you off to a bad start. They say that if you have push you don't need pull, but too much confidence could be misinterpreted as aggressiveness and make you unpopular from the very first, hamper your learning ability and discourage people from showing you the ropes and accepting you warmly into the office family. Too little confidence, on the other hand, can sabotage your work output, delay salary increases and promotions and deprive you of the respect of those you work with or for.

The first week on the job is the worst, and during this week attitude is terribly important. You can't fall in love with your job until you're acquainted with it, and brooding over your troubles only hatches them. So tackle the job with enthusiasm, try to grasp details, understand systems and procedures, remember names, titles and faces. Don't be shy about making notes for future reference; nobody will think any the less of you for making an obvious effort to learn. For the first week or two, take home those notes you made during the day and study them so that each succeeding day you'll feel more like a member of the office team.

Keep an open mind and let people help you. You'll find that ninety-nine

How to encourage the happy healthful habit...MILK



Like setting out milk and fancy fixings for their drinks. Like pouring cool milk or cream over Fall's fresh fruit. Like making hearty milk soups, puddings and hot milk drinks. Milk satisfies as a beverage, nourishes as a food.

Generously, importantly, milk provides minerals, vitamins, proteins . . . so many of the good nutrients youngsters need to grow best on, adults need to thrive on. They're yours in milk's fresh, wholesome goodness.

Write for Marie Fraser's free recipe booklet, "It's a date with milk and cookies".

Dairy Foods  Service Bureau

DAIRY FARMERS OF CANADA

409 Huron Street, Toronto, Ontario



Always have a pitcher of milk ready when the youngsters come home from school.



percent of them want to help. Try to learn the boss's little idiosyncrasies and cater to them; after all, you're being paid to serve him.

Being only human, you're bound to see things that, in your opinion, call for improvement. But during the first three months on the job, bite off your tongue before you offer any advice. In the interim, you'll probably find out why things are the way they are.

Make allowance for the passage of time, for the years you've been away from the business world, for the new look in methods and approaches. Things have changed and so, probably, have you. So go easy and never, never commit the unforgivable sin of saying, "Now, in my day we did it like this."

The other unforgivable sin is gossip, or "office politics." You may be used to morning coffee and gossip with the neighbors at home, but don't fall into the tempting habit of office gossip. It's a dangerous habit, a time-waster and it marks you indelibly as a low-calibre employee. Keep in mind that one good thing about silence is that it can't be repeated.

You may not be out to carve your-

self a career, but, nevertheless, put all you've got into that job. The minute you walk into the office, try to put domestic thoughts out of your mind and concentrate on the job you're being paid for and counted on to do. There are few things so sought after and so quickly appreciated by employers today as men and women who know how to do a full day's work.

A word about age. Assuming you're past forty and circumstances suddenly dictate a return to work, don't develop an age complex. Increasingly, employers are beginning to realize that the older worker is, in many ways, more reliable and more desirable than the younger employee.

To sum up, if you're considering a return to work, these are the three basic considerations:

- 1 Plan ahead—home, skills.
- 2 Look right—dress, grooming.
- 3 Think right—attitudes.

Coming out of retirement into the hustle and bustle of the business world is a real challenge, but it can be an exhilarating and revitalizing challenge provided you meet it cheerfully, enthusiastically and sensibly.

END



MINTON "Belbrachen" PATTERN

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Another exciting Minton design in their world famous selection of fine bone china. "Belbrachen" is an exquisite combination of modern and traditional in delicate Grey leaves and raised hand enamelled Turquoise flowers on the popular fife shape. Edged in Gold — and very attractively priced, too.

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Each skin type — dry, oily or combination, requires special help. So let us show you how you can enliven your complexion with correct daily cleansing, freshening and exercise.

Write now to Chatelaine's Beauty Clinic for your personal beauty analysis. This analysis includes notes and illustrations on hair care and styling, up-to-date discoveries in beauty preparations, perfume news, exercises for a better figure and much more.

Fill in the coupon below and mail it to us. We will send you a detailed questionnaire. Then simply fill in your questionnaire and return it to us with \$1 for your complete beauty analysis.

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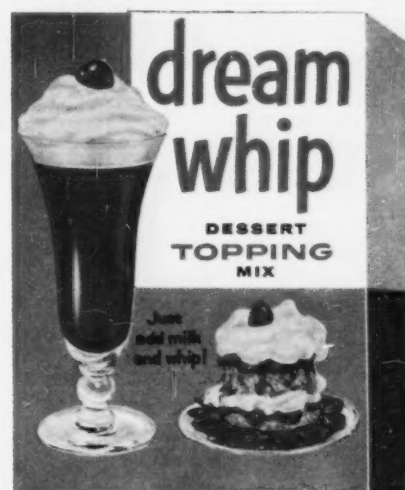
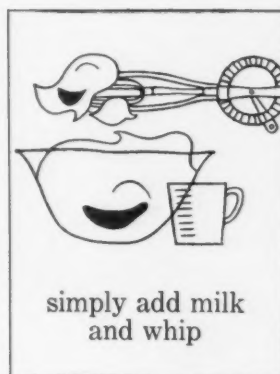
Please send me a questionnaire for my beauty analysis.

Name

Address

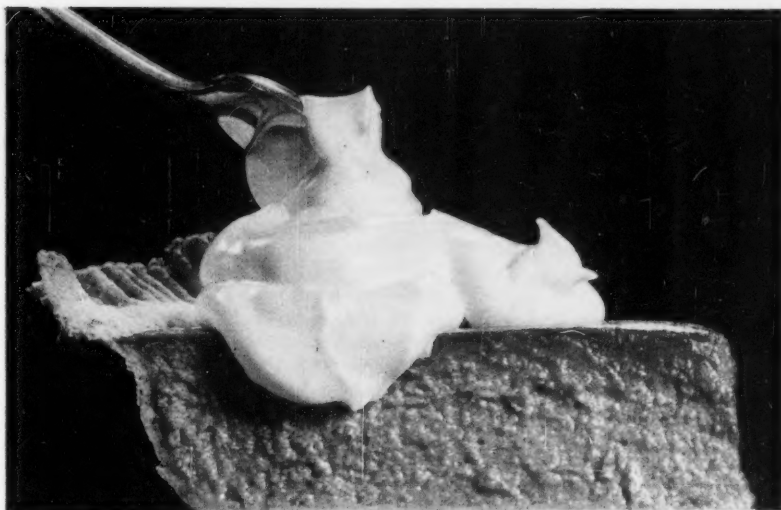
This is NEW for you. Now you can make thick creamy whipped topping

at a moment's notice. Just add milk to new Dream Whip and whip. You can buy Dream Whip now—use it any time—because the package keeps without refrigeration. After whipping, Dream Whip keeps its peaks for days, won't wilt or separate. It's low in cost. Low in calories, too! Look for Dream Whip in the Jell-O section of your store.

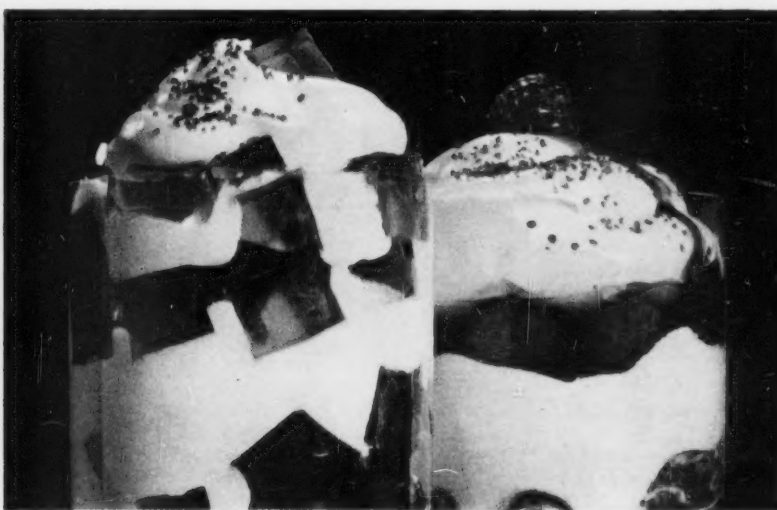


This is DREAM WHIP

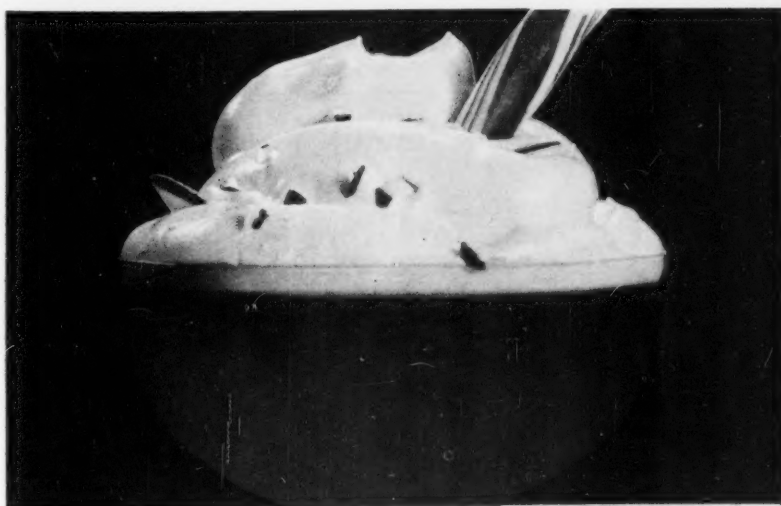
thick creamy whipped topping (at a moment's notice)



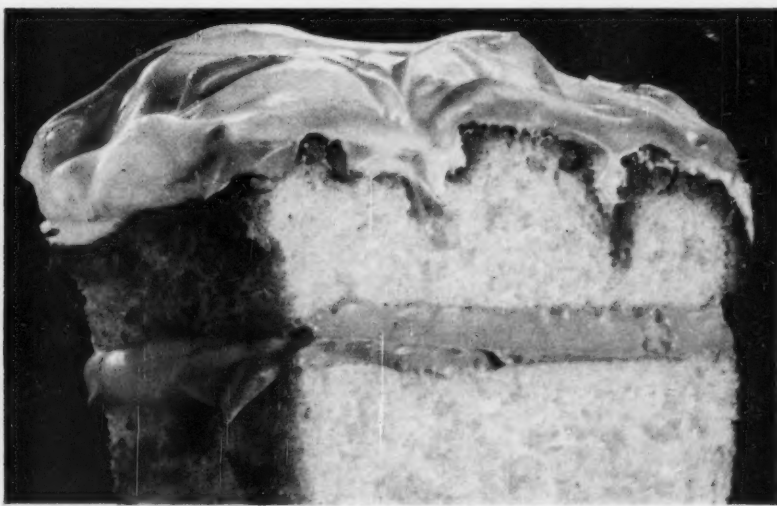
Dream Whip makes any dessert more delicious—yet costs so little. You can enjoy all you want, too—there are only 17 calories per tablespoon.



Serve perfect parfaits—Dream Whip and berries, or cubed Jell-O. Any left over stays perfect in the refrigerator for tomorrow's desserts.



Holiday Jell-O—it's simple Jell-O, a high mound of creamy Dream Whip and candy cane pieces. It looks and tastes simply delicious.



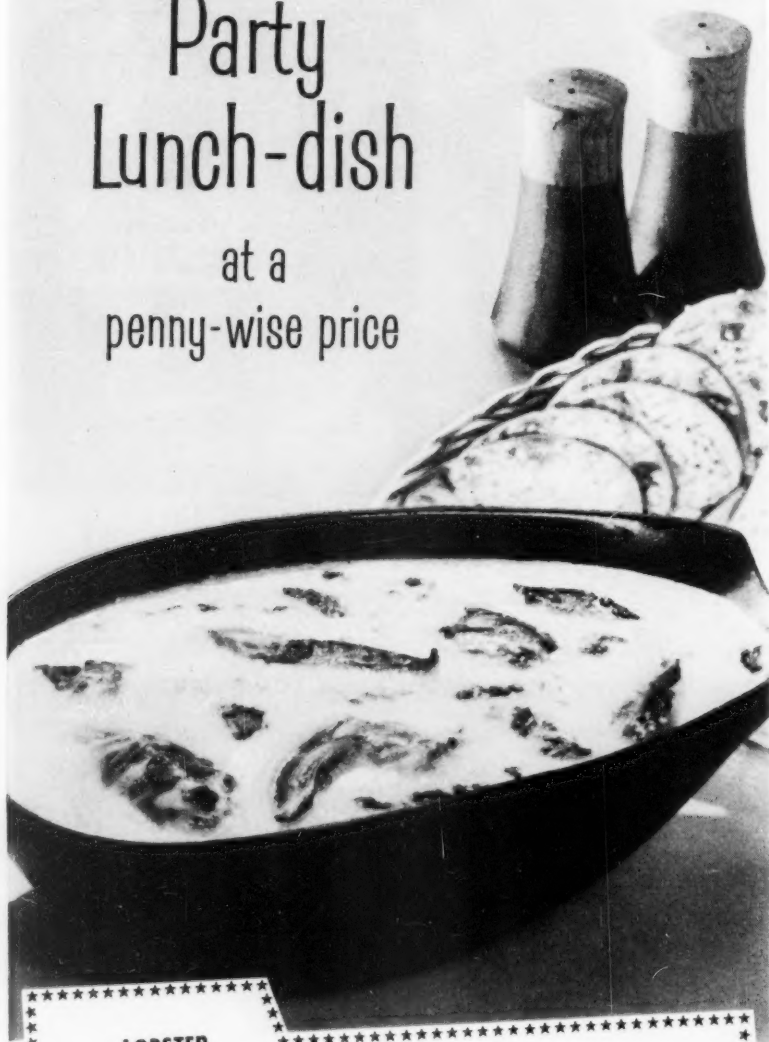
Dream Whip makes thick creamy whipped topping—always perfect—any time you want it. Adds a glamorous crown to all your pies and cakes.

Made by the makers of **JELL-O**

Jell-O is a Registered Trade Mark
owned in Canada by General Foods, Limited

Party Lunch-dish

at a
penny-wise price



LOBSTER THERMIDOR

Yield — 2 or 3 servings
1 can (approx. 5 ounces)
lobster

3/4 cup milk
2 thinly-sliced onions
1/3 cup Ingersoll Cheese
Spread or new Ingersoll
Picnic Cheese Spread

2 tbsp. white wine or milk
Parmesan Cheese (optional)
2 egg yolks
Few grains salt
1/2 tsp. dry mustard

Drain lobster and cut into rather large pieces. Scald milk and onion together in top of double boiler. Remove from heat and discard onion; blend in Ingersoll Cheese Spread and heat until cheese is melted. Use either Ingersoll Cheese Spread, made from fine Canadian cheddar, or Ingersoll Picnic Cheese Spread for a tangier taste. Stir in wine or milk. Beat egg yolks, salt and dry mustard together slightly. Gradually stir in the cheese sauce. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens. Add lobster and pour into small casserole dishes or one larger one. Top with Parmesan Cheese and place under broiler briefly.



LOOK FOR     
THE FLAVOR FLECKS!

Imported cheese gives Picnic its lively flavor

Ingersoll
REAL CHEESE TASTE TREATS

30-MINUTE DINNER MENUS

Continued from page 42

MONDAY

As soon as you take your hat off and change your nine-to-five costume for relax-at-home wear, start boiling a kettle of water and begin the dessert — it takes the longest. Then follow step-by-step the preparation, below, of the rest of the meal.

Cherry Orange Puffs

1 cup cherry jam, sundae
topping or pie filling
2 tbs lemon juice

1 pkg orange muffin mix OR
plain muffin mix plus 1 tbs grated
orange rind

Spoon cherry jam mixed with lemon juice into 8 small buttered baking dishes. Prepare the muffin mix, and fill dishes two thirds full. Set in a skillet with boiling water one inch below the cup rims. Cover and steam 15 to 20 minutes over low heat. Unmold and serve with Fluffy Vanilla Sauce (recipe below). *Note:* Extra puddings keep well and can be restewed for lunch.

Tomato Beef Quickies

2 cups ground leftover
roast beef or fresh ground beef
2 tbs grated onion
1 tsp monosodium glutamate

1/2 tsp flavor salt
1 egg
2 medium cans
spaghetti sauce

Combine first five ingredients. Moisten with milk if necessary. Form into walnut-size balls and drop into hot shallow fat. Fry until brown, then pour off excess fat and add spaghetti sauce. Cover and simmer about 10 minutes. Taste for seasoning. Garlic, chili peppers or Tabasco may be added. Serve over hot buttered noodles and pass grated Parmesan or Romano cheese at the table. *Note:* Lightly packed meat balls, formed with two wet teaspoons, are tender, make up quickly.

BUTTERED NOODLES: Cook and drain well. Stir in a spoon of soft butter for flavor and to keep noodles separate.

CABBAGE SALAD: Drain a carton of coleslaw and add a little salad dressing, sweet basil and stuffed olives or make your own favorite cabbage salad.

FLUFFY VANILLA SAUCE: Prepare 1 package whipped topping. Beat 1/2 package instant vanilla pudding with 1 cup milk and fold in half the whipped topping. Cover and set aside remaining topping for Wednesday night's dessert.

APRICOT TWINKLE: Mix apricot nectar and lime or lemonade together. Pour into 4-ounce glasses and serve immediately.

Approximate calories per meal: 980. Approximate total cost of the meal for four, \$2.10.

TUESDAY

Company's coming. Start the kettle and turn the oven to 400 F. While it's heating begin the festive fare.

Minted Grapefruit Halves

Cut grapefruit and fill centre with blueberries. Sprinkle with artificial crème de menthe and chill. Takes about 3 minutes.



TRY THIS...

To crown grapefruit with a serrated edge, I place it on its side. Then, with the point of a small, sharp knife, I pierce it in zigzag pattern (left), pressing the point to the centre each time. When cuts encircle the skin — pull apart, and presto — it's ready for garnishing.

Glenn Geller

Director Chatelaine Institute

Continued on page 56



NEW!

This is the
Instant that's
delicious
for drinking!

Carnation "Magic Crystals" burst into fresh flavor
skim milk instantly—for as little as 9¢ a quart!



4 qt., 12 qt.,
and new 32 qt. sizes

Your whole family will enjoy drinking Carnation Instant. It's really *delicious!* And so good for them. Carnation Instant Powdered Skim Milk provides all the calcium, B-vitamins and protein of fresh whole milk with just the fat removed. And it is made from choicest milk from Canada's finest dairy herds.

You can use Carnation Instant for cooking, too. No special recipes needed. It even whips!

Gives you a wonderfully light and fluffy topping for desserts at only 1¢ a serving and with $\frac{2}{3}$ less calories than whipped cream!

Discover for yourself how convenient — how really easy to mix powdered skim milk can be. Takes all the work and trouble out of mixing. Just a light stir — and new Carnation "Magic Crystals" mix *instantly*, completely. No lumps. No sediment.

AN ALL-CANADIAN PRODUCT

Save up to $\frac{1}{2}$ on milk bills with Carnation Instant "Magic Crystals"



Perhaps you tried powdered skim milk before and found it hard to mix, leaving lumps and sediment. That was an old-fashioned product. With new Carnation Instant your mixing troubles are over!

**MAKES A GOOD MEAL
MUCH BETTER**




Belongs
on your
table and
in your
cooking

LEA & PERRINS
THE ORIGINAL
WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE

16P


NOT FOR SALE!



This is the stamp of the Canadian Government certifying top-quality fish, handled, processed and packaged under conditions where the "peak of cleanliness" prevails and which are subject to rigid inspections daily by the Federal Authorities.

It is a Guarantee to you that fish bearing this mark, **CANADA INSPECTED**, is the finest procurable—providing most delicious eating for you and your family.

Sea-Seal Seafoods bear this stamp of quality proudly!



Continued from page 54

Veal and Mushroom Mozzarella

4 delicate* frozen veal cutlets
2 tablespoons fat
2 tbs onion flakes

1 (10-oz) can mushrooms and juice
1 can chicken gravy
4 slices Mozzarella cheese

Lightly sprinkle veal with flour, and brown slowly on both sides in the fat for about 3 minutes. Add onion, mushrooms and gravy mixed. Cover and cook slowly for 15 minutes. Uncover and cover veal with cheese slices. Add a little water and cover again for 1 minute to melt cheese.

* Tenderizing process which leaves a wafflelike pattern.

Note: $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cooking wine may be used in place of mushroom juice.

VEGETABLES: While veal is cooking, heat 2 (10-oz) or 1 (20-oz) can mixed vegetables or cook 2 cups or more of frozen mixed vegetables. Drain and add butter and keep hot. While veal and vegetables are cooking whip up a package of instant potato, adding a dash of nutmeg and a little sour cream. Keep hot. Now for the dessert.

Continued on page 58

WIN \$150

With your family's
FAVORITE RECIPE

Plus: a special category for Teen Tempo readers

CHATELAINE'S eleventh FAMILY FAVORITES RECIPE CONTEST again offers you an exciting chance to win \$150 with that special recipe your family loves best. And for the first time teen-agers have their own category — Teen Favorites, with a \$50 prize — open only to teen-agers. Teen entrants must be sure to state their age on their entries. Regular entries must fit one of the five other categories below. You can win the grand prize of \$100 for the best recipe of all submitted; in addition the best recipe in each of the categories will receive \$50; all other recipes printed will win \$5. Be sure your recipe is different, one that you have developed yourself, because duplications are discarded automatically.

DESSERTS BREADS MEAT AND FISH
SUPPER AND CASSEROLE DISHES
TEEN FAVORITES CAKES AND COOKIES

HOW TO ENTER

Write, print or type your entry on one page (a separate page for each recipe submitted). GIVE EXACT MEASUREMENTS. If flour is used, just stating a cup flour is not enough; specify also whether sifted or unsifted, and state the type — cake, pastry or all-purpose flour. Give directions for method clearly. Include the time and temperature of cooking and the yield. At the top left corner state the category (Desserts, etc.) and at the bottom right corner PRINT your name and address on every recipe. Any recipes submitted may be used or published by Chatelaine in any manner. We can't return entries — so be sure you don't send us the only copy of that Family Favorite.

Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1960. The Family Favorites will appear in our February issue; teen winners will appear in the special Teen Tempo section of August 1961.

SEND YOUR ENTRY TO

Family Favorites, Chatelaine Institute, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2.
ENTRANTS MUST BE RESIDENTS OF CANADA.



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La Province de Québec**

when the hillsides explode into colour

You will marvel at the deep flashing colour of Québec's countryside this fall! Artist's paradise, photographer's delight, La Province de Québec has everything to offer in the autumn . . . uncrowded roads, bright, cool days, unexcelled hunting, delightful French Canadian cuisine! For information, send in coupon.

Provincial Tourist Bureau,
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Québec City, Canada.

Please send me FREE booklets to help plan
my fall vacation in La Province de Québec.

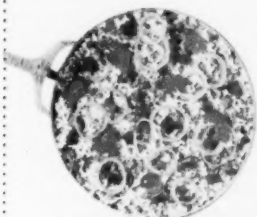
My main interest is

Name

Street

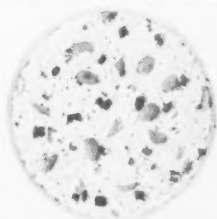
City Prov.

**LA PROVINCE DE
Québec**



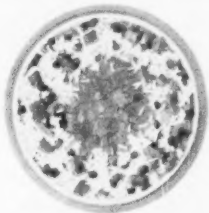
Sausage Rice Skillet

Break 1 pound bulk sausage meat into small pieces and pan fry until lightly browned, stirring with a fork. Drain off excess fat. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice, 1 cup thinly sliced onions, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped green pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic, minced. Sauté over medium heat until the rice is lightly browned. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned tomatoes and juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup catsup and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Mix well. Bring quickly to a boil, cover, and simmer 10 minutes. Makes 5 or 6 servings.



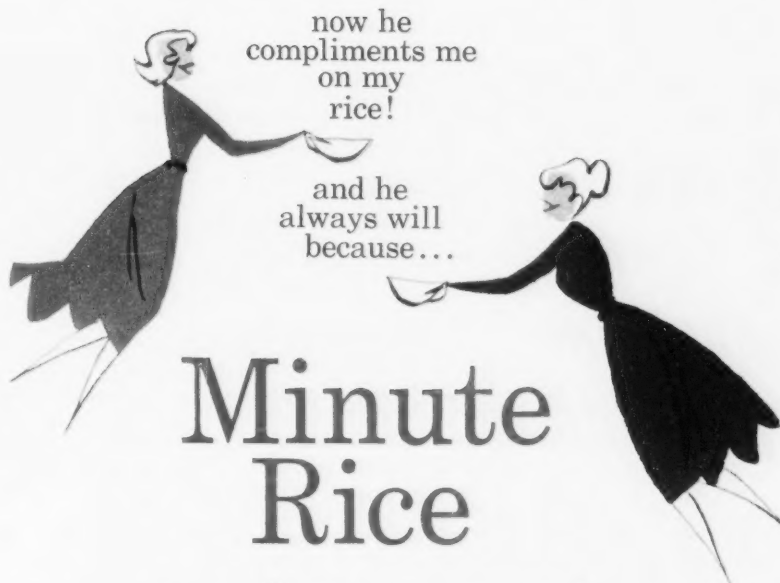
Almond Rice with Pimento

Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water in saucepan. Mix just to moisten all rice. Cover, remove from heat, and let stand 5 minutes. Meanwhile, sauté $\frac{1}{4}$ cup slivered blanched almonds in 2 tablespoons butter until golden brown, stirring constantly. Add almond mixture and 2 tablespoons diced pimento to rice just before serving; mix lightly with a fork. Makes 4 servings.



Carefree Casserole

Combine 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and 1 package frozen peas and carrots. Bring to a boil and simmer for 2 to 3 minutes. Pour half the mixture into a $1\frac{1}{2}$ quart casserole and add in layers $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice and 2 cups cooked diced chicken. Top with remaining sauce and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Cheddar cheese. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for 20 minutes. Makes 6 servings.



now he
compliments me
on my
rice!

and he
always will
because...

Minute Rice

can't turn out
any way but

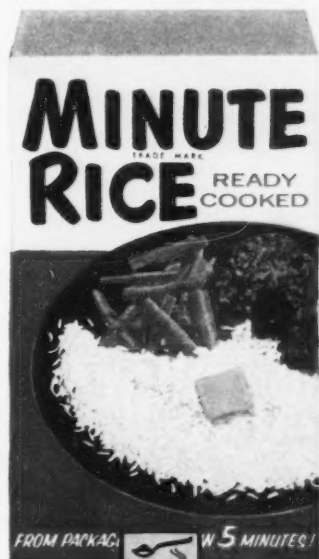


it's already cooked, that's why!

From package to plate in 5 minutes!

Always perfectly cooked . . . fluffy . . . white . . . tender . . .
with each plump grain separate and succulent. Minute Rice is the
world's finest long grain rice . . . and it's the only rice
in the world that's absolutely failure-proof!

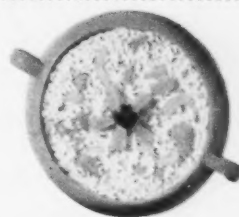
Eliminates uncertainty, drudgery, sticky pans. Brings you a new
world of good eating because there are so many ways
to use it. For other interesting recipe suggestions, write:
Minute Rice Recipes, Box "O", Cobourg, Ontario.



Another delicious time-saver



from General Foods Kitchens



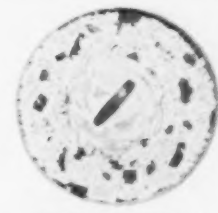
Pineapple Rice with Curry

Melt 3 tablespoons butter in saucepan. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onion and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice and sauté over medium heat until rice is golden brown, stirring constantly. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon curry powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and mix well. Then add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water slowly, continuing to stir constantly. Bring quickly to a boil over high heat. Cover, remove from heat, and let stand 5 minutes. Add $\frac{2}{3}$ cup drained canned pineapple tidbits, mixing lightly with a fork. Makes 4 servings.



Tuna Fish Salad

Prepare $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice as directed on package. Then uncover and cool to room temperature. About 1 hour before serving, combine 1 cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons chopped pimento, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, mixing well. Combine 1 cup drained flaked tuna fish, 2 cups diced celery and 3 chopped hard-cooked eggs. Stir in mayonnaise mixture. Add rice; mix lightly. Chill. Serves 6.



Glorified Apple Rice

Combine $\frac{2}{3}$ cup Minute Rice, 1 cup apple juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup firmly packed brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons seedless raisins and 1 cup diced fresh apples. Bring to a boil, cover and simmer 5 to 10 minutes or until most of the liquid is absorbed. Remove from heat; add 2 tablespoons coarsely chopped nuts and 1 tablespoon butter. Stir to blend. Chill. Just before serving, whip 1 cup of cream; fold into rice mixture. Serves 4.

and look at all the things
you can make with it!

It's "MENU MAGIC" in a package.



By the sip or by the swallow

*You'll be
glad-a Salada*

**The good, glad
taste in tea**



What a delightful way to bring together old friends, or new—over a friendly cup of Salada.

Salada Tea combines the choice teas of the world in a unique blend that no other tea has ever been able to copy. The result is the good, glad taste in tea that Canada likes best.

Try Salada. It's just your cup of tea.



**CANADA'S
FAVOURITE
TEA**

*'Salada' Tea is one of the
fine products of
SALADA-SHIRRIFF-HORSEY Ltd.*

Continued from page 56

Toasted Chocolate Almond Squares

2 egg whites
1/8 tsp salt
1/2 cup brown or white sugar
1 tsp vanilla

4 squares of
plain cake (leftover or from
the bakery)
Chocolate or fruit topping
Toasted slivered almonds

Make a stiff meringue of the first four ingredients. Split the cake squares, spread with topping, then put together again. Cover each square with meringue, sprinkle with almonds. Bake 5 minutes at 400 F. Serve drizzled with topping. While squares are toasting serve the grapefruit.

Alternative: If you can't be bothered with the oven, omit the meringue and cover cake squares with butter-pecan ice cream. Place in freezer until later and serve with caramel or marshmallow sauce.

Approximate calories per meal 1,025. Approximate total cost of meal for four, \$2.80.

WEDNESDAY

Your homework begins with the main dish.

Sweet and Sour Pork

1 lb frozen pork cutlets*
1 tsp flavor salt
1 sliced onion
1 can consommé
1 can mushroom pieces

1 cup pineapple juice
2 tbs vinegar
1 tbs soya sauce
1 sliced green pepper
1 cup pineapple tidbits

Cut pork into strips 1/4 inch wide and 1 1/2 inches in length. Fry quickly in 2 tablespoons hot fat until pink color fades. Add the next seven ingredients and cover. Simmer about 5 minutes. Stir in a smooth mixture of 2 tablespoons cornstarch and 1/3 cup water. Cook until clear. Add green pepper and pineapple. Simmer 2 minutes. Keep hot in a double boiler.

* Lean shoulder pork may be used.

FRIED RICE: Lightly brown 1 small package quick-cooking rice in 2 tablespoons butter. Add 2 teaspoons each onion and parsley flakes, 1 chicken bouillon cube and 1 1/3 cups boiling water. Cover. Bring to the boil and remove from heat. Let stand for 10 minutes.

COB CORN: Cook fresh corn or frozen defrosted corn in boiling salted water for about 8 minutes.

TOSSED SALAD: Prepare your favorite salad ingredients and break or slice into a bowl, or open a package of salad greens already prepared. Keep chilled and toss with commercial French dressing flavored with cheese, caraway or garlic.

FRESH PEACHES: Peel and slice fresh peaches into a bowl and sprinkle with fine sugar. Toss with a fork and spoon into serving dishes. Chill. Serve with sweet or sour cream.

BEEF SOUP: Prepare a package of dehydrated beef noodle or onion soup adding half water and half tomato juice. Serve sprinkled with Parmesan cheese.

Approximate calories per meal 850. Approximate total cost of meal for four, \$3.25.

THURSDAY

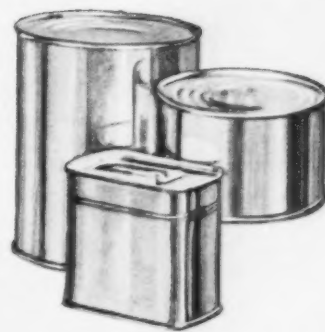
Guests again . . . you'll have three 450 F-oven-baked dishes to greet them with. Prepare vegetables and sea food while the oven heats.

CRUMB-TOP BAKED TOMATOES: Cut stem ends out of 4 firm medium tomatoes. Place them in a small bake dish with 1/2 cup water and fill the cavities with a mixture of bread crumbs and soft butter, flavored with oregano, poultry seasoning, salt and pepper. Set aside.

CREAMY POTATO FLAKES: Measure 2 1/2 cups large potato flakes, 2 1/2 cups milk, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons butter in a saucepan. Bring to a boil and pour into a 1-quart casserole. Cover and set potatoes and tomatoes on the lower oven rack.

Continued on page 60

*The best of everything...and everything at its best...
comes to you in **cans!***



Among the many benefits brought to us by science and industry, surely one of the most valued must be the common "tin can" . . . which brings to the housewife, at lower cost, and without work or waste, more than she could ever achieve by home preserving.

Every year a wider choice is offered of pure, perfectly prepared foods in cans . . . meats, fruits, juices, vegetables, fish, soups, soft drinks, prepared meals, baby foods, milk . . . the list is almost endless.

Selection, processing, and canning are carried out in scientifically controlled conditions impossible to duplicate in the home, with the result that food in cans is as fresh, as appetizing, as full of nourishment the day it is opened as the day the goodness and flavour were sealed in.

The best of everything and everything at its best comes to you IN CANS!

The so-called "tin can" is actually STEEL, with a coating of pure tin inside and out . . . combining strength and durability with a high degree of protection.



THE STEEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

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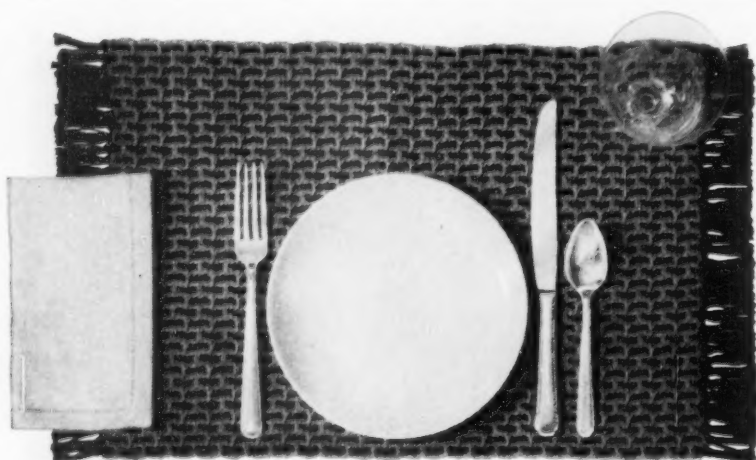


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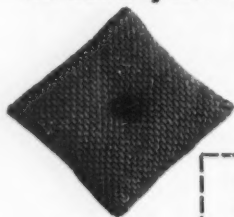
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Continued from page 58

SEA-FOOD PLATTER: Open 3 packages or more of brown crumb-coated frozen sea food or fish. Spread pieces on a large greased cooky sheet or shallow bake pan. Brush with oil or French dressing, sprinkle lightly with salt and place on the upper oven rack. Bake all together at 450 F for 20 minutes. Serve with lemon wedges and tartare sauce.

Note: Allow about 6 ounces per serving of mixed sea food, such as scallops, fish or crab sticks, shrimp, smelts, small fish fillets like perch. (If sea food is breaded with white bread crumbs, sauté slowly in a frying pan of shallow oil, instead of baking in the oven.)

Crystal Lime Whip

Prepare 1 cup sweetened whipped cream or beat the topping left from Wednesday's dessert. Fold in about 1 pint of lime sherbet first broken up with a fork in a chilled bowl (swish a few ice cubes in the bowl before adding the sherbet). Pile mixture into a freezer tray and set in the freezer. Serve in sherbet glasses and garnish with drained Mandarin oranges.

Note: Lime jelly that was made the night before may be beaten and folded into the whipped topping. Chill until needed.

CURRIED CHICKEN SOUP: Empty a can of chicken and rice soup into a saucepan and add 1½ cans water, 1 chicken bouillon cube, 1½ tsp curry powder and 1 peeled diced apple. Simmer 5 minutes or until flavors are well blended and apple tender.

Approximate calories per meal 920. Approximate total cost of meal for four, \$3.25.

FRIDAY

For the end of the week you feast on cupboard-kept mainstays. Begin by setting the oven to 450 F.

Beef Butter Crust Pie

1 can beef soup
½ cup water
2 or 3 scraped carrots
(cut in small pieces)
2 sliced onions

1 can braised steak, steak
and gravy, roast beef or
sirloin tips
1 tbs quick-cooking tapioca

Simmer soup, water, carrots and onions in a covered saucepan, for 5 minutes. Add the canned meat and tapioca. Pour into a greased casserole and spoon Butter Crust over the top. For the Butter Crust, mix 3 tablespoons soft butter into 1½ cups of tea-biscuit mix. Stir in 2/3 cup milk. Bake at 450 F for 20 minutes.

Note: Diced leftover roast beef and diluted gravy may be cooked with onions and carrots, then seasoned and used as the base for this quick pie.

QUICK RISSOLÉ POTATOES: Heat a package of frozen rissole potatoes according to directions, or drain and dry 2 cans white potatoes. Pour into a shallow bake pan and add ¼ cup salad oil. Shake to coat potatoes and sprinkle with salt and paprika. Bake in the oven with the beef pie for 15 to 20 minutes.

Baked Stuffed Pears

8 large canned pear halves
1 cup cooky crumbs
Sherry, grenadine or
maraschino syrup

2 tbs lemon juice
¼ cup honey or currant
jelly
Flake-type coconut

Mix cooky crumbs with enough sherry to make a pastelike mixture. Add a few chopped almonds if you have them. Fill pears and put halves together. Set in a small greased bake pan and drizzle with honey and lemon juice mixed together. Sprinkle with coconut and bake along with the pie and potatoes for 10 to 15 minutes or until heated through. Serve with pouring cream.

FROZEN BROCCOLI: Cook according to directions, or cook and season 2 packages of fresh spinach. Drain and keep hot.

TOMATO APPETIZER: Add ½ teaspoon seasoning salt and 2 tablespoons lemon juice to chilled canned tomato juice. Pour into 4-ounce glasses and serve with cheese wafers.

Approximate calories per meal 980. Approximate total cost of meal for four, \$2.50. END

HOW CLOSE ARE WE TO TEST-TUBE BABIES?

Continued from page 27

of all of us in a more intimate and direct manner than those of any other science. Let us consider briefly some of the future possibilities that can be seen through the geneticist's crystal ball:

* Under the influence of genetical findings the human race could adopt a large-scale "ideal breeding" program, carefully controlling the production of children, as stockbreeders do with cattle, to make sure that only the healthy and the gifted are selected to have children, and the weak, the sick and mentally defective are winnowed out.

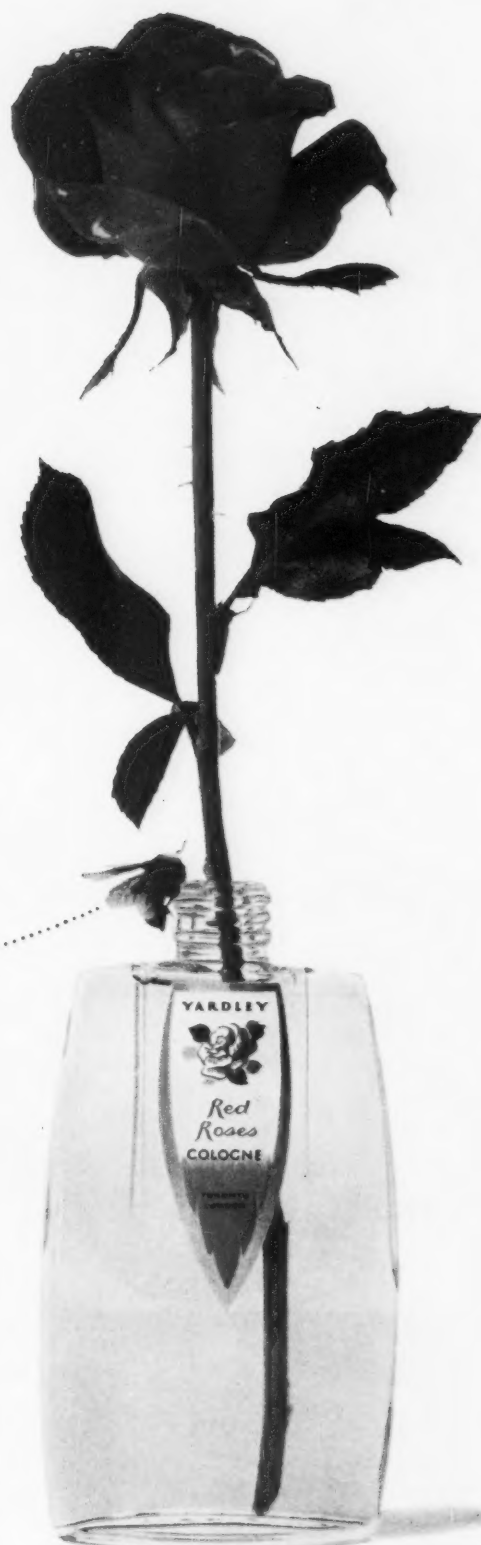
* It may be common practice in future generations for a prospective mother to go to a clinic and ask to be artificially inseminated with the offspring of a famous man, a latter-day Shakespeare, a Salvador Dali or an Einstein. In fact, scientists are already sure that it will be possible in a single year, say 2050 AD, for a thousand babies all fathered by Leonard Bernstein to be born to a thousand young mothers, fifty years after the maestro has left behind his baton and podium forever.

* Geneticists now think that in future a baby's inherited characteristics could be changed before the child starts to develop in its mother's womb. Science could alter the embryo's makeup, for instance, so that it would inherit a thick shock of hair instead of its father's tendency to baldness, or have blue eyes instead of brown. A couple might very well be able to "order" a child, specifying the sex, color of eyes and hair, IQ range and talents.

* Or, to carry the possibilities to their extreme, scientists in the next century may be producing babies in test tubes, doing away with the natural painful process of birth and creating new humans, like sports cars or soda crackers, on a long laboratory assembly line.

To the layman these concepts may sound like the unbridled imaginings of an overwrought science-fiction writer. To comprehend the geneticist's belief that these developments are feasible — and to realize the importance of the discoveries geneticists have already made in the realm of radiation hazards and the inheritance of disease — it is necessary to under-

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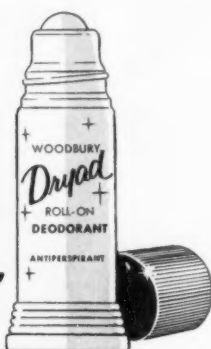
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stand the basic laws upon which this kind of startling theory is based.

Here, in condensed form, are some of the most important concepts about human heredity.

Life begins for the human being at the instant a sperm from the father enters and fertilizes the egg in the mother. At that moment of fertilization, the new baby's entire heredity is forged.

What happens in that fateful instant is this: the sperm opens and releases a batch of twenty-three tiny worm-like bodies called chromosomes; at the same time, the egg releases a matching batch of twenty-three chromosomes. Thus, each new human being is given forty-six chromosomes (until 1959 geneticists thought there were forty-eight), half a set from each parent, in the same way that a player in a card game might be haphazardly dealt a hand from two decks of cards.

Within each chromosome are hundreds of genes — tiny particles strung together like beads. These genes carry a master blueprint of the kind of person who will emerge — his sex, hair and eye color, his IQ, his height, his disease susceptibilities, blood group, etc. The new baby's physical and mental potentialities are decided, not at the moment of birth, but at this instant of conception.

"Black" genes are villains

The genes act in pairs — one from the mother and one from the father — and each pair has a particular job to do in fashioning the baby. But each individual gene making up the pair has its own special character, and the way they are paired helps to determine the kind of person who will emerge. Some genes are weak (recessive); others are strong (dominant). For instance, if a child inherits a dark-eyed gene from one parent, and a blue-eyed gene from another, the dark-eyed gene will generally dominate.

Some genes carry disease or physical defects; these are the villain or "black" genes. Black genes, too, are either dominant or recessive. If both parents carry a dominant black gene, the chances that their children will inherit a defect are very high; if only one parent has a dominant black gene, the chance of inheritance is smaller.

However, when the black gene is recessive, it might lie dormant, passing from one generation to another with-

out ever producing a defective child. The danger lies when, at some point, a carrier of a recessive diseased gene marries a person carrying the same type of recessive gene. Then, there's a good chance that a child of such a marriage will have the disease. This is why many geneticists frown on marriage between close relatives (first cousins, for instance) because when two people have similar heredities, the odds that they will carry the same defective genes are strengthened.

What can they foretell?

The genes each person passes on to his children are a selection from the same genes he received from his own parents. Genes are sealed in, unalterable by changes the parent makes in himself during his lifetime. For example, even the most naive of us would never assume that a woman who dyes her hair some such unlikely shade as cheetah red will produce babies with hair thatches to match the color that came out of the bottle. Or more seriously, the fact that acquired characteristics cannot be passed on from parents to children has been proven by the experiences of the Hebrews who have circumcised their male children for centuries and the Ubangi tribe of Africa who have mutilated the lower lips of their women for generations, without ever altering the appearance of their offspring at birth.

You may be wondering what this kind of knowledge means to you. Would it be possible for a geneticist to tell a pregnant woman what kind of physical and mental qualities her future child will possess? Just how is this knowledge of genetics being applied at present?

The geneticist can't tell a pregnant woman *exactly* what kind of child she'll have, since many of the details of human heredity are still shrouded in mystery. But he can predict with reasonable assurance what the chances are that her baby will be blue-eyed, dark-haired, what color his skin will be, the type of blood he's likely to inherit. What is more important, he can predict the chances that her child is in danger of having certain diseases — some types of anemia, color blindness, diabetes, Huntington's chorea (a rare mental disease), any one of the approximately five hundred diseases that can be passed on from generation to generation.

Continued on page 64



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HOW CLOSE ARE WE TO TEST-TUBE BABIES?

Continued from page 27

It's in this field of prediction of disease that the theories of genetics are currently being applied in a practical way for the public's benefit. Throughout the North American continent there are approximately twenty clinics, usually connected with a university or a children's hospital, where practising geneticists, called heredity counselors, give advice to prospective parents.

Five of these clinics are in Canada—in Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver, Winnipeg and Edmonton. One of the most active is at the Montreal Children's Hospital and under the direction of Dr. F. Clarke Fraser, a medical doctor and professor of genetics at McGill University.

"Heredity counseling, as it exists now," Dr. Fraser says, "is involved mainly with answering questions like, 'I'm in love with my first cousin. Should I marry her, and, if I do, what are the dangers for our children?' or, 'My first baby was born with a hare lip—should I have another child?'" The counselor's answers involve concentrated scientific detective work. He tries to trace his patient's ancestry for evidence of diseases by talking to the patient and his relatives extensively and sometimes searching hospital and church records. Then he compiles a chart of pedigree which will help him explain to one patient the dangers that his marriage to a cousin will involve, or to another the chances that her second child will also be disfigured.

What will radiation do?

The geneticist's theories are also affecting the human race at this moment in a less direct but even more dramatic way. All the desperate talk among statesmen, newspaper editors and responsible people everywhere about the dangers of radiation resulting from atomic explosions stems from the warnings issued by geneticists that such radiation can disfigure the human race.

It's true that genes cannot normally be changed—they're sealed in and passed from one generation to another unaltered, but excessive radiation can destroy this pattern. Even under normal conditions, a gene

change or mutation can take place on rare occasions—though not as a result of any change parents make in their own makeup. These mutations happen when a gene in one of the germ cells of the mother or father has been "hit" or disturbed by some outside force in such a way as to shake up its composition. Cosmic rays and certain chemicals produce these mutations at a very slow rate. Occasionally, the mutations are good and are incorporated in the slow process of the evolution of man. Usually though (in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred) the mutations are harmful and produce defective or "black" genes. However, since mutations occur so rarely, these genes are usually weeded out by natural selection and human beings as a race are not adversely affected.

But now with the explosion of atomic bombs, the radiation in the earth's sphere has been stepped up and the chances that your genes will be "hit" or disordered have increased.

Scientists in many parts of the world are working desperately to muster proof of what radiation can do to future generations. Experiments involving radiation's effects on mammals, mainly on mice, are being conducted in California and in England; long-term studies of the victims of Hiroshima and their offspring are still going on. The full extent of what will happen to human beings if the invisible rain of radiation continues to beat down on us hasn't been calculated. But geneticists know that the incidence of certain malformations will increase alarmingly—more and more children will be born with extra fingers, with hemophilia (the bleeder's disease), with cataracts, mental deficiencies. There will be, among our great-grandchildren, more albinos and more deaf-mutes.

But let's optimistically suppose that the geneticists' warnings will be enough to frighten the world into a sane control of radiation. Will they also be able to influence us into a reconsideration of our methods of reproducing ourselves? We've been engrossed in producing better TV sets, better airplanes, better washing machines—why not better babies?

Many geneticists believe that we not only can, but must do just that. Probably the most vociferous advocate of an ideal breeding program is Dr. Hermann J. Muller, a Nobel Prize-winning professor of genetics at Indiana University. His argument,

in capsule form, runs as follows:

One in every five human beings is born with genes that will cause defects or diseases but, until modern times, such people were unlikely to survive until maturity and very rarely had children. However, modern medical techniques are so advanced that we are now aiding nine tenths of such defective people to live and reproduce themselves. Dr. Muller calculates that gradually their defective genes will be spread throughout the populace and the human race will be weakened so drastically that medicine would no longer be able to counter the defects. In brief, the natural process of allowing only the fit to survive has gone awry through advances in medicine.

Why not breed ideal race?

Muller feels that our whole outlook on having children needs to be modified. He thinks that while we are ethically right in giving aid to the defective born in our midst, we should also develop a sense of responsibility among human beings about reproducing themselves. He believes that people shouldn't just have children for what he calls "self-glorification," but for the long-term good of humanity.

Ideally, every couple who wanted to have a child would consult a heredity counselor to discover whether or not their child would be sufficiently endowed to benefit the human race.

To most of us such an idea would be completely repugnant—the worst kind of intrusion on the rights of man—and to the religious, an impingement on the rights of God. There are also scientific objections.

"Besides the psychological problems involved in telling people that they shouldn't have children," says Dr. F. Clarke Fraser of McGill University, "it would be most unwise to lay down compulsory rules for selective breeding. We just don't know enough about the natural factors that keep the population balanced. What if we decide to select against people who are fat and have high blood pressure," Fraser continues. "Sure, we might end up by cutting down on heart disease, but we might also produce a race of tall thin worriers who are prone to TB and ulcers."

Dr. Muller, the American geneticist, recognizes this kind of objection, which has been made by many of his

Continued on page 66

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Continued from page 64
colleagues. He insists, however, that by preventing people who have defects from reproducing themselves and encouraging the production of children among the well-endowed, the trend toward a general improvement of the human race should be strengthened.

"Positive birth control"

Muller feels that the most feasible method available now of making a positive selection of offspring (he calls it "positive birth control") would be through the technique of artificial insemination. Artificial insemination is used fairly widely at present in the U. S., but almost always as an aid to couples who want children but find that the husband is sterile. Muller thinks the practice should be extended, so that not only the sterile, but those whose husbands are known to carry defective genes, would be inseminated artificially.

He also thinks the donors should be chosen more carefully. Now, doctors try first to be sure that the donor is in good health, then they may attempt to match the donor with the patient's husband for similar hair color, racial background and so on. Muller thinks that banks (much like blood banks) containing superior spermatozoa should be set up so that women whose husbands are sterile could be impregnated with the off-

spring of brilliantly endowed men who have contributed much to society. Such a bank would be made possible by a recently evolved technique of freezing spermatozoa.

This concept may seem startling enough but there are other genetic possibilities, more remote but scientifically feasible. A technique of freezing the reproductive cells of women—the ova—hasn't been perfected as yet but, with more research, it undoubtedly will be. Then the ovum of a well-endowed female could also be kept in a bank. It might be fertilized with sperm from a superior male, then planted in a woman. This would be a case, says Dr. Muller, "of outright adoption"; the "mother" would carry and bear a child whose biological parents had a completely different heredity from her own.

Nor have scientists been able so far to perfect a method of nourishing to full growth a human egg outside the human body.

Will our ideas change?

This process of producing a baby in a test tube (called ectogenesis) is the subject of research presently being conducted.

Two of the basic concepts of genetics, outlined earlier, is that genes can't be tampered with—they are locked into the human cell at the moment of conception—and, that the pattern of just how these genes work

is not yet clear. But scientists, working in the field of biochemistry, may within the next century or so change both these ideas.

Probably the most important research in the field of chemical genetics during the past decade has been the discovery and analysis of DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid), the main substance of which genes are made and the probable transmitter of the "code" of heredity. Once scientists know exactly the makeup of DNA, many important concepts will follow. It should tell them more about the cause of disease and may even reveal the mystery of life itself. When DNA has conclusively been decoded, according to Dr. Wendell Stanley, a world-famous biochemist now working at Berkeley, California, it will be "little more than a game" to change chemically the instructions the code carries. The genes, once their makeup is fully understood, could be altered to change the child's sex, his hair coloring, his height, his susceptibility to diseases, and so on by the introduction of chemicals into the embryo.

All of these things are research years away; no scientists at present can even hazard a guess as to how long such discoveries will take. But the brave new world, that to us in 1960 seems little more than an unlikely bad dream, may to our great-grandchildren be very much a reality. END

QUIET REVOLUTION OF CHINESE WOMEN

Continued from page 24

Her machine doesn't stand idle during that time, she hastened to tell me; there is a team of "feeding workers" who go through the factory and relieve the nursing mothers.

Baby Wu is six months old now. Mrs. Wu will nurse him for another two months. In the old days, especially in the rural areas, babies were breast-fed from two to three years, often because there was no other food for them. Now the babies are given vitamin drops at three months, and liquid from the boiled ground rice. As soon as the babies get their teeth, they are given the same food as adults, since Chinese food is always cut in pieces small enough to be eaten with chop sticks. Mrs. Wu had never heard

about that standby of Canadian mothers — strained baby foods.

It was during my visit to the Wus' apartment that I learned something of the meaning to the older generation of the new life in China today. It was Grandfather Wu, an amiable old codger, who painted the picture for me.

He had worked, he said, in the same textile factory that now employed his children. Two years ago he was retired, at sixty, on pension. (Women are retired at fifty-five.)

In the old days he had the right of absolute rule over his family. He would handle financial affairs for the whole family—for his wife, his sons and their wives and children—and all would have to obey his orders. Now even his daughters receive their wages into their own hands, and he has no rights other than those conferred on him by his family because of his age and wisdom.

In time he had, he said, become accustomed to the loss of status, and he was fortunate because his children were very kind. Besides he added, he liked having his daughter in the same home; in the old days the daughter always went to live in her husband's home, where, if she came from a poor family, she could be almost a slave to her in-laws, especially her mother-in-law.

As we talked, three of the grandchildren sat in silence on the suitcases and trunks along one wall. The teenager of the family, a boy of fourteen, was on a day's "excursion." Grandfather Wu explained. He had set out on a community project at seven that morning with fifteen other teen-agers to cut grass with small sickles. This was part of a campaign to kill mosquitoes. Most Chinese teen-agers, I was told give one day a week to this kind of labor during their summer

Continued on page 68

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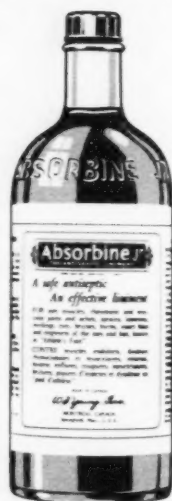
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Continued from page 66

holidays. Even adults, working six days a week, often give part of their Sundays to sanitation or similar campaigns.

The whole family seemed proud of this teen-ager. He is evidently very clever, is in second year middle school (our grade eight) and talks of going on to university. The family will have to find money for his food, clothes and shelter, but he won't have to pay any fees. If the Wus find they can't afford even this, and the boy does well enough in his exams, he may get a scholarship to cover his living expenses.

I asked Grandmother and Grandfather Wu if they can read and write. They said that they can't but their children — the younger Wus and the Chous—are learning. The factory, it was explained, operates schools for workers. There are no fees, but the worker-students must buy their own books. The Chous attend school at eight each morning, after they come off the night shift. Classes last anywhere from four to six hours. The Wus have been going to class at 5 p.m. after their factory workday, though, since the birth of their fourth child, Mrs. Wu has had to drop out of the classes so that she may attend to her family. However, added Grandfather Wu with pride, his daughter-in-law already has learned to recognize a thousand Chinese ideographs and this is enough to enable her to read the newspaper.

Factory has social life

As he spoke, I did some arithmetic. These young workers spend eight hours a day in the factory, then about five hours or more in classroom. How do they relax and play? To find out, I explored the factory compound. I quickly came to realize that the factory encompasses the whole life of its workers. It not only owns and operates the living quarters, the schools, the nurseries and kindergartens and crèches, it also provides facilities for recreation, through committees elected by the workers. I saw several basketball courts, and teams from various sections of the factory compete in hotly contested tournaments. They also play volleyball and table tennis. The factory has its own projector and movies are shown on Saturdays and Sundays—admission around five cents per person.

At first glance, wages paid in this new China are extremely low, measur-

ed by Canadian standards. Salaries for skilled workers run to about 115 yuan a month—that's about forty-six dollars a month in Canadian money. Unskilled workers get sixty-four yuan a month. There is equal pay for men and women. However, these rates can't really be measured in our terms, since cost of living is much lower than in Canada. For instance, you can rent a four-room apartment there for only one yuan eighty cents a month—that's about seventy cents Canadian. Workers get free hospital care; they pay only fifty percent of hospitalization costs for their families.

Is China overpopulated?

Women workers are given fifty-seven days' maternity leave with pay. Under the Labor Insurance Law every worker gets six months' full pay in the event of illness, and after that sixty percent of the salary he was earning when illness struck.

I thought of the six children in the Wu family a few weeks later when I was talking to Dr. Chen, the vice-director of the new and fully modern Maternity Hospital in Peking. I asked Dr. Chen about China's population growth. The population is estimated to be 650 million now; if the trend continues, in about twenty years China will have a population of one and a half billion people—about half the world's population at that time. Dr. Chen told me that the infant-mortality rate has been cut from 117 per thousand births to 37.5; that better health services and improved sanitation are saving millions of lives.

Is China making any attempt to restrict its growth? Dr. Chen told me that China is not, in the state's opinion, overpopulated; everyone is needed to help in developing still backward areas. In fact, said Dr. Chen, at the present time China has a labor shortage, and will continue to have even when machines are available to do much of the work now done by hand.

Even so, Dr. Chen continued, the law does not now permit young people to marry until the girl is eighteen and the man is twenty. The regime also permits couples to turn to surgery if they wish to have no more children. "We will operate on either the husband or the wife," she told me, "if they will both sign a paper saying they wish it to be done. But if they have no children, we will not operate."

In the country district, I was told, women were slower to receive full equality with men. They really only

got it when the communes were set up in the fall of 1958. Before that, their wages were paid to the head of each family, so that even if they had full equality under the law, they could hardly assert their rights when the old man had his hands on the purse strings. Now they get their wages paid to them directly, and economic independence guarantees their equal status with men.

Judging from what I saw on all sides, it was clear that life in the new China is not easy, particularly for women. But then, it never has been easy, except for the relatively few well-to-do. Today, many of the peasant women who once devoted most of their time to hauling water, collecting firewood, grinding millet and corn and minding the children, have exchanged these duties for eight- or ten-hour days in field or factory, leaving daytime care of children and preparation of meals to state-organized groups and institutions.

You were asking

CHATELAINE

QUESTION

When in the receiving line at a reception what is the rule about wearing gloves?

ANSWER

Leave both gloves on while receiving guests. Remove your gloves only when eating, drinking or smoking.

The women I got to know best, however, were the intellectuals—doctors, teachers, administrators, interpreters — some of whom had never done a solid day's work in their lives before the Communists came, and perhaps never expected to. Without exception they told me they were happy with the change, and, even discounting the fact that they were spokeswomen for the new regime, I felt inclined to believe them. They said they didn't mind working hard, because what they did was useful and interesting and they were helping to improve living standards for all their people, and to make their country

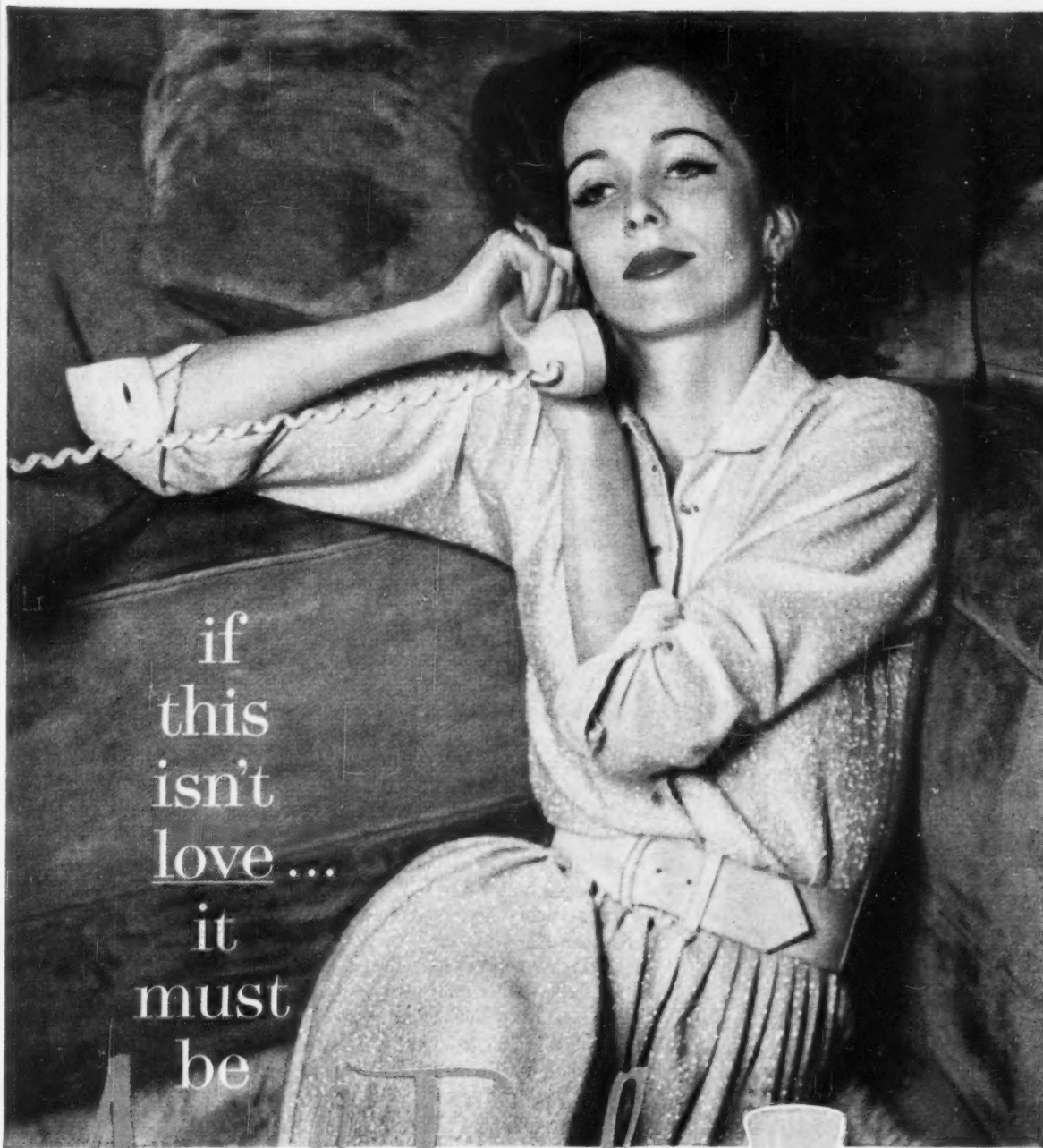
one of which they could be proud. I had been invited to China as an honorable guest, and throughout my stay I was honorably treated. I can't recall any request for information or interviews that weren't granted, although occasionally I had to be very persistent. There is no doubt that I

was invited to China to see the shining side of their story, and with the hope that I would dwell more on what has been already accomplished rather than on the colossal job which still remains to be done.

From what I've seen and heard and read, I'm convinced that China is

eating better, wearing better clothes, living better and working with more unity of purpose than at any time during the past hundred years of her long history. Measured by our terms, life of most in new China falls far short of adequate. But the trend, as I saw it, was upward.

END



if
this
isn't
love...
it
must
be

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HOW THE KESNERS CAME TO CANADA

Continued from page 33

had signed the application papers that had brought five people—five of the thirty thousand existing in Europe's refugee camps—from a dingy camp cell across a bridge of compassion to Canada.

Businessmen pumped Mario's hand and smiled their greetings. An Orchard Heights housewife, Mrs. Ade Geinz, who had spent time in the same camp, began interpreting the Kesners' words of happiness and thanks in both Croatian and Italian. As Mario was introduced to each woman he bent and kissed her hand.

Anna Kesner was flushed with joy; behind strong-lense glasses her eyes filled with tears. Mothers pushed their children forward, saying, "This is Ricky," "This is Bobby." She kissed each woman and pressed her children to shake each hand, kiss each new-found friend.

"Bambini?" she asked

Woman communicated with woman in a language as old as Eve—a trim suburbanite admired Anna's children by patting each head and hugging each one to her. Mrs. Kesner pointed to her and asked, "Bambini?" and the slim girl in the latest haircut grinned, held up four fingers, and pointed to small heads darting about in the cluster of neighbors. She pointed to her heart and said, "Mine." They smiled warmly at each other.

Something subtler was being said—a knowledge of reality much of Orchard Heights did not possess. The Kesners made no ringing declaration but the message was in the manner Anna held her body, proud in her shapeless beige coat. It was in the moment when the porter shouldered past a load of baggage, and Mario lifted off a single suitcase. It shone in the eyes of this tired couple as they displayed their well-mannered children with so much love and pride.

Lucilla clutched a large doll bought in Italy against whatever lay ahead. Theirs had been a starveling journey (they docked in Halifax with a dollar left) but the doll, in the parents' wisdom, was a necessity. "What is her name?" Ade Geinz asked, and Lucilla replied with a sunburst smile, "Flora."

Donny McLean was shoved forward by his parents to present a little

truck of his to Ivan Kesner. Ivan took it happily, and from his pocket handed Donny a small car, his only toy, given to him by a Red Cross worker in Halifax. The two in perfect understanding of such matters began racing their cars under the feet of the adults.

Slowly the party sorted itself out, and the Kesners and Davises moved into the morning freshness. On the way to the parked cars the Kesners glanced up into the sunlight, lying like a happy presence on the high buildings. They drove some twenty miles west out along the Queen Elizabeth Way, trenched with dandelions, past a ribbon of split-level suburbs, and finally the cars swung up a driveway to their new home.

The white clapboard house had the size and comfortable air of a farm home. Women of the IODE had worked for weeks creating a home for "their" family on the second floor of the house, and two of them were waiting to greet the Kesners. In the kitchen Anna exclaimed and pointed to each new discovery. They had thought they might be taken to a single room; they were prepared to sleep on a floor. In quick tense phrases she poured out the gratefulness in her heart. "I would give the shirt off my back for what you have done," she said.

Ade Geinz linked arms with her. "Come, see the rest of your home." She opened a door. "Here is the bathroom." At the sight of this ultimate luxury, a bathroom for her family, Anna Kesner broke. Clinging to Mrs. Geinz, she sobbed violently.

The children moved about the four rooms, all delight. Ivan dipped into a fresh box of chalk and was lost in a drawing on the blackboard in the boys' room. Lucio twirled the lollipop he found on his pillow, careful not to disturb the wrapper. Lucilla ran first to Flora, then to a new glory waiting on her pillow, a nurse doll with a blue cape lined in red silk.

Anna wiped her eyes with a handkerchief as she admired the pink boudoir lamps in the room that would be hers and Mario's. She shook her head over the dresser set. IODE members Janet Carter and Doris Saunders pulled open drawers, showed her pyjamas, blouses, socks. Anna could only stop and sigh.

In the living room the Kesners stared at the sofa, the pictures, the table radio. "Radiol!" Anna's voice sounded faint as she plucked at

Mario's sleeve. Someone explained that the coffee table had been bought by Orchard Heights school children, but the Kesners could no longer respond. They moved from object to object, tranced in wonder.

Out in the little hallway Mario spoke to the interpreter. "Ahhh, everyone," Ade flourished one hand above her head. "Mario wishes to make a speech." We were stilled by the stillness of Mario. Without abjectness, he thanked the Orchard Heights Committee, his eyes looking from one to the other.

"On behalf of my family," he said, "I thank you for all you have given us. We wish to work very hard in Canada. We want our children educated in this country. Though we were poor in San Sabba [the Italian refugee camp], and without hope, never did we steal, never did our children steal. We will make the best Canadians you have ever known. I feel I have been born this day."

Mario's words cut to the heart of the excited busyness of showing each gift, of telling who gave what.

The Scottish girl from downstairs, Jean Cobden, appeared carrying a pot of fresh coffee. She had been up at dawn to have a hot breakfast waiting. She was introduced. Mario kissed her hand, Anna kissed her cheeks. Self-consciously the Kesners gathered round the kitchen table, savoring a moment's liberty not to speak.

Someone brought out an iced chocolate cake. It was moving day on any street in Canada with the pot of hot coffee and a freshly baked cake from a kindly neighbor—only this family had moved from San Sabba Camp to suburbia, from a dank cell to sun-washed Elizabeth Street.

How could they help?

For Jo and Fred Davis, the start of this day came one Sunday night last November when, like thousands of other suburban couples, they sat watching television. Background, a news-in-depth program, came on, and they watched excerpts of a documentary on refugee camps. The human misery stunned them. The next program was Camera Three, and by chance it showed the entire documentary, entitled Exposure. The hour was late, but the Davises stayed up, talking. What was World Refugee Year, anyway? And what could two people do to help?

Continued on page 72



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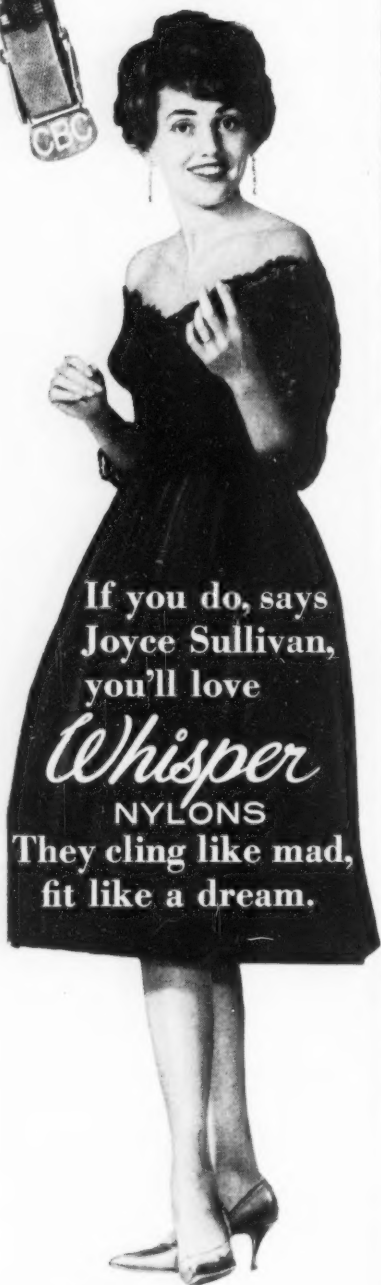


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SUPERSILK HOSIERY MILLS
LONDON CANADA

Continued from page 70

"Maybe we can't do much ourselves," Jo commented, "but couldn't Orchard Heights sponsor a family?"

Next morning she telephoned the Canadian Committee for World Refugee Year and explained their idea to National Director Muriel Jacobson. Miss Jacobson was enthusiastic. "This kind of sponsorship has never been suggested before," she told Jo.

The couple talked with eight or nine nearby neighbors who agreed sponsorship seemed workable. But as soon as Mrs. Davis wrote the federal, provincial and municipal governments to find out how Orchard Heights could sponsor a family, she was involved in a three-month-long paper storm. "I've two drawers we call my refugee drawers," she told me, indicating the desk. "And they've spilled over into a box."

Each level of government told her to deal with the others. The committee was told that in the past it had taken a year, maybe two, to get a family to Canada. The biggest stumbling block was Immigration Minister Ellen Fairclough's statement that the sponsor was liable for "continuing care." This led to confusion as the committee sought a solution at the various levels of government. Orchard Heights would guarantee the family would not become a public charge during the first year, but it could not take on a lifetime job.

News men got wind of the suburb's battle. Stories began to appear in the press; Toronto Daily Star columnist Pierre Berton wrote a scathing attack on the barriers set up by the government.

Meanwhile, Orchard Heights Refugee Committee chose its family—the Kesners—even though they could not sign the papers.

They needed \$2,000

How do you put a price tag on human rescue? The committee found the maximum subsistence allowance on public welfare for a family is \$180 a month. That meant the group needed more than \$2,000 for the vital first year. With close to 450 families in the subdivision, it worked out to roughly five dollars a family—tax-deductible.

The Davises had begun enquiries in November. On February 18 the breakthrough came in the form of an offer from the Ontario Government that after one year's residence the

Kesners would be eligible for all the health and welfare benefits due any other Ontario resident. (This waiting period has since been reduced to six months.) In the case of major relief, they were assured, help would be available earlier.

Sponsorship was now a practical matter for any community or citizen group able to win this promise from their particular province. Orchard

ACCOUNT SETTLED

*His former image is looming
tall*

*And sinister, with his cane
Tapping her childhood wailing-
wall.*

*Now she must meet him again
Who froze her Aprils in deso-
lation,*

*The stubborn ghost she awaits
at the station.*

*At sight of an old man, smiling,
small,*

*Groping to get off the train,
She knows she has harbored a
grudge in vain—*

*The past is beyond his recall.
Foretaste of reckoning grows
ashen:*

*Too late for hate . . . time for
compassion.*

BY ANNE MARX

Heights had paced all Canada and soon thirty-five other citizen groups—from Chilliwack to Montreal—were organizing to sponsor families.

Within Orchard Heights itself, the committee won the support of the president of the Home Owners Association, the leaders of Guides, Cubs and Scouts, the local chapter of the IODE, the president of Home and School. Charles Lethbridge, principal of the six-grade school, was a tremendous help. Children took his enthusiasm home. Several mothers called the Davises to say how grateful they were for this chance for their youngsters to realize "that not everyone in the world is as fortunate as we in Orchard Heights."

Dr. Halina Solow, herself a Polish refugee, offered free medical treatment to the family for the first year. The community's three other doctors pledged their help. The family could

enroll in the Ontario Hospital Plan as soon as they arrived and become eligible for benefits after three months. Ed Webster, the local dentist, guaranteed all needed dental services for a year. Housewives who had been teachers volunteered to teach English. A public-health nurse offered her aid even though she was expecting a baby in midsummer. A lawyer and accountant volunteered their talents. Merchants in the Dixie Plaza, the community's shopping centre, offered clothes and food. The Port Credit Weekly kicked off a fund-raising campaign, local banks donated to it. The George Watson Chapter, IODE, organized the collection of used clothing and secondhand furniture, to set up a home for the Kesners.

A unanimous "Yes"

The long-postponed public meeting was called to order on February 29, with Fred Davis as chairman and Muriel Jacobson as speaker. Some who were against the scheme—there had been a hostile few—came to protest, but after seeing films on camp life and hearing Miss Jacobson and Mrs. Davis, they changed their minds. Biggest news of the evening was that an Orchard Heights paint manufacturer, Bruce Strongman, had guaranteed painter Mario Kesner a job.

When Jo Davis picked up a pen and asked the meeting, "Have I your approval to sign these papers?" a unanimous "Yes!" went up from two hundred voices in the school auditorium.

By March 8 Mario Kesner was listening to the miraculous news in Rome.

Mrs. Davis placed her two little girls in the family car and started house hunting. She found the sunny second floor of the square house in Port Credit, about five miles from Orchard Heights. The committee could be friendly without seeming to shadow the Kesners. She paid to have the place cleaned, and handed it over to the IODE.

The rooms were not luxurious. In places wallpaper hung from the walls in strips. Floors were rough, grooved to the path of many feet. Donations were picked up in a moving van from all over the Port Credit area. For two weeks the IODE's Janet Carter and Doris Saunders banged up towel racks, made up beds, washed a

Continued on page 74

(Advertisement)

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Do discount stamps benefit the consumer? This question is being widely debated throughout Canada today. The Sperry and Hutchinson Company of Canada, Limited is publishing "Discount Stamp Facts," to help you to better understand the function of discount stamps, and to answer the above question to your own satisfaction. Below is the first in this series.

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Continued from page 72

cupboard full of dishes, pots and pans, and ironed dozens of items of used clothing. "The electric stove was the one thing we had to buy — forty dollars secondhand," Janet Carter said proudly. On the final afternoon the kitchen table was laid with a crease-stiff white tablecloth, and a green plant was set in the centre.

Would the IODE do it all again? "We are going to do it again," said Mrs. Carter. "There's plenty of furniture still stored and the committee has money left in the fund. 'We're thinking of a severely handicapped family next time.'"

Why did they do it?

What spirit takes a man inflexibly by the arm and leads him to the decision to risk life itself? With Mario Kesner it was his total commitment to God. Over countless black coffees Mario and Anna had considered the brutalized and restricted way they had to live in their town of Pula, Yugoslavia. However hard they worked, they seemed worse off than before. As devout Roman Catholics they were hated and spied upon by their neighbors. They wished their three children to be raised in the Roman Catholic faith; under Communism it seemed an impossible task.

In 1952 they began to make cross-frontier calculations. The first time Mario attempted escape he was caught and sentenced to fifteen days; the second time he served three months. The third time he tried escaping by boat, along the Adriatic; the sentence was almost a year. Failure on the fourth try would mean a far stiffer prison term; in such cases children of the accused were placed in a Communist institution.

It was do or die. Anna, on the pretext of visiting a relative in Italy, must take Ivan by train to the West. They shared the peasant belief in the sacredness of the first son. Mario would try later to lead the two younger children through the pine forests that stand between Yugoslavia and freedom.

Anna got a passport. As the wife of a man who had been imprisoned three times for escape attempts it had to be used quickly before it was checked and revoked. With all the appearance of a domestic holiday, she and Ivan left on the one-hour train ride to the West.

Mario waited four months, until he

felt he was no longer watched too closely. Early one morning he took his seven-year-old daughter Lucilla and five-year-old Lucio along the road leading to the frontier. Quickly he led them off the roadway into a thick tangle of bush on the forest edge. Huddled down, their faces lifted to him, the children nodded as he whispered a final warning that a sudden movement might give them away to the patrolling guards. Then Mario left them, with no other safeguard than their own inner steadfastness.

Mario reported to his job as usual. At quitting time, with a few clothes jammed into a duffel bag, he slipped away to his waiting children.

From this border point it is possible to look north down on the lights of Trieste along the deep blue curve of the Adriatic Sea, as one might view Toronto along Lake Ontario from Oakville. To reach Trieste through the pine forests is a thirty-mile walk.

"But this is not thirty miles in your reckoning," George Geinz, of Orchard Heights, explained out of his own experience. "Frontier guards are everywhere. The entire border area is heavily mined. From the Trieste side, we who reached freedom could hear in the dead of night the sound of gunfire as escapees were intercepted by the guards. Of every ten who start out, only two reach the West."

Into this dark extremity Mario led his children. Silently they began walking down the corridor of the deepening night. They walked through the dark, hid during the day, walked all the next night. Lucilla and Lucio grew exhausted and fretful; their bodies were scratched, their clothing torn. In the second night the precious duffel bag caught in brambles. Mario worked hastily to disentangle it. Above the pounding of his own blood he heard the voices of guards drawing near. Silently he released his trembling hands from the bag, caught up his children in his arms and walked deeper into the darkness. They walked into a new daybreak, and into freedom.

Freedom thrust the reunited family into a cell where water dripped like rain down the stone walls, in San Sabba Camp, run by the Italian government at Trieste. San Sabba had been a crematorium during the war. The ovens were still there. It was crowded with refugees, some of whom had spent years in soul-killing idleness.

Anna and Mario applied to every country for immigration papers. Freedom did not want them. At thirty-three, Mario had scar tissue on one lung from a pleurisy attack ten years before. The future was stark; he must raise his family in the cell, among the residue of the residue, because there was no physically perfect breadwinner to take them to a new life in a new land.

Camp life reflected a settled and hopeless despair. Mario painted camp buildings, and Anna worked as a dishwasher. The little they earned meant fruit for the children, to vary the monotonous diet.

Hope which had gleamed like a torch when they made the break for freedom now seemed to gutter. After eighteen months of cell life Anna burst out bitterly. "Communism is preferable to this camp!" Then on March 8 Mario was summoned to Rome by the Canadian Consulate. "We don't know much about it," he was told, "but you've been plucked out by a miracle. Some people in Canada are willing to sponsor you. They've managed to cut the red tape."

While Mario was in Rome Anna spent the day in the camp chapel. Prayers were all she had.

When Jo Davis and Ade Geinz dropped by on the Kesners' second day in their new home, they found Mario outdoors, repairing the stone steps. Anna, flushed, joyous, had scrubbed and waxed every inch of the apartment down to the baseboards.

"But it has been done!" Jo protested.

"What do you need?"

Anna made a nervous, deprecating gesture. "I felt I wanted to clean my own place," she said simply. She had rearranged the furniture, and every room now displayed a vividly colored picture of Christ.

Later during the week, Jo and Ade checked the Kesner larder. "What food do you need?" they asked. "Mario doesn't begin work until Monday and you won't have his pay before next Friday."

"We need nothing, nothing," Anna spoke quickly.

Ade opened the refrigerator. There was a little of the pork roast the committee had put there, a few leftovers and some milk.

Anna was speaking hurriedly. "The meat will be for Mario. The children and I will be fine with biscuits and

"Hey Jean! Are you out of your mind?"

But my new room-mate taught me a skin care trick that's not only practical... it's fabulous!

1. Me: Hey, whatever are you doing?
Jean: Washing my face. What did you think?
Me: With cream? Impossible!
Jean: Impossible! I should say *not*. It's wonderful!
Me: But you can't wash with cream... it's greasy!



2. Jean: Not *this* cream... it's Noxzema.
Me: Did you say Noxzema?
Jean: Here... I'll show you how you do it. Just splash on warm water... then apply Noxzema real generously...



3. ... like this. And gently scrub with your wet face cloth just as if you were using soap.
Me: Doesn't it make your skin greasy?
Jean: Oh, no! Noxzema's *greaseless*. When I rinse my face with water, it dissolves clean away.



4. Now, feel my skin. Is it greasy?
Me: Why no! It feels soft and nice—really looks *clean*, too.
Jean: Sure. Noxzema teams up with water to float out dirt. It never clogs pores or leaves a film like greasy creams. And it feels so *fresh*!



5. Me: Well, if it's not greasy... is it drying?
Jean: No, ma'am. Noxzema doesn't contain skin drying ingredients like soaps do. In fact, it puts moisture *into* your skin. And Noxzema's medicated too. It sure helps me get rid of blemishes in a hurry!



6. Me: Well, you've got a *gorgeous* skin. Maybe Noxzema will do as much for me.
Jean: Bet it will. I use it for everything... night cream, hand cream, cleansing, too. It helps keep my skin so nice I never have to wear make-up!
Me: Mmm... feels all tingly and glowy. I think you've got a new convert.



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milk." The two women looked at her, and wordlessly put money in her hands.

Next morning Jean Cobden took Anna shopping. For the first time in her life Anna pushed a cart round the aisles of a supermarket. She studied the pictures on the tins, exclaiming over and over, "Good, good," at the food displays. At one point she stopped to search her dictionary for a word, failed to find it, picked up a paper bag and in pencil sketched a lemon.

Anna thought all meat *molto* dollars, and finally selected a plump chicken. Then she faced the complexities of a checkout counter. She took five dollars from her purse. Jean gestured: more. Anna found another two dollars. The cash register rang up eleven dollars. Jean made up the difference.

The two women and the children started home laden down with bags of shopping. Anna kept repeating, "I push cart," and laughed with a child-like delight at herself. Within a minute of going upstairs with her groceries she was down again, paying Jean the four dollars.

"Living with Anna is like playing a constant game of charades," says Jean Cobden. "I'm getting the biggest kick out of all this. I feel as though I brought the Kesners over here myself."

The happy teamwork in the hill-top house bears out the conviction Jo Davis expresses to all those enquiring about sponsorship: "If possible, get your family with a Canadian family. It may be harder at first, but it is a mistaken kindness to put them with their own."

Overwhelmed by generosity

On a hot and hazy afternoon the Kesners visited the Dixie Plaza, to receive gifts from the merchants. Each child was outfitted in "Sunday best" clothes. Anna and Mario seemed embarrassed by this openhanded generosity. Ivan could not even pick out a sports shirt. He looked at the colorful pile and, overwhelmed, hung his head. Lucio refused to smile. But Lucilla was living a moment out of a dream. She swung in a circle in a golden Paisley dress, batted her long eyelashes from under a beige straw hat. She insisted on carrying every box and from behind them her face shone with a woman's window-shopping joy.

But the Kesners had not lost all their belongings in the escape. As the boys tried on new jackets, as Mario was fitted with an overcoat, I counted their abundances. There was the poise and obedience of the children; the extraordinarily intense, almost tangible unity of the family; their profound hospitality. Everyone was eager to comfort their foreignness, yet it was the Kesners who were able to refresh each visitor immensely.

The call to work came for Mario on Saturday. He was to be at Sunnyside to meet a pickup truck at six sharp Monday morning.

The Cobdens explained that Sunnyside was a bus and two streetcars away. Jo Davis was alerted, and early Sunday morning she and Ade Geinz escorted Mario over the route. At Sunnyside, Ade turned to him. "Now, you take us back." Mario got them home without a hitch.

That night Mario borrowed an alarm clock from the Cobdens. He set it for 4 a.m.

The ringing alarm sounded the first workaday Monday, and into the early light Mario strode off swinging his lunch box. After noon hour Lucio, Ivan and Lucilla were dressed for school. They were a quiver of apprehension. "Just the afternoon, for a start," their parents and the committee had agreed.

Waiting in St. Mary's Separate School was the principal, Sister Mary Rita of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. Lucio was to enter Grade 1, Lucilla Grade 2, Ivan Grade 3. They would be with children near their own age, but each would begin, once again, at a beginning — with Grade 1 work.

Courage faltered as they faced the classroom doors. Reluctantly Ivan agreed to go in. Lucilla demanded they all go home. She stared sullenly into the classroom, refusing to budge. Then, a recognition — from the mass of strangeness, a little girl from Elizabeth Street. They smiled at each other. The link with the known tightened the strings of courage within her.

But Lucio, who faced TV cameras, smiled at reporters, shook dozens of strange hands, now flung himself down on the floor. His screams went ricocheting through the school. With great patience his teacher coaxed him into the class. Trembling, heaving with sobs, Lucio sat and glowered at the strange faces, at the open book on his desk. But at 3.30, when class was dismissed for the day, young Lucio

waved his teacher a tender good-by.

Mario was painting houses in a new subdivision under construction, earning two dollars an hour. When there was six days' work, he could count on ninety dollars a week. Ade Geinz had cautioned him there would be times of unemployment. At the end of three days' work he got his first pay. Anna took the money to the bank and, with Jean Cobden's guidance, opened an account. In San Sabba she had worked as a dishwasher to buy fruit for her children. Now with money in her pocket that was their own, she began to feed her youngsters without ceasing.

English — with a burr

Anna had but newly cast aside her fears, and tension still governed her being. One morning Lucio came home from school ahead of the others. Anna's obvious perturbation sent Jean hurrying to phone a Catholic neighbor, who explained the younger children were released at 11.45, while the older children didn't get out until noon.

The Kesners began English lessons. Three Orchard Heights housewives who had been teachers studied the text on English for New Canadians, plumbed it, sectioned it, delegated it, and came up with a system: each girl would teach one evening a week, next morning phone a progress report to the next-in-command.

Anna was the keenest. At school her children had been tossed into a lake of English. On his job Mario was learning it. Alone she must work to pierce the veil of this new tongue. Each afternoon Jean Cobden came up for an hour's study. "When Anna learns English, it'll be with a Scottish accent," Jean had quipped.

Pioneering — even in Canada, in 1960 — is hard. The Kesners must relearn the everyday routines of living. They face the strain of a new country, new customs, of finding new friends. But if all goes well the Kesners and those physically handicapped who are following them will have food to eat, money in their pockets, and peace in their hearts. It takes time.

It takes work. It takes people like the Kesners. And above all, it takes people like the warm-hearted battlers of Orchard Heights who have discovered that mercy is twice blessed—"It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

END

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Sunbeam **THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE**

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MEALS OF THE MONTH

A MENU FOR EVERY DAY IN SEPTEMBER

Timely Tips

Add chopped toasted almonds or flake-type coconut to the pastry for a fresh peach double-crust pie.

Sauté grapefruit sections lightly in butter until heated through, then serve over freshly cooked broccoli—for fine effect with veal cutlet.

Melt marshmallows with some of the juice drained from a can of minted pineapple cubes, then add the pineapple for a tasty sundae sauce. Marinate melon balls in the leftover pineapple syrup.

Brush scallops before baking with a mixture of 2 tablespoons honey, 2 teaspoons each of prepared mustard, curry powder and lemon juice.

Add ½ cup sliced seeded Malaga or seedless green grapes to 2 cups chicken gravy to serve with roast chicken.

To chop raisins more easily by hand or in the blender, toss lightly in a little oil or flour before chopping.



Recipe of the Month

Pineapple Cottage Roll

4- to 5-lb peameal cottage roll

Prepared mustard

Fine dry bread crumbs

1 20-oz can pineapple tidbits

1 tbs cornstarch

¼ cup honey

2 tbs lemon juice

½ cup raisins, steamed

Spread cottage roll with prepared mustard and sprinkle lightly with fine dry bread crumbs. Bake slowly uncovered at 325F for 35 to 40 minutes per pound (meat thermometer to register 160F). Drain pineapple and use ½ cup of the juice to baste the meat occasionally. Thicken remaining juice and stir in honey, lemon juice and pineapple. Spread half of this pineapple mixture on the meat for the last ½ hour of baking. Add the steamed raisins to the remaining mixture for a sauce for the meat. Serve with Brussels sprouts, rissole potatoes.

DINNERS OF THE MONTH

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
				1 Lamb Chop Grill Bacon, Sausages Fried Green Tomatoes Baked Potato Blueberry Tarts	2 Salmon Loaf Egg Sauce Green Beans Crispy Rolls Peach Shortcake	3 Cheese Soufflé Sautéed Mushrooms Broiled Tomato Crispy Rolls Deep Apple Pie
4 Corned Beef Brisket Hot Mustard Sauce Parsley Potatoes Cauliflower Iced Cantaloupe	5 Family Picnic Cold Chicken Assorted Cold Cuts Salad Tomatoes Peaches Brownies	6 Corned Beef Pie Biscuit Topping Swiss Chard Tossed Salad Sherbet Cookies	7 Ham Steaks Spiced Cherry Sauce Whipped Potatoes Buttered Carrots Chocolate Layer Cake	8 Sweet and Sour Pork* Fried Rice Corn on the Cob Tomato Lettuce Salad Fresh Peas Cheese	9 Veal Patties Chicken Gravy Pan Fried Potatoes Green Peas with Onions Blueberry Pudding	10 Baked Trout Drawn Butter Sauce Rissolé Potatoes Broccoli Melon Fruit Cup
11 Peameal Cottage Roll* Pineapple Glaze Brussels Sprouts Roast Potatoes Peaches and Cream	12 Liver Loaf Scalloped Onions Caesar Salad Sliced Tomatoes Apple Plum Cobbler	13 Ham and Chicken Casserole Buttered Noodles Chef's Salad Baked Pear Dumplings	14 Broiled Beef Patty Tomato Sauce Stuffed Green Peppers Corn on the Cob Pumpkin Pie	15 Baked Sausages with Apple Slices Parsley Potatoes Green Beans Maple Layer Cake	16 Sea Food Platter* Creamed Potatoes Baked Tomato Crystal Lime Whip* with Orange Sections	17 Chili Con Carne Dark Rye Bread Chef's Salad with Swiss Cheese Blueberry Pie
18 Roast Lamb Rice Stuffing Minted Carrots Scalloped Potatoes Fresh Fruit Sundae	19 Baked Veal Kidneys Credle Sauce Parsley Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Apricot Whip	20 Cold Lamb Fresh Mint Sauce Broiled Tomatoes Hash Browned Potatoes Choc. Almond Squares*	21 Chicken Fricassee Fluffy Rice Spinach Crisp Relishes Lemon Chiffon Pie	22 Tomato Beef Quickies* Buttered Noodles Green Peas Coleslaw Cherry and Orange Puffs* Whipped Cream Sauce	23 Veal and Mushroom Mozzarella* Mixed Vegetables Whipped Potatoes Peaches Date Squares	24 Deep Fried Haddock Lemon Wedge French Fried Potatoes Fresh Corn Boston Cream Pie
25 Planked Steak Duchess Potatoes Lima Beans Sliced Tomatoes Baked Lemon Sponge	26 Sausage Patties Spiced Crab Apples Spanish Rice Spinach Glazed Peach Tart	27 Beef Buttercrust Pie* Rissolé Potatoes Buttered Broccoli Baked Stuffed Pears*	28 Liver and Bacon Lyonnais Potatoes Corn on the Cob Cottage Pudding Butterscotch Sauce	29 Fried Chicken Legs Mushroom Fried Rice Buttered Beets Chef's Salad Apricots Date Loaf	30 Baked Pickerel Tartare Sauce Baked Potato Green Peas Banana Cream Pie	

BREAKFASTS AND LUNCHES FOR EVERY DAY

Breakfast	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Fresh Plums Cinnamon Walnuts Maple Syrup Broiled Ham Slice Coffee Tea	Melon Wedge Whole-wheat Cereal Toasted Cheese Bread Jelly Marmalade Milk Tea	Fresh Orange Juice Hot Farina Soft-cooked Egg Toast Molasses Coffee Cocoa	Blueberries and Cream Cheese Omelet Toasted Scones Honey Tea Hot Chocolate	Grapefruit Juice Bran Flakes Sliced Peaches Toast Peanut Butter Coffee Milk	Apple Juice Scrambled Eggs Chili Sauce Coffee Cake Tea Cocoa	Fresh Fruit Platter Ready-to-eat Cereal Bacon Sandwich Coffee Milk
Lunch	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Tomato Juice Cocktail Macaroni à la King Chef's Salad Angel Cake Peaches	Green Pea Soup Egg Salad Sandwich Celery Sticks Cherry Jelly Cookies	Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce French Bread Coleslaw Fresh Peas	Vegetable Soup Tuna Fish Sandwich Tomato Jelly Lettuce Wedge Butterscotch Pudding	Blended Fruit Juice Wiener on a Bun Corn Relish Green Salad Prune Whip	Mushroom Soup Waldorf Salad Cottage Cheese Hot Muffins Malted Milk Shake	Welsh Rarebit on Popovers Garden Salad Lime Sherbet Chocolate Brownies

*Recipe appears in this issue.

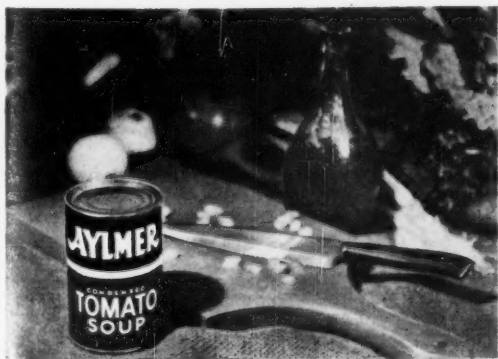
MONEY-SAVING OFFER FROM AYLMER



8" CARVING KNIFE: for roasts, fowl, all your carving. Here, it's shown slicing a savoury meat loaf, topped with a sauce of delicious Aylmer Cream of Mushroom Soup.

Four fine knives for only \$1.25

and 3 different **AYLMER SOUP** labels



6" UTILITY KNIFE: makes salad preparation a breeze. Here, the chopped greens are spiced up with a dressing made of vinegar and oil, blended with sunny Aylmer Tomato Soup.



5" SLICING KNIFE: slices neatly even through fresh tomatoes. Here, it's used to make sandwiches—served with New Recipe Aylmer Chicken Noodle Soup.



3" PARING KNIFE: handiest little knife you can own—for peeling, paring, preparing garnishes. Suggestion: use it to slice wieners into hearty Aylmer Vegetable Soup.

Quality-made to sell for much more!

- Hollow-ground stainless steel blades
- Scallop Micro-Edges never need sharpening
- Attractive, shaped-to-the-grip handles

Choose 3 different Aylmer Soups then send the labels and \$1.25. What clever cook could resist value like *this*! A complete set of 4 fine-quality knives (one for every purpose!)—yours for just \$1.25 and labels from 3 different Aylmer Soups! So shop for *your* favourite Aylmer Soup

varieties this week. Then send for your knives *right away*... the supply is limited!

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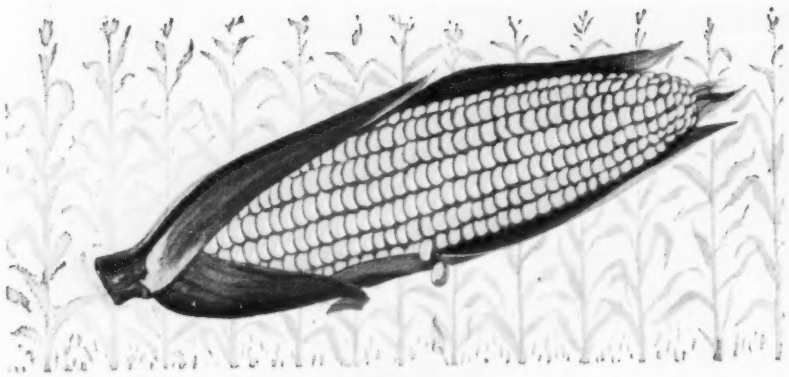
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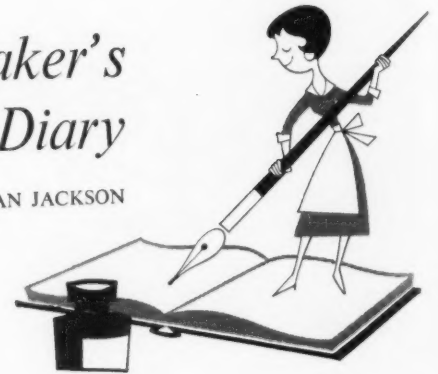
Only golden corn oil—acknowledged to be finer, costlier and the most desirable of all vegetable oils—goes into the making of Fleischmann's 100% Corn Oil Margarine. It contains no other vegetable oils . . . no animal fats.

That's why Fleischmann's Corn Oil Margarine is recommended for modern diets . . . why it is far superior to other table spreads . . . why its fresh, delicate flavor is so delightful. *The surprise is when you learn it's margarine.*

THE GREATEST MARGARINE DISCOVERY IN 50 YEARS

Homemaker's Diary

By JOAN JACKSON



Care of record cloths

Silicone-treated phonograph record cloths not only keep your records clean, they also lubricate the grooves of the records, giving a better performance. These cloths themselves also need to be cleaned occasionally. To do this, wash them gently in clear water to remove the surface grit. Do *not* use soap as this will remove some of the silicone oil, reducing the effectiveness of the cloth.

Smooth-running household

Here's a useful lubrication check list for keeping household appliances in smooth running order (it helps temper and budget, too).



1 Sewing machines must be oiled frequently. Automatic machines must be oiled every eight hours of sewing and this should be done before you start to use the machine, not after you've finished, so that the oil is worked into the mechanism. Run the unthreaded machine through a scrap of absorbent fabric to absorb any excess oil.

2 Electric mixers and knife sharpeners should be oiled about once a month — one drop of oil in each oiling hole. Too much oil is as bad as too little.

3 Some ironers and floor polishers require oiling, so check your instruction booklets.

4 Folding and sliding doors require an occasional application of Vaseline on the track.

5 Drapery tracks and refrigerator shelves slide more easily when rubbed lightly now and then with Vaseline or paraffin.

6 Check your washing-machine instruction booklet to see how fre-

quently the machine should be oiled and if you can do it yourself. If you should call a service man do so — your machine will perform far better when properly oiled.

7 If your revolving Lazy Susan refuses to revolve, take it apart and oil the ball bearings.

8 Combination storm-screen windows will slide more easily if you apply a little Vaseline on the sash runners.

9 While making your rounds with the oil can, eliminate the tiresome squeaks in hinges, furniture castors and the children's toys.

Adjusting dress patterns

To lengthen paper dress patterns, cut the pattern where indicated. Draw two parallel lines on tissue or newspaper the same distance apart as the pattern is to be lengthened. When the two pattern pieces are pinned or taped along the lines the adjustment will be accurate. Graph paper will also give a convenient and accurate measurement, and can be reused.

For the unpainted painter

To avoid painted arms when you're painting the ceiling, cut a slit in half a hollow rubber ball and force the handle of your paint brush through it so that the ball forms a firm cup which will catch any drips of paint.



Up-dating crinoline care

To stiffen crinolines and petticoats, the easiest and modern way is to use plastic liquid starch or plain liquid starch, undiluted. This treatment will last through several washings.

END

Cook's nook



AT GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS



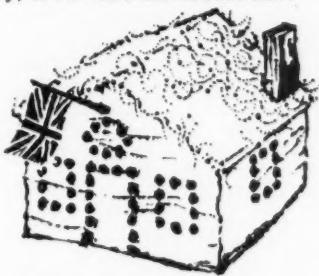
Summer ends—school starts

Suddenly it's September!

Which means thirty crisp, golden days filled with fresh beginnings and sharpened appetites. Time to get back into your baking routine. Time to try some new recipes too—like the family-pleasers on this page. All have passed with highest honors when tested and tasted at General Foods Kitchens!

SEPTEMBER SPECIAL—SCHOOLHOUSE CAKE

In a class by itself as a surprise dessert on the first day of school. Keep the recipe for a repeat on school-closing day, or for that school bake sale!



- 1½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- Sour milk*

*With vegetable shortening, use 1 cup sour milk. With butter or margarine, use ¾ cup sour milk. To sour fresh milk, add 1 tablespoon vinegar to each cup milk and let stand in warm place a few minutes.

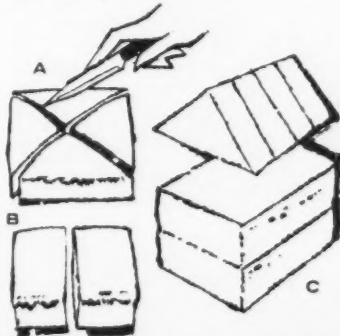
Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well; then add chocolate and blend. Add flour, alter-

nately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla; blend.

Turn batter into two 8x8x2-inch pans, lined on the bottoms with paper. Put ½ batter into one pan and ½ into second pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) until done. Cool and cut thicker layer in half, cut thinner layer in four triangles. See diagram.

Frosting and Decorating

Make your favourite two egg white recipe of Seven Minute Fluffy Frosting, tinting it yellow. Spread frosting on tops of the cake halves, and stack for schoolhouse base. Put frosting between triangular cake quarters, and arrange as roof. Then frost all over, thatch roof with 1 cup of toasted Baker's Angel Flake Coconut. Make windows and door with Baker's Chocolate Chips, and chimney with a cookie.



CHOCOLATE CHIP PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

School children being the hungriest of humans, keep your cookie jar well primed with these nibbly, nutty cookies. Each batch makes about 4 dozen—delicious for school lunches, after-school refueling and bedtime hollow legs.



- 1½ cups sifted flour
- ½ teaspoon soda
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
- ½ cup shortening
- ½ cup creamy style peanut butter
- 2 eggs
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- 1 package Baker's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Chips
- ¼ cup chopped peanuts

Sift flour once. Measure. Add soda and salt and sift into mixing bowl. Blend in sugars, shortening, peanut butter, eggs and vanilla. Then beat well. Mix in Baker's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Chips and peanuts. Form into balls and place on a greased cookie sheet. Press down with a glass or fork dipped in flour. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 12 to 15 minutes.

ANIMAL CRACKER FAVORS

Your smallest scholars will love these quickly-fixed "favors". Try marching them around a birthday cake, sitting them on a slice of ice cream, or just producing them for a surprise treat.

- 1 package (8 squares) Baker's Semi-Sweet Chocolate
- 14 Animal crackers

Line bottom of loaf pan, 8x4 inches, with waxed paper, letting paper extend in 2-inch tabs at each end. Heat Semi-Sweet Chocolate over hot water until

partly melted. Remove from hot water and stir rapidly until entirely melted. Pour into pan. When partly firm, stand animal crackers upright in chocolate. When firm cut into 14 animal favors.

It's Fall—but don't let your cakes show it!

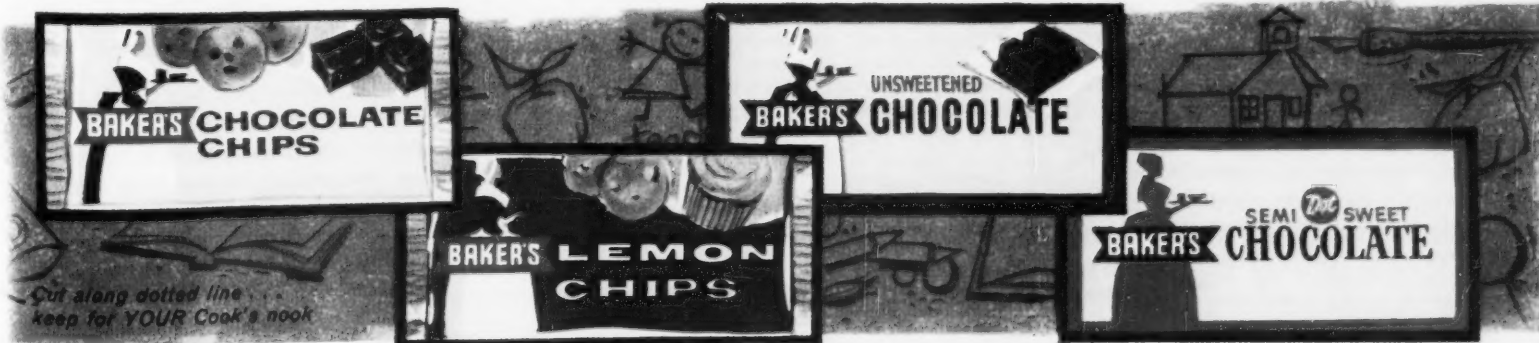
Those cakes of yours should rise to the occasion! Which means following the recipe exactly, measuring accurately, and watching your baking equipment, oven timing and temperature.

Your pans can make a great difference to the way cakes turn out. Always use the size your recipe calls for, filling the pans half full. The cake can then rise to full height without "mushrooming" over the edge of the pan.

Shiny metal pans are best for cake baking, because they brown your cake delicately. Dull, used or dark pans may cause over-browning or burning. With glass baking utensils, use a 25°F. lower oven temperature. Warped pans can make batter run to one side, causing a lop-sided cake.

Start heating the oven far enough ahead, to have a steady heat of the right temperature when your cake is mixed. Since heat is most uniform in the oven center, your cake will rise and brown most evenly if baked on a rack in the middle of the oven. If you need two racks, place one slightly above, one slightly below, oven center.

Oven heat should circulate freely around your pans. Don't crowd them together, or place them too close to the oven walls. And don't put one pan directly above another. Finally, don't peek in. The open oven door lets in cool air, which upsets the perfect baking temperature, and lessens your chances of taking out a perfect cake!



MAKE IT BETTER WITH BAKER'S — BAKER'S CHOCOLATE CHIPS • BAKER'S LEMON CHIPS • BAKER'S UNSWEETENED CHOCOLATE • BAKER'S SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE

THE HOUSEWARMING

Continued from page 31

sliding doors of the cupboards for a package of soap powder and set the machine in action. Then she took down a copper-bottomed pot from the wall of copper pots and put water to boil on one of the counter burners for an eccentric guest who had asked for a cup of tea. She removed a lemon from the fruit bin in the hotel-size refrigerator and sliced it thinly into a little silver dish.

"To the wonders of modern life," Bob lifted his glass. He rested his thigh on one of the pink plastic-cushioned stools at the serving counter and began giving Tom the inside information about the new school, the staff, the principal. He was enthusiastic. "Too bad you never went through with that teaching idea, Tom. We could use a few English teachers who know as much as you do. What do you get out of this flying deal—except money?"

Tom savored the slightly antiseptic flavor of the Scotch. "Not that much money," he shrugged. Eighteen thousand, it had once seemed a fortune, but not any more. They'd been over this subject before and he didn't want to talk about it now. The knowledge of the heart condition was too new. He hadn't told Mary. He wondered what she would say when she learned he hadn't passed his latest physical and that very likely his flying days were over.

He'd been with AM-Clipper for fourteen years, co-pilot, then captain. Dr. Rolfe had tested and retested him and called in opinions. They'd been friends a long time—Dr. Rolfe loved Shakespeare. He wasn't going to drop dead, there was a chance that it might clear up, but a commercial pilot couldn't sit behind the controls with a heart condition. He'd been flying since he was twenty-one, now he was grounded indefinitely and faced the loss of his license. There was the problem of earning a comparable living and keeping up with Mary for the rest of his life.

THE TWO SWEDISH ladies with their singsong voices and tightly filled party uniforms came in to replenish their platters of canapés and Tom manoeuvred Bob Mason through to the living room without much difficulty. Mary's architect had planned

the large downstairs for free circulation. "A beautiful house for parties, my dear, no dead ends, but you'll never feel as if you're living in the kitchen."

Tom had kept out of the way of the architect, but he had been taken aback by the completed plans for the new house, a small estate. Everything had been taken into consideration, the protected hilltop bisected by a town road, which would need only a short driveway. The open fields would be planted with timothy, which would also feed their daughter's new horse. An apartment over the three-car garage would house a couple, in return for a nominal rent and a certain amount of their services. The man would do outdoor work and his wife would help Mrs. Sampson. It was all carefully thought out for tax purposes and exemptions.

The house was appropriately terraced, landscaped, picture-windowed, breeze-wayed, barbecue-pitted and built of white clapboard and grey fieldstone. A jaunty chantecler weather vane revolved over the garage, and from the white mailbox on the tree-bordered road it was hard to see the blue shingles or the blue shutters, or guess that down the gravel drive one of the newest and most expensive houses in Westridge had just been completed. The project had staggered him, but he knew Mary could pay

for it. She had become one of the leading realtors in this part of Fairfield County.

She was being gracious to her guests. Harry MacIntosh brought her a drink and she thanked him with a smile and touched his hand. Her cheeks were flushed with the gratification of much flattery. Colonel Porteous had squeezed her arm. "Any time you want to sell Mary, let me know." Her friends were satisfactorily envious and the Baroness deLoth's weekend guests took it for granted she was one of Westridge's important hostesses.

She was attractive in a silvery dress which did remarkable things for her figure. Her hair was arranged in short gold feathers, a different shade from what it had once been, but Tom had to admit she didn't look forty-one and it wasn't the make-up. She wasn't the same Mary, but she was a good-looking woman. Her animation reminded him of their eleven-year-old daughter, Biddy.

Biddy pulled at his sleeve, winking as she showed him the rolled chicken sandwich she had stolen from the buffet. Her duty was to answer the door and she had put off her usual jodhpurs and white shirt in the delight of a new pale-blue dress. She had already shown him the seamless nylon stockings she had achieved for the party.

"Oops!" she exclaimed as the doorbell chimed again. "Isn't this a rat race? They just keep coming." She grinned over her shoulder, her pale hair flying as she sped down the hall. She opened the door to her younger brother, Benjy, who tried to hand her a small frog. Benjy was excessively clean in his grey flannel suit and had been assisting the two policemen directing the traffic. She gave a feminine shriek and commanded, "Cut it out, you drip, or I'll tell! Mother says you're not to come in this way and look at the mud on your good shoes!"

They had a slight scuffle, but Benjy dodged around her and made for his father. He said in a pitiful voice that he was so hungry he had a pain in his stomach. Tom told him sternly to get rid of the frog first, outside.

"You'd never think she was a big Hollywood star," Phoebe Armstrong was prattling brightly. She blinked her eyes at him. "How natural Lucie Dahlgren seems, Tom. Just like anyone else. We're all dressed much more than she is. Of course, that diamond helps her sweater and skirt considerably. You have to be immoral—or an actress—to get hold of a diamond like that," she giggled.

Tom liked the way Lucie Dahlgren looked. He'd met her that day for the first time at the Westport station, but she was Mary's childhood friend. She had just come east and Mary had insured an almost total acceptance to her party by writing "to meet Miss Lucie Dahlgren" at the bottom of the invitations. Lucie had expected a quiet weekend in the country, but she'd been amiable about being exploited. He thought she looked older than Mary, even from across the room, but her bones would be beautiful if she lived to be a hundred.

He might have joined her circle if he'd felt more cheerful, but conversation was nearly impossible. It was time to open some doors and get rid of the smoke which billowed in the rather deafening cacophony of Westridgians enjoying a cocktail party. He noticed Mary had invited many of her real-estate clients. Jerry Manion, who had paid seventy-five thousand for the old Casswell estate, was pounding the playroom piano.

THEIR GUESTS had begun balancing plates of food and then trying to decide which was the glass they had set down a few minutes earlier. Mary was besieged for recipes, but she evaded them diplomatically. She and Mrs.

ARE YOU MENTALLY HEALTHY?

To aid you in taking your own mental health pulse, try this list of questions drawn up by Dr. William C. Menninger, President of the Menninger Foundation, Topeka, Kansas, for the World Health Organization.

- Are you **always** worrying?
- Are you **unable** to concentrate because of unrecognized reasons?
- Are you **continually** unhappy without justified cause?
- Do you lose your temper **easily** and **often**?
- Are you troubled by **regular** insomnia?
- Do you have wide fluctuations in your moods, from depression to elation, back to depression, which **incapacitate** you?
- Do you **continually** dislike to be with people?
- Are you **upset** if the routine of your life is disturbed?
- Do your children **consistently** "get on your nerves"?
- Are you "browned off" and **constantly** bitter?
- Are you afraid **without real cause**?
- Are you **always** right and the other person **always** wrong?
- Do you have **numerous** aches and pains for which no doctor can find a physical cause?

The conditions charted in these questions are the major warning signals of poor mental health in one degree or another. According to Dr. Menninger, help is necessary if your answer to any of these questions is a strong and definite "yes."

Sampson never gave away their recipes. Mrs. Sampson had worked for Mary's father up in Madison and they held their culinary secrets inviolate. Tom went for another Scotch, but could not feel the medicine working. His head still ached.

Benji was sitting in a corner of the dining room holding a stalk of cheese-stuffed celery, but didn't seem to be eating with his usual enthusiasm, his plate was nearly full. However, he might already be on "seconds" or even "thirds."

Tom was trapped for hours. Apart from those who had left for dinner engagements, or because they didn't like cocktail parties, the serious drinking had begun and the intense settlement of many vital problems. He finally escaped from a hot discussion about swimming in the reservoirs as Mable Chance said indignantly, "I really don't think it's fair to absolutely force people to build swimming pools—"

He hadn't spoken to Mary since the beginning of the party, not that he had anything particular to say to her. In the old days when they gave a party, she invariably wanted to know, "How do you think it's going darling?" She would squeeze his hand, "Do you think everyone's having a good time?" This was not the old days, and he regarded their guests, those whom he recognized. They represented Mary's new political interest, or Society, or the wealthy Old Guard and a sprinkling of natives. There were the ebullient advertising people, the writers and artists, and he saw Edwin Fennell, who had done the famous photograph of Lucie Dahlgren as Saint Joan. A few years ago Mary would never have given this kind of a party, nor would they have been able to afford it.

She was by the fireplace and her silvery dress had the same shimmer as the Venetian glass bowl he had brought home in the days when he was flying to Italy. She had included his gifts in the furnishing of the new house and always complimented him on his taste and on his knowledge of literature. The wide end wall of books took the curse from the elegant modernity of the living room, which otherwise would have been another page from a decorating magazine.

She was looking up into Harry MacIntosh's face, a smug, supercilious face, Tom thought, matched by the fellow's manner, as if he was doing her some favor. MacIntosh was her

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ing pan. Brown chops on both sides. Cover; simmer about 30 minutes.

LAMB CHOPS: Broil chops slowly until browned on both sides, brushing often with Kraft Italian Dressing. Garnish with spiced crabapples and parsley.

BARBECUED CHICKEN: Marinate a ready-to-cook broiling chicken in any Kraft Dressing for an hour. Place in rotisserie, brushing

often with dressing until well done.

TOSSED SALAD: Tear salad greens into bite-size pieces in salad bowl. Add onion rings, tomato wedges, croutons. Toss with Kraft Roka Dressing or serve with a choice of Kraft Liquid Dressings. Include delicious Kraft Dressings for Low Calorie Diets. Special for coleslaw: new Kraft Coleslaw Dressing... try it!



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Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry

investment counselor and his advice had made her quite a sum of money. She frequently went to his office in New York and Tom knew they sometimes had lunch or dinner together. At the moment they were having a private conversation.

MacIntosh was a tall man with greying hair, immaculately dressed for the country in a well-tailored jacket and slacks. He also wore a chamois vest, a woven tie and a Tattersall vest. He was leaning on the mantel and his fingers were dropping lightly on her shoulder. One of his black brogues tapped slowly on the hearthstone and he held her undivided attention. She wasn't thinking about being an important hostess in Westridge.

Tom felt the familiar twinge of dislike, which he also knew was jealousy, but it was incidental to the wave of anguish which suddenly swept over him. He had caught sight of her face. She had once looked at him in exactly the same way. He had the immediate conviction that she was in love with MacIntosh. He was as sure as if she had told him so.

He stood alone for a moment in the cigarette smoke, the chatter of strangers, and then turned toward the stairway. He met Biddy descending. "Don't you feel well, Daddy?" He smiled thinly and said he was a little tired. "Mr. Olmstead's drunk," she confided, disgusted, but thrilled. "He fell off a chair and dropped his plate!" She giggled, "Mrs. Olmstead was mad."

"Shouldn't you be in bed?" He held her arm too tightly, and she pulled it away and said in a wounded voice that she was allowed to stay up until ten, it was a party. He let her go and went on up to his study, closing the door on the party which was going on in Mary's house.

SOMETHING had happened to their lives. He'd been uneasy for a long time, as if sensing an invisible trap. He'd worried about his relationship with Mary and their life as a family, but he hadn't known what to do about it. It had really begun with the death of their eldest child, Tommy, shortly after they came to Westridge. Tommy would have been sixteen tomorrow, if he had lived. He had long ago faced the fact that Mary blamed him for Tommy's death.

He'd taken their son fishing on a sharp morning just after the season opened and he'd allowed him to go swimming. Five days later, while he

was away on a routine flight to Buenos Aires, Tommy had died of polio in the New Haven hospital. Who could say how he got the polio? Countless little boys rushed the swimming season and were none the worse.

It had been a few months after Benjy was born and Mary was numb and dazed, but dry-eyed. Their doctor, Dick Ellis, had worried and mentioned the word psychosis. But she didn't have a visible breakdown and Tom had never seen her cry since. Instead she changed. It was quite subtle. Once she had been one kind of person, gay, loving and playful. Now she was someone else, remote, ambitious and determinedly preoccupied, but she was still a dutiful mother and wife.

He had thought if he left her alone and continued to love her, she would get over her passion for committees, town planning, the realty board and the new fascination for money and important people, but it hadn't turned out that way. She had built herself another world and seemed to have exchanged the security of his love for a belief in the security of status and possessions. Her indifference to a physical relationship had long ago anesthetized his desire. The new house, paid for with her real-estate commissions, was a symbol of her ambition and so, he realized with

dread, was her interest in Harry MacIntosh.

He sat in his study staring blankly at his books, old friends, but they could not help him now. It was all so heartbreakingly different from what he had expected. He had never looked at another woman since their student days at McGill University when he'd picked her up from an icy campus sidewalk, and they'd fallen in love.

He had majored in literature, his father had taught in the English department and had urged him to finish his senior year, although it began in September of 1939, and many of his classmates were joining the armed forces.

His father was white-haired and stooped, but his eyes glinted with kindness and a dry humor. He'd married late in life and became a widower when Tom was only fourteen. He'd brought Tom up in the great tradition of literature and had been friends with giants like Yeats, Synge, Mary Webb, Joyce, Gogarty and Hardy. As a child, Tom had thought him the oldest and wisest man in the world. He always knew that he was a great teacher.

"Finish your last year," Benjamin Saunders advised. "These few months are all you have left of this experience." He reflected a moment on his life's work. "When you come back, Tom, everything will be different." He had the satisfaction of sitting on the platform when his son received the sheepskin and the Honors, and the knowledge that he had given him an inheritance which would be more valuable than money. He died while Tom was in England with the RCAF.

He seldom thought about his father any more and his early desire to be a teacher had faded like a dream. He wondered if he was going to die of this heart condition. He had faced death in his early manhood when he had been determined not to die. He had had Mary and Tommy to come home to, a wonderful life to anticipate, with an infinity of books to read and discuss in the companionship of friends who loved them as he did. He had thought about being a teacher who would bring these books to life for his students.

He got as far as a summer course in education at Yale after the war. They were living with Mary's father in Madison and she became pregnant with Biddy. She persuaded him it would be much more practical to go into commercial aviation for a few

WHERE-TO-BUY

the dressing-for-the-job fashions on pages 38-40

Lucerne dress: Bowring Bros., St. John's; Scovil's, Saint John; Freeman's, Ottawa; Kingsmill's, London; Steacy's, Kingston; Fashion Shop, Winnipeg; Eaton's, Calgary; Hudson's Bay, Edmonton.

Windsor dress: Murphy-Gamble, Ottawa; Dunlop Ladies Wear, Toronto; I. Bloom, Hamilton; Ainsley's, London; Vanitie, Chatham, Ont.; Morgan's, Port Arthur; Eaton's, Regina; Aaron's, Saskatoon.

Klever Klad dresses: Wood Bros., Halifax; Scovil's, Saint John; Freeman's, Ottawa; Hamilton's, Toronto; C. H. Smith, Windsor; Leeds, London; Eaton's, Winnipeg; Fashion Fur, Saskatoon; Fashion Shoppe, Edmonton; Dayton's, Calgary; Hudson's Bay, Vancouver.

Algo Jr. dress: Simpson's, Halifax; Eaton's, Moncton; Calp's, Saint John; Freeman's, Ottawa; Pollack's, Quebec City; Hudson's Bay and Woodward's in the west.

Junior Sophisticates costume: Calp's, Saint John; Simon's, Quebec City; Lilette's, Montreal; Freeman's, Ottawa; Simpson's, Toronto; Liberty Women's Wear, Hamilton; Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg; Emile's, Calgary; Jay David, Vancouver.

Mr. Mort Sportswear suits: Mills Bros., Halifax; MRA, St. John's; Ogilvie's, Montreal; Simpson's, Toronto; Eaton's, London; Betty Withrow, Winnipeg; Charmante, Regina; Walkrite, Edmonton; Lauries Ltd., Vancouver.

Progress suit: Simpson's, Toronto; Eaton's in Montreal, London, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria.

years. He would get a good job with his war record and they could buy a house in some pleasant country town away from the industrial boom on the shore. She said confidently that he would be a captain in no time, he would still be able to read and study, and they could save for the time when he would settle down and become a professor.

It hadn't taken too long to convince him. He had come home tired, shot-up, beaten-up. She was a haven after a nightmare. He was willing to let her think for him, and whatever she wanted he agreed to. Especially, he loved her and the son she had given him. He wanted to make her happy. A teacher's salary was ridiculously inadequate for a growing family. All these years he wanted to make her happy.

SOMEONE KNOCKED at the door and he started, resenting an intrusion. Mary's friend, the actress Lucie Dahlgren, looked in at him. "Hello. Biddy said you had deserted. I could use a few minutes of retirement, myself. Do you mind?"

He minded, but he was polite, "I was almost asleep."

"You don't seem drunken, you must be tired," she suggested, curling into the armchair. "I don't blame you. A quiet weekend in the country," she said without reproach.

"Perhaps the next time it won't be so hectic," but he didn't really care if she came again. She was a pleasant, attractive person, but she had nothing to do with his life.

She selected a cigarette from her silver case and lit it, ducking her head with a little familiar movement, which he remembered from the movies. Mary had taken him to all her movies. It was uncanny to feel that he knew her, her moods, her way of lifting her eyebrows when she asked a question. He noticed the extraordinary diamond on her left hand and approved of her shining dark-gold hair, which looked as if that was its natural color. Her widely spaced blue eyes lighted with the nicest smile he had received from a woman, other than Biddy, in the past seven years. "Tell me about all this. Are you and Mary really happy?"

He was shocked. This, from a stranger? "Mary is very happy," he said stiffly, wondering if it was true.

"That's not what I asked," she told him. "Perhaps you'll tell me to mind my own business, but I care whether you're happy. Mary was my best friend, I love her. I remember how

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she felt about you. She used to write to me when you were overseas with the RCAF. I met your beautiful little Tommy when I came east once. You and Mary had something wonderful, something to last forever. Tell mother. Are you happy, Tom?" Again the beautiful movie star gave him the kindly smile.

The thing he hadn't known was the ease of her personality, her emanation of goodheartedness. He had the irrational impulse to fling himself on the floor at her feet and tell her his troubles. He remembered his own mother. He stifled the temptation and shrugged. "I have a great deal to be thankful for," he replied shortly. He had the memory of his happiness with Mary.

She nodded, saying gently. "Yes, you have two charming children." Her voice hardened. "Are you thankful for MacIntosh?"

He was stunned, then wildly angry for a moment, but it couldn't last. She was disarmingly sympathetic and he was too miserable for a hot reply. He rubbed his forehead. "Is it so apparent, that even a stranger can see it?"

"I'm not a stranger," she reminded him. "I was brought up with Mary. I know how she reacts. We may not have seen each other for years, but I know her."

He couldn't see how Lucie knowing Mary had anything to do with this problem, or the unsatisfactory condition of his life.

"The thing she loved was your forcefulness," she remarked. "You knew what you wanted to do and the two of you were going to do it together. Of course, that was when you were overseas," she gave him the questioning look.

"I understand," he said coldly. "Maybe I will ask you to mind your own business. You have no idea what Mary went through when we lost our son."

"Perhaps I have," she twisted her diamond thoughtfully. "Losing people you love is rather universal. Maybe the worst thing was that when she lost Tommy, she also lost what you might have been."

If he hadn't had four Scotches he wouldn't have sworn at her, but she wasn't offended. He said abruptly, "I've been grounded for a heart condition and I'll probably lose my license." He saw her immediate concern. "Oh, I won't die tomorrow, but I won't be able to fly."

"Does Mary know?"

"No, it just happened. I'm going to be forty-two," he had repeated to himself many times. "I've never done anything but commercial flying. Am I supposed to ask Mary to support me when the insurance money is gone, and live with me thinking I'm some sort of invalid?" He laughed briefly. "And now she's in love with MacIntosh."

"She's flirting a bit with MacIntosh," she said precisely, as if MacIntosh was of no consequence. "Don't you think being grounded might be the best thing that could happen to you?"

He most certainly didn't, and was annoyed at her lack of perception. Why had he confided in her? "I'm sorry, there isn't any point in discussing it."

She went on. "Why don't you go into teaching? It's what you wanted to do. I remember that. Your friend Mason told me about the new high school. Why not get your certificate and teach English?"

He laughed at her naïveté. "At about four thousand dollars a year, Miss Dahlgren?" It had been even less when Mary impressed the fact upon him. She had said they could never manage a family on such a small sum and the slow raises. She had said they would have to save for his ambition, but now she had the money and his savings were negligible.

He wondered how long AM-Clipper would carry him.

"Is the money question important?" Lucie asked. "I understand Mary does very well with her real estate, she's always had a business mind. You should assert yourself, Tom. Forbearance can be a weakness as well as a strength. Get rid of this MacIntosh, and go into teaching if you want to. Believe me, Mary would admire you for it."

She made it sound so simple and it was absurd. He said earnestly, "I have to keep up with Mary, it's what she expects. I have to find a comparable job."

"Perhaps she'll have to rearrange her expectations," she said bluntly. "If it's a matter of your health, I don't see how she has any choice—and you can't tell me that she's heartless, or unfeeling."

BIDDY KNOCKED at the door and came in quickly. She was drooping a bit but would have been willing to see the party to its end. "Mother wants to know what you're doing upstairs and please come down at once. I have to go to bed, darn it." She made a face and then said brightly, "Benjy was terribly sick all over the kitchen floor. You should have been there to see it!"

Tom was grateful for the interruption and murmured he supposed they

You were asking CHATELAINE

QUESTION

Can I use boiled frosting on cakes to be kept in the freezer?

ANSWER

No. Neither boiled frosting (made by beating hot syrup at the thread stage into stiffly beaten egg white) nor double-boiler frosting should be used. Both become spongy and flat after thawing. When icing for freezing use butter-type icings or frostings made with fat or cream cheese. This includes rich fudge icing if the mixture is of a soft consistency. Fondant-iced *petits fours* freeze fairly well but take on a wet appearance when defrosted.

For freezing always use freshly baked cakes which have cooled completely, then been iced with a butter-type icing. Before wrapping we set cakes in the freezer for an hour on a piece of foil-covered cardboard. (This gives the icing a chance to set so that wrapping material doesn't press down the swirls and garnishes.) Then wrap airtight in plastic or foil, and freeze. Cakes treated this way will keep for four months. To defrost, leave in the package at room temperature for about one to one and a half hours.

should go downstairs, he'd look in on Benjy first.

His son was sitting up in bed holding his stomach, worn out from his recent excesses. He thought he might go to sleep soon, if only he could get rid of this darn pain. He commented on the drunkenness of Mr. Olmstead, who had been taken home by Mrs. Olmstead. Tom said pointedly that overindulgence in food was almost as bad as overindulgence in alcohol. Benjy was willing to believe him. "It feels better when I lie on the front. If I'm sick again I'll yell to you down the stairs." Tom promised to return in a few minutes.

In his absence most of the older people, Mary's more important guests, had left. A group of about forty seemed determined to make it a late party. Jerry Manion was still at the piano, and he saw Mary dancing with MacIntosh. Bob Mason and Dr. Ellis were concluding an amiable chat while their wives stood by, wrapped in their stoles, discussing the idiosyncrasies of husbands. Pretty Carol Mason was worrying about their baby sitter.

Bob's eyes were bright, it had been a better party than he had expected. "I was just telling Dick, here, that you could be the best damn English teacher in Connecticut—if we could only get you away from the big money. Look at Carol and me—we'll never be rich—but we're doing what we want to do. And look at you, Dick, you don't make any money—your patients never pay their bills—but you're doing what you want to do. That's what figures," he said passionately.

To Tom's relief the wives moved in, laughing gaily, forcibly pulling their men away. They thanked Tom for a wonderful time and Bob called back, "That Hollywood glamour girl—she's all right . . ." He made a little kissing sound.

Tom avoided the drinkers and went through to the kitchen for a glass of water. The buffet was cleared away, the butler and the Swedish ladies had gone home, and Mrs. Sampson sat on a stool resting her legs before starting the breakfast. She said abruptly, "That Benjy has the bellyache. Must have been something he et over at Skipper's last night. He's been complaining and he was sick on my floor." She eyed the immaculate linoleum sternly. He assured her he was keeping an eye on Benjy and went back upstairs in time to help him to the bathroom.

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Kirsch adjustable draw-cord rods are available in a wide variety of sizes and qualities to fit most windows. For a small extra cost, they can be custom-made for special windows.



As he settled the boy into bed he decided Mrs. Sampson's theory about food poisoning must be correct. He tried to think of something to relieve him, but Benjy rolled and fell asleep, his bottom hunched in the air. His blond hair, like Biddy's and Mary's, was ruffled and a new spring crop of freckles were scattered across his cheeks and turned-up nose. Tommy had had dark curly hair like his father's.

The party would soon be over and Tom decided to stay with Benjy. The party was the least important thing in the world. He was tired and thankful he didn't have a flight coming up. It was a strange feeling that he would never fly again, and then he began worrying about what he would do instead. The teaching idea was ridiculous.

It worried him also to feel such indecisiveness and he wondered how he could recapture the certainty he had once known. Lucie Dahlgren had called it forcefulness. Was that what Mary had loved in him? He recalled the March afternoon in Montreal when he discovered her in a heap near the library steps. She had slipped on the icy incline and was sitting there with dirty knees and sand on her face. She was swearing vigorously from the pain of a bleeding palm and trying to retrieve her scattered books and papers. He rushed to help her, grinning at her language, which was decidedly salty, and brushed off her squirrel coat.

Their eyes met and he thought she looked like a little girl with the tears on her face, stormy, waiting to be comforted. Involuntarily, he lifted his hand and brushed the sand from her cheek. It was the contact with her soft flesh which electrified him, the most exciting moment he had ever known. He forgot everything else and walked her slowly back to RVC, the girls' residence. He had the presence of mind to ask if she was busy on Saturday night. Within two weeks they were hopelessly in love.

He was to report to Ottawa the middle of July, he was joining the air force, and the week after graduation he went down to Madison, Connecticut, to be married. His father gave him a thousand dollars, a fortune in 1940, and what was left over from the honeymoon Mary banked toward his teaching fund. She also saved most of his flying pay and only dipped into it when Tommy was born. She lived with her banker father during the war and afterward he congrat-

ulated Tom on the wise decision he had made to go into commercial aviation.

It all seemed such a long time ago and the advice of Bob Mason and Lucie Dahlgren was the ghostly whispering of old desires. He had wanted to inspire young people to enjoy books as he had been inspired. He sighed, remembering he had once believed he would rather teach in a high school than a college. As his father had often remarked as he struggled with the opinions of his undergraduates, "Give me a fifteen-year-old who has just begun to think."

BIDDY CAME IN to say that she couldn't get to sleep, Mr. Manion was playing the piano right under her bed. She was wide awake and wearing a flowered nightgown and he kissed her and told her to give it another try.



SEPTEMBER

*Which is the way summer dies?
In wretched, wracking sobs,
Chill as a bitter east wind's
Rapid pulsing throbs?*

*Oh no. This is the way summer
dies,
The flight of migrant birds,
Silent and swift—compelling,
Has no need of words.*

*This too is the way that love
dies,
Alone in silent grief,
White frost on the winter wheat
The trembling of a leaf.*

BY PATRICIA HILL



Benjy was quiet for another half hour and then sat up in alarm.

Tom thought he must have a fever, perhaps an aspirin would help. His forehead was hot and his eyes heavy. He cried and begged Tom not to go away. Tom began to be really worried and wondered if he should call Mary. Once it would have been his immediate action, but now he tightened his jaw and decided to take care of Benjy himself. She had had every opportunity to realize the boy was sick.

An hour later, after two more expeditions to the bathroom, he phoned Dr. Ellis. Benjy wouldn't straighten his legs and lay in a ball, but he had

dozed off again. The doctor listened to the symptoms and said he couldn't prescribe without seeing the boy. He would come right over and cut through Tom's apologies, "Don't move him. Get a basin or something."

"Ask Mrs. Sampson for a bowl, will you please," he said to Lucie Dahlgren, who was beside him when he hung up. She sat with him while they waited for the doctor, her chin cupped in her hand, the diamond like a tear reflecting the spectrum. Her tired face with its lovely bones looked as he remembered it in a movie, where she kept a vigil over someone she loved. She had played a demimondaine whose lover had been knifed by the opposing gang.

He shook his head to clear it of the fantasy. Benjy made soft noises like a puppy dreaming. She whispered, asking if she should call Mary, but he frowned. The doctor was coming, there was nothing she could do, no need to take her away from her guests. Lucie shrugged and turned her attention to Benjy.

Dr. Ellis arrived, ready for anything after a fast shower. He tried to move the sleeping boy, but Benjy lay with his knees up and his arms around his middle. He cried out when the carefully probing hand touched his right side. The examination didn't even take a minute. The doctor stood up, "There, there, Benjy. We'll fix it." He said to Tom, "It's an appendix and a nasty one. You'll have to get him to the hospital right away, don't waste any time. Where's your phone?"

"Show him, Lucie. I'll tell Mary." Tom ran down the stairs. She wasn't in the playroom, the dining room or the kitchen. "Where's Mary?" he asked Ozzie Armstrong.

"I rather believe she's out on the terrace with MacIntosh," Armstrong said cooly. "You want to watch that, Tom. I'd hate to have Phoebe looking at the moon with that wolf." But Tom was halfway to the French doors, not listening.

The terrace ran the length of the house and around a corner to a small patio. He found her there, standing in MacIntosh's arms. It was not too dark to recognize their embarrassment as they broke away from each other, nor was it too dark for them to read the blazing anger in his eyes. Mary gave a little exclamation of fear.

This was the moment which crystallized a great many things in his mind, but he had no time to think of them now. He grabbed MacIntosh by

the lapel, twisting the soft, thick tweed, "If you ever touch my wife again, I'll kill you." His voice was so quietly murderous that Mary threw up her hands, as if to separate them. He looked down at her, "Don't worry, I won't do it now. In case you're interested, Benjy has acute appendicitis and I have to get him to the hospital."

He turned, not caring what she did, and strode down the terrace. He heard the sound of her heels on the stone paving, stumbling slightly, she was probably a little tight. She called to him, asking him to wait for her.

A STRETCHER stood at the emergency door of the hospital, nurses and an orderly. In a moment Benjy was down the hall and in the elevator, Dick Ellis beside him. Tom and Mary were asked to wait in a little green room and a nurse came with forms and questions and lines where Tom must sign his name.

Mary sat crouched in the chair with its flat wooden arms. He thought she looked terrible, her eyes were closed and her face a tight mask. He leaned back, thinking of Benjy, but somewhere in his tired mind was the realization that he had come to the end of a long journey. He had thrown down a burden and he no longer felt obligated to pick it up again.

Dr. Ellis came in to tell them that Benjy had been taken to the operating room and repeated they were not to worry. He was more concerned with Mary. He had delivered Benjy and stood beside her when Tommy died. He touched her shoulder comfortingly and she smiled stiffly, but her face wore the old numb, dazed look. "Take care of her, Tom," he murmured as he left them.

"Do you know what day this is?" she whispered and Tom knew. He didn't have to think twice, but he didn't say anything. He didn't say, this is Tommy's birthday. She covered her face, "Oh, Tom. If anything happens to Benjy."

"That's right," he remarked. The years of unhappiness came into his voice, "You couldn't buy another son like Benjy with all your precious money, could you? What can Mac-Intosh give you to make you happy?"

She shuddered, but there was nothing in her eyes except fear and the pain of her memories. "You may as well know," he said quietly, "I've been grounded for a heart condition. It may not be serious, but whatever happens, I'm not going to fly again."

"Your heart?" she seemed puzzled,



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MADE IN CANADA FOR CANADIANS

as if she hadn't really understood.

"I probably won't drop dead. The doctor says that barring unforeseen developments, I can count on an average life expectancy, but AM-Clipper can't take chances. I've decided to do what I've always wanted to do. I'm going to teach," he said flatly. "You may as well accept it." There was nothing more to discuss. Closing his eyes, he resigned himself to wait for news of Benjy.

It was nearly daylight when they got back to the house. They had seen their son for a few minutes and his face was relaxed, in spite of the rasping breaths which reeked of ether. Tom rolled the station wagon into their drive and stopped at the flagstone walk. He was too tired to put it in the garage. Mary turned to him tentatively, as if she was asking for something. She was haggard in the pale light, her lipstick had disappeared. It occurred to him that he had never seen this expression on her face, as if something within her had collapsed and crumbled. He wondered dully what she wanted him to say, but she got out of the car and he followed her up the walk.

Lucie Dahlgren and Mrs. Sampson were waiting for them. Other than a whiff of stale cigarette smoke and a burn on the carpet, there was no sign that the party had ever taken place. Mary dropped her coat on a chair and stood there in her crumpled silvery dress as if she was bewildered, as if she didn't know where to go, had never seen this house before. Lucie moved swiftly, holding out her arms. Mary might have fallen if Lucie hadn't been holding her up.

Suddenly she went to pieces, crying as if she was bursting bonds which had held her prisoner for many years, a wild terrible crying, unlike any tears she had ever shed before. It moved Tom to an anguished compassion. He would have gone to her if Lucie had not been there, but he thought dimly that it was right that she should be with Lucie. Mary didn't know that she was being led upstairs, guided with comforting words, that Lucie's hand was stroking her.

HE SANK onto the nearest couch, put his hand on a pillow and was swallowed by oblivion. Later Biddy came in, unloosened his shoes and covered him with a light blanket. He didn't notice her, or the ringing of the telephone. Lucie awakened him at noon. She sat down opposite him, she was wearing a suit and her coat

was lying on a chair. She didn't look rested, but she smiled at him. "I have to leave soon, Tom, and I want to talk to you."

He sat up, blinking at her, feeling the stubble on his jaw. The hours, the events, which preceded his sleeping flooded back into his head. "Mary? How is she?"

"I'm not a doctor," Lucie said, "but I think she'll be all right. I stayed with her and she slept for a while. But Tom, she's terribly afraid," there was sadness in her face. "You were right when you said I didn't know what she'd been through." Her dark-gold hair slid across her forehead and she pushed it back. "I've never lost a child, but Mary went through that alone with Tommy. I think she's still afraid it's going to happen all over again with Benjy." She reached over and took his hand. "Tom, I don't have to explain to you. You have the understanding. When she fell asleep after she'd stopped crying, I think she felt a little better — as if she'd gotten rid of something."

"I haven't seen her cry since before Tommy died," he said sternly.

"Perhaps that's it, she's been holding it inside herself all these years — the memory, the fear. The mind does strange things," she sighed. "It may be the reason all this became so important to her," she gestured to include all of Mary's possessions. "She's awake now and she wanted to know where you were. Tom, she needs you — more than she's ever needed you before."

Mary needed him? He squinted to clear away the tears that pricked his eyes. It seemed that he had waited an eternity to be given this message. Of course, she needed him. She was his wife whom he loved and she had always needed him. "Well now, Lucie Dahlgren," he said and couldn't say any more. He put his arm around her and they walked to the stairs. He caught the freshness of her scent, wildflowers on a spring morning. "How are you getting back to town?"

She laughed, "Mr. MacIntosh is driving me in his dear little MG. He called from the Freemans to enquire for Benjy and I was bold enough to ask him for a ride. You have enough without worrying about my transportation."

Mary called from behind the closed door of their bedroom. "Tom." It was the plaintive sound of Biddy and Benjy when they felt neglected. She wasn't a child, but she needed him.

Her eyes were shadowed by deep circles and she seemed to him suddenly to have become very fragile. She was lying very flat, limp, in the wide bed, which was not one bed, but two. His own side was still smooth, undisturbed, but Lucie had folded the woven blue bedspread and laid it on Mary's chaise longue.

He moved silently across the white rug and gathered her into his arms, kissing her forehead gently, trying to avoid scraping her with his beard. She clung to him, "He's going to be all right, Tom?" she begged.

"He is all right," he assured her. "Everything is going to be all right," he promised her. He had spoken to the children this way when they wakened, calling out to him from the terrors of a bad dream.

"I'm so glad you're here, so glad you're not on a flight," she said almost inaudibly. Then she asked in alarm, "Tom, you're not going away, are you? You don't have a flight? Oh, Tom, darling, I need you." Her voice rose in panic.

He tightened his arms around her, "No," he said soothingly, "I'm never going away again. I'm grounded. I'll stay here with you, right here in our house."

She sighed in relief and sank back, closing her eyes, but her hand still rested on his arm. He sat holding her, listening to her breath, watching the pulse under the soft flesh of her throat. She seemed more dear than ever before.

The years dropped away, as if a curtain had fallen from a sunlit window, dispersing shadows which had been an illusion of the darkness. The sunlight revealed that he had loved his wife, to be sure, but he had been too weak, too acquiescent, to be a real husband to her. As Lucie Dahlgren had said, forbearance was a weakness as well as a strength.

SHE WAS sleeping and he finally took his arms away and pulled the covers over her white shoulders, and she was not disturbed. His heart was light, beating steadily and joyfully. He was not at all worried about his heart. As Dr. Rolfe had said, without stress and frustration, he would probably have an average life expectancy. It occurred to him that they would have problems in the future, but he was certain these would never be the same problems.

He carried Lucie Dahlgren's suitcase to the front door and stood with

her for a moment. The sky was blue without a cloud, the pink and white dogwood trees were in dazzling bloom above the green lawn and Mary's geraniums in their little white tubs stood jauntily along the retaining wall near the drive. Across the field, Biddy was cantering her little palomino in slow circles. "You didn't have a very quiet weekend, but come and see us again." He smiled at her as warmly as she smiled at him. He nodded to Harry MacIntosh who was approaching rather nervously up the flagstone walk.

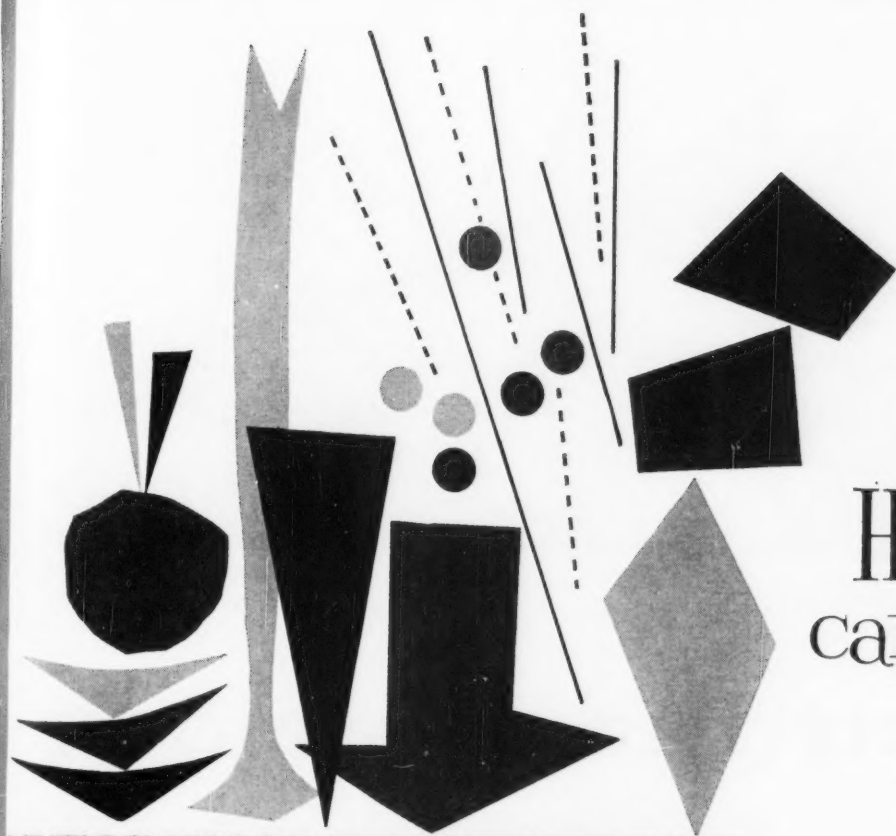
Mrs. Sampson poured him a cup of coffee from the bubbling chrome and gold percolator and he sat on a stool waiting for his breakfast and listening to the noises of the kitchen. The dishwasher was gasping and gurgling by the sink, the rotisserie was purring and spattering as it revolved the Sunday leg of lamb. He could see one of her apple pies browning through the glass door of the built-in oven, which adjusted itself with sharp clicks and a change of colored lights. The freezer and refrigerator were humming, the triple toaster was hurrying toward a golden-brown climax and the blender was screaming at an unknown green concoction. Next door in the utility room, the washer and dryer were rumbling through their destined cycles.

"It's quiet in the country, isn't it?" he asked her with a grin, but she was used to his irrelevancies and didn't bother to answer. She moved between one appliance and another, well adjusted, except for her rheumatism. She gave him his eggs, perfectly fried and dusted with herbs. As Benjy had once remarked, they didn't like their eggs juicy.

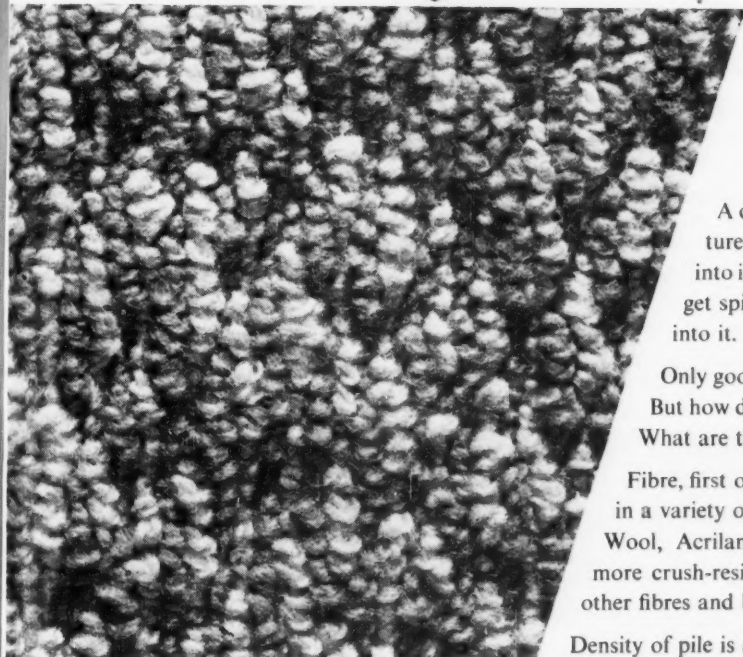
When he had finished he lit a cigarette and walked into the living room, browsing along the wall of books, part of his father's library and his own, the English textbooks, classics of novelists and poets, and the pattern of their covers was like a tapestry hanging there. He looked at the comfortable furniture, the Venetian glass, the gleam of brass and copper, the blending of Mary's taste with his.

It was undoubtedly a pleasant, convenient house and the view across the valley was quite breathtaking. They were very fortunate to have found such a location. Later, he must drive over to see Benjy, but in the meantime, he must go upstairs to his sleeping wife, who would need him when she awakened.

END



Harding carpets can take it !



A carpet leads a rugged life. Furniture stands on it; high heels punch into it; children scuff across it; things get spilled over it, and dirt sifts down into it.

Only good quality carpeting can survive. But how do you choose a durable carpet? What are the things to look for?

Fibre, first of all. Harding carpets are made in a variety of natural and man-made fibres. Wool, Acrilan, nylon and their blends are more crush-resistant and easier to clean than other fibres and better suited to hard use.

Density of pile is another indication of a carpet's wearing qualities. The depth of the pile may give you greater luxury but density is more important for long wear.

Harding carpets are well made in every price range. Differences in price are based on the quality of fibre and density of pile.

And lastly, look for the name. The Harding name is your assurance of finest quality in carpets "that can take it". See your Harding dealer soon and enjoy the warmth, beauty and good wear of Harding carpet in your home.



Harding Carpets

3750

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HOMES '60

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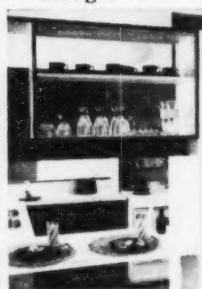
Chatelaine Home Planning Editor

BUILDING . . . custom touches in mass housing. To-day engineering advancements have made it possible for the **average family** to own a home complete with custom details previously found only in homes between \$30,000 to

\$50,000. **Thirty years ago**, the average Canadian family spent the equivalent of

three years' income to purchase a home. This contained only 800 to 900 square feet of living space; the kitchen was "complete" with few cabinets, sink and a light bulb.

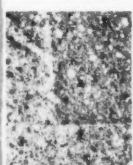
In 1960 we spend less than three years' income on a private dwelling and we get 1,100 to 1,300 square feet — kitchen and bathrooms with **built-in storage** areas, **well-thought-out architectural**



detailing in ceiling beams, window placements, stairways, cabinets and doors. **Our Homes '60** illustrate the advancement in housing, and reflect the constant analysis by the building industry of what Canadian women want.

COLOR . . . deep and bold, with accent on textures. Golds, reds, purples and electric blues and greens are the news this year.

Drapery fabrics combine sharp orange with cerise; acid green and royal blue with eggplant; and cheerfully mix colors we would never have considered blending in past years. The result is successful because the designs selected are not



too defined, thus giving an over-all effect of texture in vivid color. **Wallpapers** are using this same theory and are being printed in the richest of colors. Many new papers, in deep-olive, burnt-orange and mocha grounds have gold

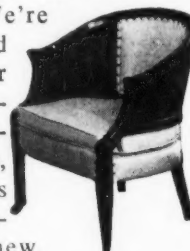
and silver overprinted for luxurious effect, a completely new concept in wall coverings. **Carpets** not only have color news, but often combine color with tweed effects, carved designs or looped and cut yarns. **Painted walls** are deeper in color, and richly stained paneling is big news in housing this year. We've used **five new colors** in Homes '60; each home is keyed to one new color.



FURNITURE . . . the greatest selection ever. This year, we are presenting to you the most exciting collection of furniture—**Canada's best**, from more than forty manufacturers—many pieces seen for the first time. We're

very proud of our "finds" —

good-looking chairs, timeless sofa de-

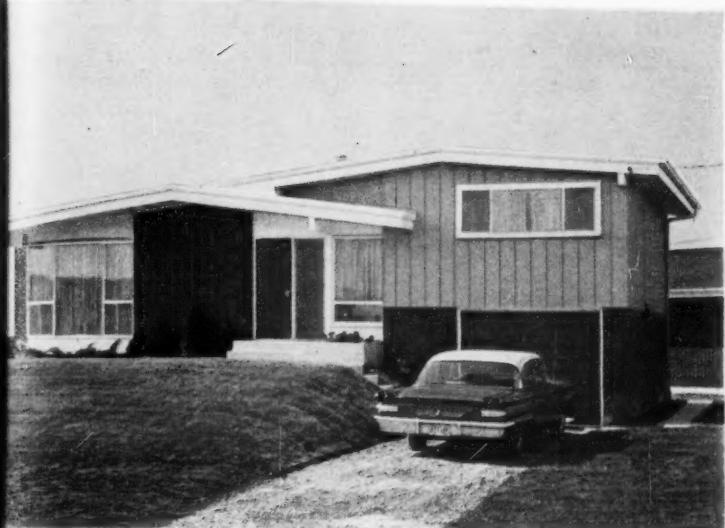


signs, new blendings of woods using inlay and carving, wood pieces with special-size storage drawers. And for the finishing touch, the unusual piece — it may be a chair with a painted frame, or one with cane side arms, a series of stacking tables, a window bench, or a hanging wall shelf. We have **deliberately mixed** periods of furniture, types of woods

and wood finishes to prove how much more interesting and personal this makes a home. If



you want a special covering or finish, **ask for it** — the extra few weeks needed for delivery is time well spent.



HAMILTON

Split-level, half-basement house uses double roof for architectural interest.



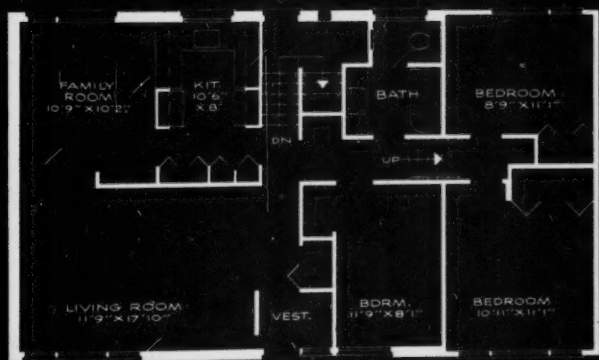
QUEBEC CITY

Bungalow, full basement, uses bay window for a traditional effect.

EXCITING BUILDING BUYS FOR '60

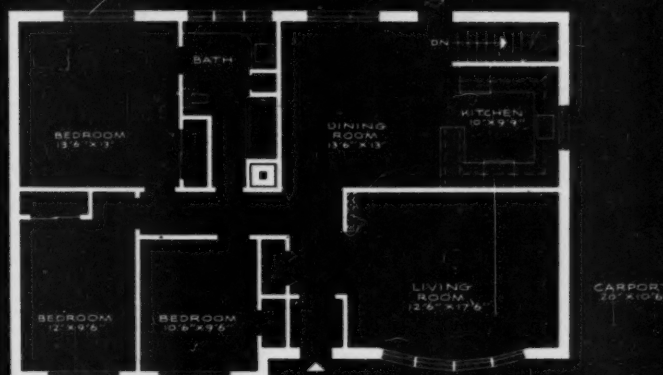
- Hamilton living-dining-room windows go to floor.
- Floating-panel wall gives open feeling to living room.
- Sloped ceiling, deep-stained crossbeams add interest.
- Built-in china cabinet in dining room is walnut.
- Kitchen cabinets have glass doors front and back.
- Well-designed kitchen storage wall has folding doors.
- Illuminated ceiling in bathroom gives luxury touch.
- Closet doors are painted metal, blending with décor.
- Light box in closet wall lights both room and closet.

- Bay window in Quebec City living room adds charm.
- Detailed wrought-iron railing and planter define hallway.
- Exceptionally large dining area can serve as family room.
- Copper built-in cooking units highlight kitchen.
- Kitchen corner cabinets feature lazy-Susan shelving.
- Bathroom has tiled vanity and tub enclosure.
- Three bedrooms are good size with ample closet space.
- High windows allow ease of furniture placement.
- Service entrance is close to kitchen and basement.



Hamilton floor plan: 1,124 square feet of living space with the living room, dining room, kitchen, bedroom-den and the bathroom on entrance level. Two additional bedrooms are six steps higher, and the garage area fits under these rooms. The basement area is under first level. Price of house without lot: **\$14,733**

Built by Grisenthwaite Construction Co. Ltd. on Lot 30, Buckingham Dr., Paradise Gardens, Hamilton. September 10 - October 8.



Quebec City floor plan: 1,235 square feet of living space with a gracious living room two steps lower than the rest of the house. Painted white beams on sloping ceiling echo the white louvered doors between the dining room and the entrance hall. Bathroom is accessible from master bedroom and from the hallway. Price, excluding lot: **\$14,800**

Built by Nadeau et Dumont Inc. at 32 Place Rougement in Sainte Foy, Quebec City. The house will be open September 3 - October 9.



VANCOUVER

Bungalow featuring cedar siding has gently sloping roof line providing shade. Garden court is accessible from bedroom and front door.



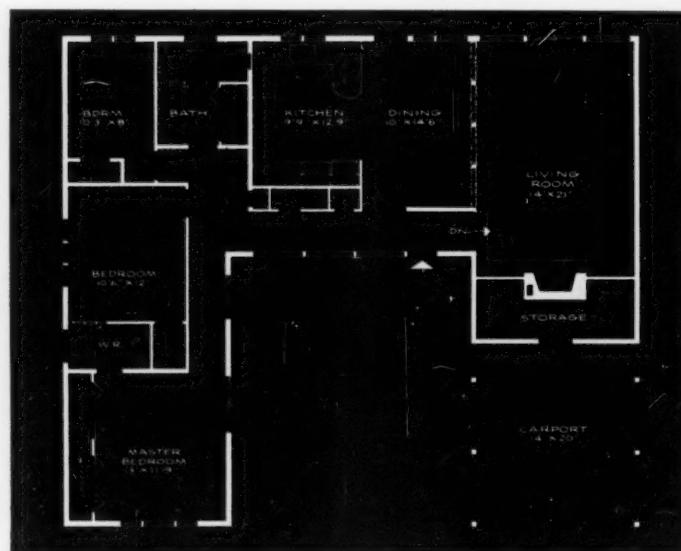
EDMONTON

Two-story, full siding and stucco.

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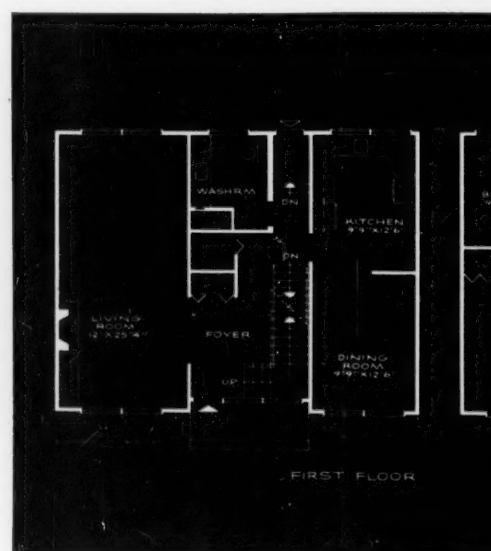
- Vancouver carport has excellent storage space.
- Living room has cedar ceiling, window wall, fireplace.
- Kitchen, extra large, contains eating space for three.
- Cabinets blend with living room for "furniture" look.
- Three good-size bedrooms isolated from activity area.
- Master bedroom has wall-to-wall closets, door to patio.
- Both bathroom and powder room have built-in vanities.
- Laundry area is behind folding doors in bathroom.
- Intercom system connects all rooms to kitchen.



Vancouver floor plan: 1,325 square feet of carefree living space. The main entrance leads into handsomely windowed hallway. At right of entrance and two steps lower is an excellent-size living room. Cedar posts and mahogany planter form an airy dividing wall between the living and dining room. Price, excluding the lot: **\$16,875**

Built by Beedie Construction Company Ltd. at the Pacific National Exhibition, Vancouver. Open August 20 - September 5.

- Ceiling-height doors in Edmonton add to spaciousness.
- Handsome cement-block fireplace is feature.
- Large window in kitchen gives beautiful view.
- Plastic laminate vanities are features.
- Four bedrooms, excellent size, have built-in wardrobes.
- Plenty of extra cupboards, both upstairs and downstairs.
- Bedroom ceiling fixtures are convenient.
- Good-looking planter box goes wall-to-wall.
- Breezeway can be used for outdoor eating.



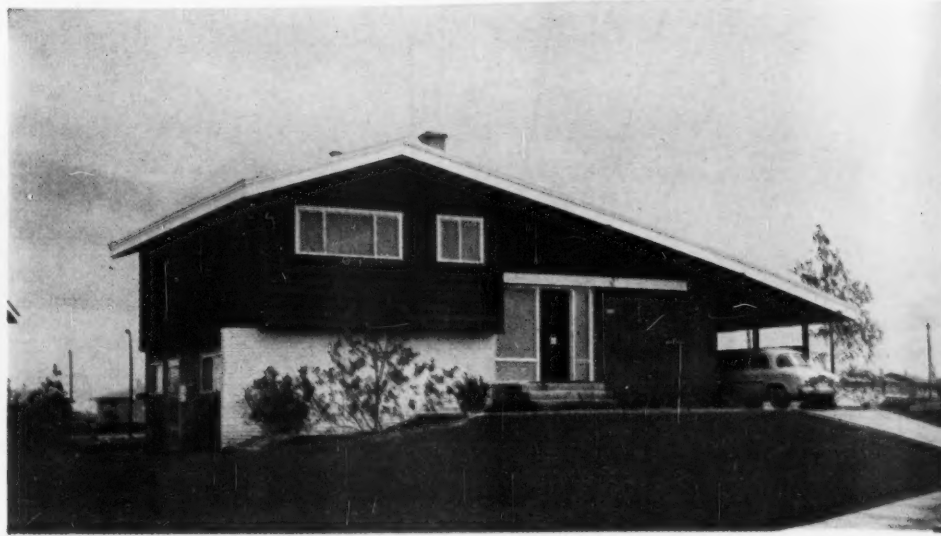
Edmonton floor plan: 1,621 square feet of living space. The large size basement can later be transformed into a large living area. Most impressive feature is the gloriously spacious hall with tailored wrought-iron railings. Note, too, the convenient breezeway. Price, including garage, double driveway, breezeway: **\$21,875**

Built by Engineered Homes (Edmonton) Limited, 1000 Rio Terrace, Edmonton. The home will be open August 20 - September 5.

WHERE AND WHEN
TO SEE HOMES '60



Two-story, full-basement house in pleasing combination of siding and stucco. Recessed entrance adds welcoming touch.

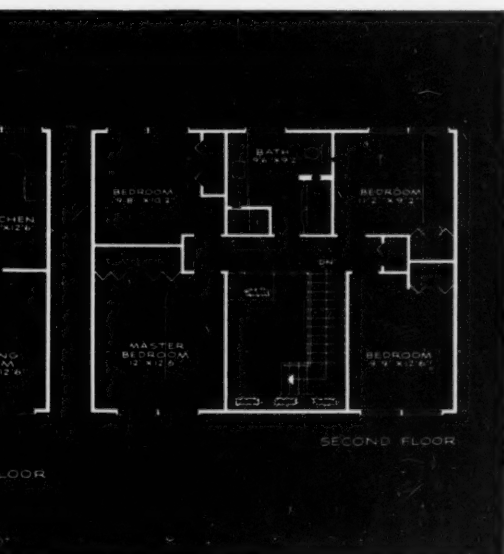


CALGARY Tri-level, half-basement house has dramatic roof line extending over carport. Bold contrast—dark-stained siding, white brick enhances detailing.

CANADA AND VISIT THE FIVE MOST EXCITING

Monton add to feeling of space.
 replace is focal point of large living room.
 gives beautiful view of wooded yard.
 re features in powder room and bathroom.
 size, have large floor-to-ceiling cupboards.
 both upstairs and down.
 e conveniently placed near reading corner.
 goes wall-to-wall in hall above window.
 outdoor eating or second garage.

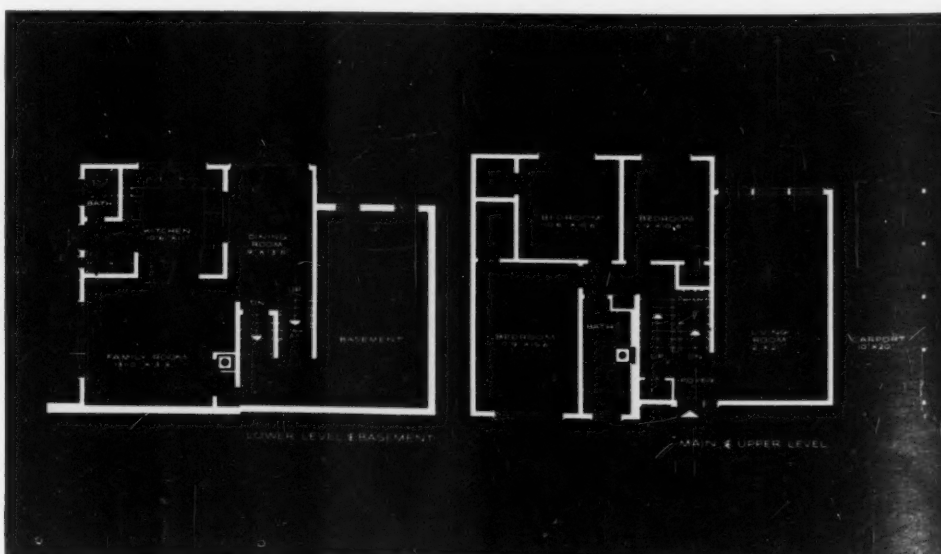
- Paneled wall in Calgary dining room gives warmth and richness.
- Rafted ceiling and window wall are focal points of large living room.
- Custom detailing in kitchen cupboards is particularly attractive.
- Laundry units near service entrance are separated from kitchen by paneling.
- Snack bar between kitchen and family room defines room areas.
- Washroom downstairs is easily accessible for children playing outdoors.
- Cleaning-supplies closet in family room has pegboard, proportioned shelving.
- Bathroom boasts laundry hamper, built-in sun lamp, handsome shelf divider.
- Louvered doors on all closets provide excellent ventilation.



of living space is contained on the two floors, and a full-
 into a large rumpus room. When entering this home, the
 spacious hallway, with the floating stairs and neatly de-
 the convenient rear entrance.

y, breezeway (excluding lot): **\$19,350**

Monton) Limited for you to visit at 7603 151st Street
 e will be open August 27 - September 4.



Calgary floor plan: 1,575 square feet start with the living room on the entrance level. The dining, kitchen and family areas are six steps below this entrance, and the three bedrooms, with a good-sized bathroom, are six steps above. Sliding door leads from dining room to back garden. A feeling of spaciousness is created by the high-beamed living-room ceiling, the variety of textures—cement block, polished marble, cork, and handsome deep-stained woods. Price, excluding lot: **\$17,990**

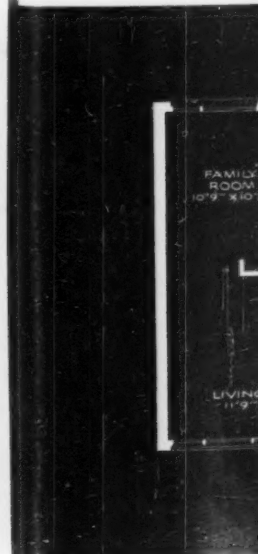
Built by Colonial Construction Limited at 10 Southamption Drive, Calgary, S.W., where you can visit the home daily. It will be open from August 27-September 24.



HAMILTON

EXCITING

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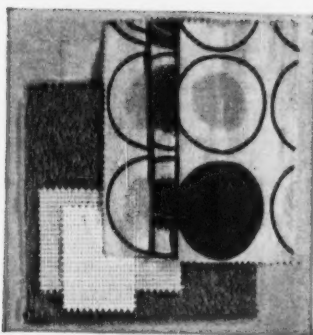


Hamilton floor
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A CLEAR EXPRESSION OF THE TRENDS OF TODAY



Nasturtium is the key color for our Vancouver home. It's particularly rich and has a "singing" quality about it — a perfect foil for deep wood tones. When using this color, considerable amount of neutral tones are needed, and the introduction of lighter and deeper shades of nasturtium — from pale lemon to deep orange — help to round out the scheme. One contrasting color can be introduced, and for this house we chose yellow-green — from a vibrant deep olive to a sharp acid green.

At left, the living room shows how we put our color theories into practice. The ceiling beams were stained to match the new deep-walnut tones in our furniture. We painted the long feature wall in nasturtium. The window wall, which goes the full width of the room, is curtained in a printed linen sheer to draw over the warm-white bouclé sheers. The drapery repeats the nasturtium and deep brown, and introduces a deep-olive shade. New carpet color, olive, ties the scheme together. Note the detailing on the wood pieces — a refreshing change from the boxlike look of the 1950s. The commode and table are in oiled walnut, and the room divider in dark-stained birch.

The west-coast bungalow, with its inviting garden, just had to be furnished with the most contemporary furniture we could find. This house has an open, floating feeling, and we have selected the furnishings with this in mind. The upholstered chairs in the living room have the new "molded" look and appear to be suspended in a light wooden cradle. We divided the room into two groupings, one (at left) for conversation

around the coffee table. The other — a reading corner to the right of the room-divider-bookcase — has a man-size chair, lamp and table by the fireplace. Throughout the house we have selected walnut-toned wood finishes, with the exception of natural-mahogany kitchen cabinets and inside doors. Variations of the color scheme in the living room were used in all rooms to give the house a feeling of continuity and spaciousness.



Dining room, as seen from the kitchen, shows the airy feeling of this house and gives a glimpse of the living room beyond. The dining suite and modular wall units are in a deep-walnut finish, the circular carpet in pale gold contrasts effectively against the tiled flooring and creates a rich fresh appearance. The gay orange and lemon-yellow pierced globes of the ceiling lighting fixture complete the youthful feeling here.



Master bedroom in greens and-golds is sparked by free-form carpet floral drapery, green glass and plant.



Bathroom features custom detailing with pull-out step for kiddies, storage cupboard under sink, plenty of vanity-top space and, not shown, an enclosed alcove for washer, dryer and built-in hamper.

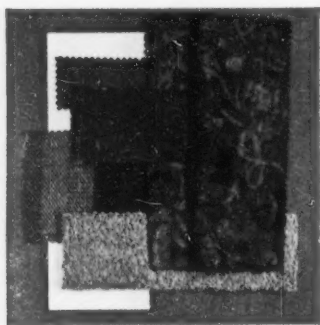


Kitchen, seen from dining room, allows easy exchange of conversation from work area to living area. The spacious yellow counter extends left past the cooking units to the refrigerator and built-in oven. Ample cupboards, a special illuminated ceiling panel and crisp café curtains at the window make this a cheery, warm and convenient workroom.

CONTINUED

COLONIAL COMPLEMENTS CONTEMPORARY

This charming two-story house with its clean lines and homelike atmosphere prompted us to combine the crispness of contemporary upholstered furniture with the comfortable qualities of Early Canadian-inspired wood pieces. We wanted to prove that Colonial pieces do not have to look country-house casual. As a matter of fact, we found that their detailing complemented the sleek chairs, and vice versa. The opposite end of the living room (right) features a large, nicely detailed concrete-block fireplace, which we had painted to match the living-room walls. Again at this end we used wall-to-wall draw draperies over ivory sheers. A man-size chair and ottoman in Egyptian green, a smaller armchair in the royal blue, a reproduction of an Early Canadian dry



Egyptian green is the key color for our Edmonton home. It is an intense color and should be subdued by the use of colors close to it in the color wheel, such as turquoise, blues and green-golds. To offset the coolness of these colors, rosy wood tones are the most flattering, and pale golds or warm whites should be used in fairly large areas to lessen the intensity of the deep green.

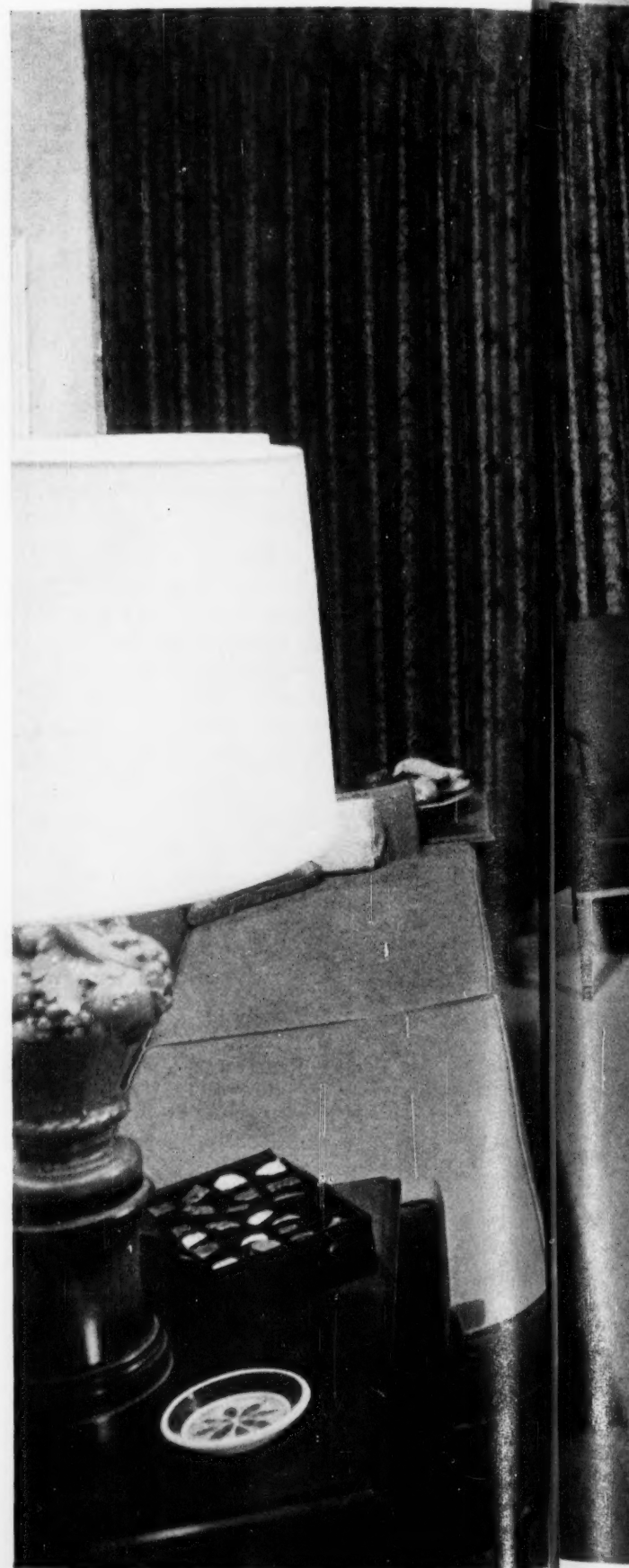
sink, and six feet of bookcase storage units, complete the furnishings of the living room. Throughout the rest of the house we have maintained our blending of Colonial pieces with modern touches. In the dining room, for example, we feature a suite in elm with its styling reminiscent of Colonial. For contrast we introduced draperies in a harlequin design — turquoise, green, gold — and had two of six chairs upholstered in turquoise, two in green, and two in gold. A white wrought-iron plant stand brimming with greenery, and gleaming pieces of brass are the finishing touches. The bathroom has green fixtures, pale-yellow walls and a green-and-white-striped papered ceiling; the powder room has yellow fixtures, and features a Colonial-design paper on walls and ceiling.

The living room at right shows the impact of our new color. We started here with the drapery fabric patterned in the Egyptian green, black and green-gold, then introduced two vibrant royal-blue armchairs, and tied the greens and blues and black together by the introduction of a pair of striped chairs. They are a good pattern balance for the subdued drapery design. Walls are honey color.

CONTINUED



Front hallway as seen from the living room carries out the Colonial theme with a deacon bench. Its cushion, boldly striped in blues, greens and gold is a sharp touch in the pale-green hall. Carpet on stairs and planters add warmth. Stairs behind bench lead to rumpus room.





Kitchen seen from the hallway is keyed to the curtain colors of white, olive, lime, turquoise and lemon. White appliances, white stools upholstered in deep olive; lemon, green and turquoise accessories give the room sparkling color co-ordination. Shelves above the beige eating counter hold cookbooks, radio, etc., so that counters are clear for food preparation.



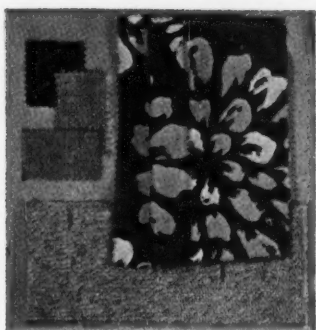
Master bedroom features a comfortable grouping of two easy chairs and wedge-shape walnut table. The clean line of the headboard with floating night tables attached is a pleasing functional development in bedroom furniture. Traditional print of the drapery ties the Colonial and modern themes together. This print gave the gold tone for the feature wall, bedspread, chairs and the almond-green carpet.





THE SUBTLE SPICE OF PATTERNS AND TEXTURES

HOMES
'60
CALGARY



Cantaloupe is the key color for our Calgary home. It's neither peach nor orange, but a delicious hard-to-describe in-between color. With this, pinks, orange and gold tones form vibrant and close color harmony. As a stabilizing influence, large neutral areas are added — deep black-browns, taupe and white. Taking our cue from the drapery and the dark-brown stained ceiling, we chose pale taupe for the painted walls. Gold carpet and sofa spiced with pink, terra cotta, bronze and chocolate toss cushions repeat the colors in the drapery fabric. *Pièce de résistance* — the two side chairs covered in the same fabric.



Dining room, as seen from the family room. The walnut room divider defines the dining area and serves as a buffet. The elegant Spanish-influence chairs and oval table, and deep-taupe carpet are enhanced by the marigold chair cushions and shimmering gold draperies.



Above: Kitchen seen from family room shows curtains in pink, marigold and brown print; wood detailing; sliding cupboard doors and pass-through into dining room. **Right: Bathroom** has custom features — recessed sun lamp for drying towels, an angled mirror over medicine chest and laundry hamper at the bottom of the floating wood divider. Adjustable glass shelves accommodate cosmetics and linens.

Our tri-level house is rich in blendings of wood, marble and brick, and the interplay these textures have on each other. In decorating this home we wanted to enhance these characteristics, so we selected furnishings which by their very differences in wood finish and design tend to enrich each other. In the living room, for example, we mixed walnut with rosewood insets, cherry, Carpathian oak and white lacquer; and we mixed French Provincial, crisp contemporary and modified Italian Provincial. The secret to successful blending is repetition in one or two places in the room. Another point of interest is the use of a similar design on a much smaller scale — for example, the dark-brown chair in the foreground echoes the symmetrical design of the draperies. The rest of the house is color-keyed to this room: the master bedroom is in gold tones and features a papered wall reminiscent of the Chinese tea-chest papers; the girls' room has white lacquer furniture with chocolate and orange accents; and the nursery is in pink, yellow and cantaloupe. White, gilt, and terra-cotta accessories are used in living room and dining room; colorful ceramic pieces in pinks and orange are in kitchen, family room.

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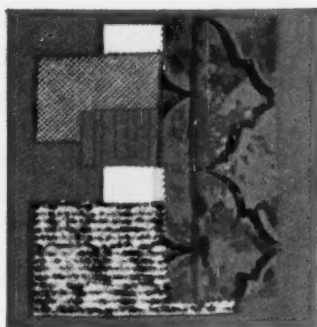




RESTRAINT IN LINE- FREEDOM IN COLOR

CONTINUED

The split-level Ontario house is an expression of disciplined design in a comparatively small area. In keeping with this principle, we selected furnishings with subtle detailing. The sofa and marble-topped cocktail tables (left) show refinement of Chinese influence. The dining-room suite, too, has an Oriental influence. All through this home we have used variations on the living-room color scheme to give a more spacious feeling. For example, the master bedroom has black-and-white draperies in a dramatic scroll design, the carpet is red, and the spread is black-and-grey tweed effect. The little girl's room is in pink, with a Victorian-design headboard painted in deep red. In the bedroom-den we've used brown-and-black-stripe draperies, a black daybed, beige carpet, deep-orange chair, and, to tie the scheme in with the living area, our accessories are in bright reds and marigold. The kitchen, mostly white and walnut, has folding doors along the storage wall, painted in pink and pale melon alternately. The shirred white curtains are finished with a six-inch hem of pink, red and orange striped cotton. Ruby and amethyst glass add sparkle.



Chinese red is the key color for our Hamilton house. For those who love color, this red is it. And for even more excitement, try combining it with touches of marigold and amethyst. But a word of caution: use lots of neutrals. We've selected stark white, putty, black and a deep brownish grey for our color balance. At left, a corner of the living room looking into the dining area shows how we worked with these colors. Starting with the drapery fabric, which is the same in both the living room and dining room, we limited the use of red to this and a pair of side chairs. Most of the walls throughout this area are painted or papered in pale putty-grey. Marigold sofa, painting and cushions focus attention on deep-grey feature wall.



Living room (above) has vestibule panel that adds an airy feeling to this corner of room. Finnish tapestry, white leather chair and ottoman on casters make a cozy grouping around the rich walnut high-fidelity unit.

Another view (below) shows red living-room draperies and white sheers—a pleasing background for the delightful corner grouping. The circular commode has a white leather and gilt top, and doors open for storage.

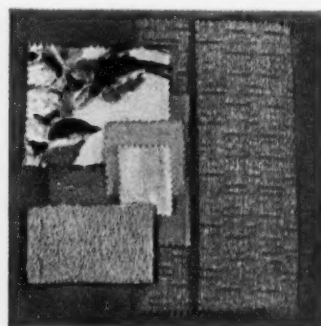




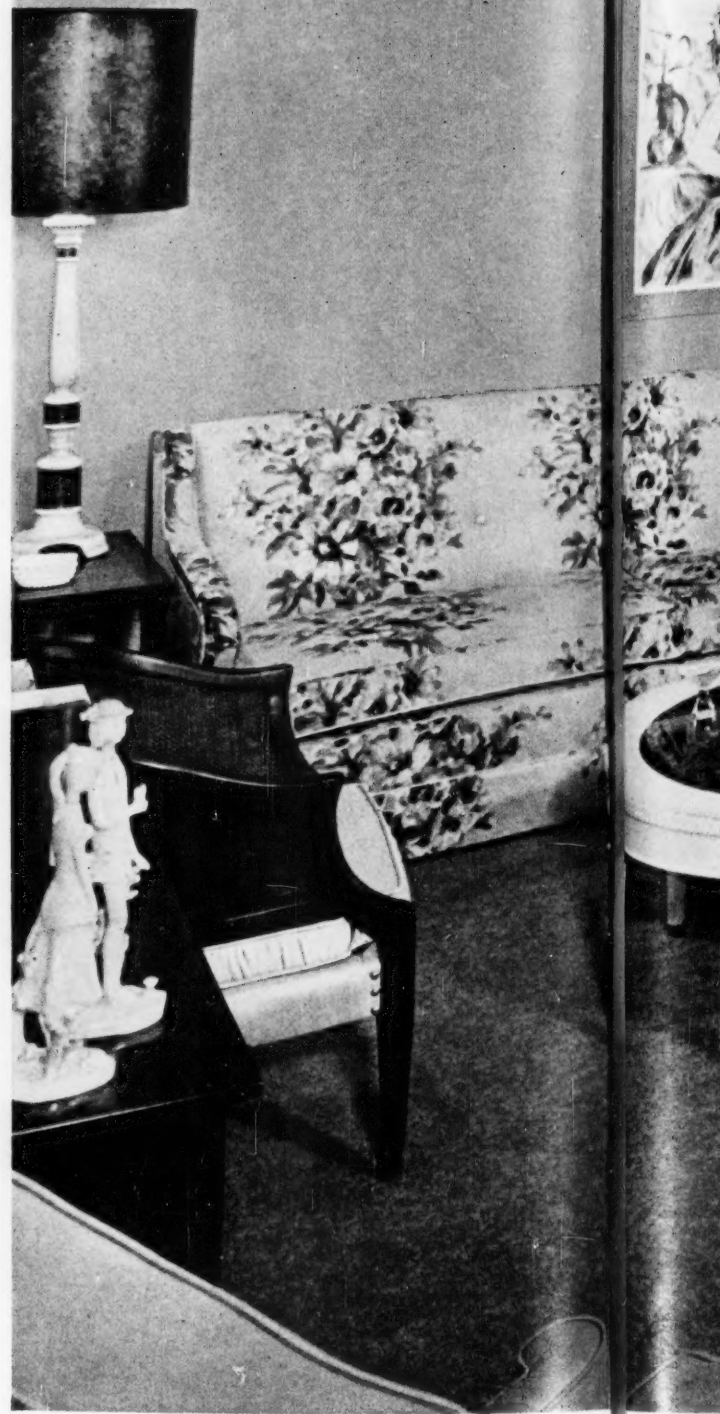
Dining room shows how marigold drapery is used as a divider from kitchen. The simplicity of the white wrought-iron dining suite upholstered in deep violet, and the lighting fixture contrasts happily with the walnut buffets and white scroll mirror and sconces. Delicate blue china carries out the traditional theme.



Kitchen: When the drapery is drawn it reveals the china cupboard and serving bar, built-in cooking units and wall oven. Wallpaper picks up the colors used throughout house.



Hyacinth is the key color for our Quebec City home. A color once greatly favored for traditional room settings, it is returning to today's homes in a slightly deeper tone. We chose fresh and unusual colorings to be used with this new shade — pale lemon, smoke beige, and melon. In applying this to the living room, we painted the feature wall in hyacinth — a shade lighter than the draperies — and the remaining walls pale beige. Touches of antique white, copper-bronze and fruitwood tones add pleasing mellowness.



HOMES
'60
QUEBEC CITY

THE CLASSIC BEAUTY OF TIMELESS TRADITIONAL



In keeping with the tasteful exterior of our Quebec bungalow, we selected furnishings which are modern reproductions of time-tested favorites. The sofa, upholstered in printed linen, is the focal point of a delightful formal grouping. Lamp shades are a perfect match to the antique mirroring in the cocktail table. Silk and velvet upholstery, exquisite china figurines, touches of crystal, and fine paintings complete the feeling of quiet elegance. The rest of the house is decorated in variations of the living-room color scheme. In the master bedroom, we picked our color scheme from a crisp glazed chintz in blue, hyacinth and turquoise on a white ground. Carpet

HOMES '60 PHOTOS BY DENNIS COLWELL

is a new tweed in turquoise and hyacinth, and is an excellent contrast to the antique fruitwood bedroom suite. Adjoining bathroom has papered walls in sea-shell design of white, blue, turquoise and purple; blue fixtures, white-and-blue-tiled counter top, and towels printed with mauve and blue flowers. The girl's room has white furniture, and blends turquoise, melon and pink; and the boy's room, decorated mostly in turquoise, has touches of blue and green. Along the hallway we used wallpaper — a white background with medallionlike designs in pale gold and silver. High ceiling rafters, louvered doors and trim were painted white to maintain the stately classic theme.

For your furnishings guide to HOMES '60 please turn to the next page



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Hamilton master bedroom features walnut bedroom suite in a new and sleek design handsomely accented with black-and-white scroll draperies, black-and-grey spread, and a brilliant red carpet. White wrought-iron chair covered in orange red echoes the scrollwork. Pink, orange, red and white are accents.

Your furnishings guide to **HOMES '60**

Here is a listing of the companies whose co-operation made HOMES '60 the most exciting home furnishings story ever published in Canada

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PROVINCE

HAVE GUN, WILL SHOOT

Continued from page 34

provincial representative, portly and diplomatic, called to arrange for compensation.

"Compensation?" Nan stared at him, still stunned by the whole proposition. "Do you think for one moment that money could compensate us for what those trees mean to us, Mr. Ogilve? The gates can be replaced but it would take twenty-five years to replace my trees!"

And when you came right down to it, what could the years do, she thought bleakly. Years alone could not replace them. But how could she tell this stranger that to see her trees go would be like watching the first crack appear in her bulwark against the world, in the perfection of home and person that she had fashioned to wear like an armor around herself. Around proud Nan Barclay, the daughter of a dissolute English remittance man, who had eloped with Harvey Martin when she was seventeen and had striven ever since to wipe out the taints of privation and defeat.

"Believe me, Mrs. Martin, I'm sorry." To her hostile gaze, Mr. Ogilve appeared to ooze good will like an ingratiating St. Bernard. Naturally he had been warned to tread carefully here, she thought cynically. The Martins could not be brushed aside lightly even by the provincial government, and she herself was known in the community as a formidable woman. It was no secret that it was she rather than her quiet, easygoing husband who, by the sheer force of her determination, had made the family what it was — Janet a doctor, Cia a social worker, the boys working the richest land in the district.

UNYIELDING, she watched Mr. Ogilve gird up his multiple chins for his futile attempt at negotiation. "The old road through Bright Hills has always been a bottleneck, you know," he said diffidently. "This will make your road part of the main traffic artery from Edmonton. Naturally it has to be widened."

"But why our road, Mr. Ogilve? Why not somebody else's road?"

"Suitability, Mrs. Martin. Economy," Mr. Ogilve nodded ponderously as though there were mechanisms at work making mysterious computa-

tions in his head. "We have to consider the cost to the taxpayers."

"Naturally," she said bitterly. "But the fact that we're taxpayers — and quite substantial ones — seems to have escaped you. Is this what we're paying for? To have our own grounds demolished?"

"Now, now, dear lady," He wagged his finger in a massive attempt at playfulness. "You have a nice long driveway there still. Lots of ground left. Eh? And as a matter of fact, we can raise our estimate to cover the cost of moving your trees back a ways."

"I'd sooner see them cut down than watch them die before my eyes," she said curtly. "May I ask you why you can't widen the road into the fields on the other side? It would only mean a slight jog."

Mr. Ogilve couldn't have looked more shocked, she thought acidly, if she had uttered an obscenity. "Jogs are bad safety hazards, Mrs. Martin! I'm afraid it's a sad fact that as individuals we must stand aside for the progress of the country. If you'll be good enough to discuss this with your husband . . . ?"

Nan Martin had not maintained control over seven lusty children into adulthood for nothing. Her glance was one to cow the bravest of men. "Do you call this progress, Mr. Ogilve? Destroying something cherished and beautiful so a lot of speed demons can kill themselves more efficiently on our road?" Signifying that the interview was over, she rose, her handsome grey-blond head high. "I'm sorry but we can't co-operate."

Mr. Ogilve stumbled to his feet, round-eyed with alarm. "But, my dear lady, you misunderstand. It's my unpleasant duty to inform you that you . . . ah . . . have no choice."

There was a strained silence before Nan could bring herself to speak. "Do you mean to tell me that you will trample over our property with your wretched bulldozers whether we like it or not?"

"Er, ahem — well, now, that's a harsh way of putting it. But . . . ah . . . we do have the power to expropriate and much as we'd like to, you know, we can't make exception."

"And they call this a free country!" She repeated the cliché bitterly, driving him ahead of her to the door with her cold grey gaze. "The fact remains that if you want my trees, Mr. Ogilve, you'll have to take them without our blessing."

Continued on page 108



Swivel Rocker
(60-65)

Ottoman
(60-66)

Cabinet Bookshelf
with
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(10-745)

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(10-744)

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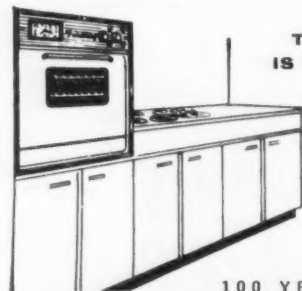
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Continued from page 107

"I won't let them do it!" she cried passionately to her family three days later when the Martin clan had gathered for its monthly Sunday dinner. And with one accord, her children suspended an animated discussion of the matter to turn anxious eyes on her face.

"Now, look, Mother," Cia, the social worker, said in a tone of quiet reason. "They're just trees. They're not important enough for us to take on the whole provincial government. What you're really doing is making a symbol out of them."

"When I want a psychoanalysis I'll ask for it," Nan said coldly.

"Nan, we can't fight this," her husband pleaded from the head of the long table. "None of the rest of the people on the road are opposing it. I've been trying to tell you for the last two days that it's no use."

"You certainly have. And if I hear it again, I'll start throwing things," she said irritably.

"But, Mother, what can we do?" Janet, the physician, lifted her chiselled profile in mild exasperation. "We all hate to see our trees go but we haven't a leg to stand on legally. Have we, Ralph?"

Turning, she appealed to her lawyer husband, and Ralph Andrews, Nan's favorite son-in-law, looked at her regretfully. "I'm afraid Janet's right, Nan. I went into it thoroughly after you phoned me the other day."

"Aw, Mom, come off it," Harve Junior's lean dark face was teasing. "Cia's right. They're only trees."

Only trees! She stared at them aghast, realizing with a profound shock that none of them had ever really shared her vision. It was she alone who had conceived and materialized it. It was she who had saved

her egg money to buy the little trees in the lean years after they moved; she who had kept the life in them with water, hand-carried, and year by year watched them respond, thrusting their magnificent silver-blue spires higher and higher against the sky. But it was ironic surely, she thought, not for the first time experiencing the intrinsic loneliness of the individual, that she who had made her children what they were, should so often stand alone.

"So I stand alone again," she accused with a wry twist to her lips. "I could go down fighting under bulldozers and steam rollers and not one of you would lift a hand!"

"Well, by golly, you got me, Miz Martin! And they oughta be ashamed of themselves!" Milly, who had repaired to the kitchen to whip the cream for dessert, appeared in the doorway, brandishing the egg beater for emphasis. "Let me tell you, if they knew them wolves like I do, they wouldn't be settin' here throwing their own mother to 'em!"

"Thank you, Milly. I'm glad someone's on my side," Nan murmured, shaken to realize that she really was glad to have Milly as a partisan. With her chunky build, round face and dun-colored braids wound in a bun over each ear, Milly seemed so ageless that it was difficult to believe that she had ever been a child, let alone that she too had once been an unwilling pawn in the interests of progress. The great resistance movements of the world had had nothing on the Schmidts, Nan remembered now, looking at Milly with a new respect. In her home stamping ground of Muskrat Crick, Milly had practically cut her teeth on battles with the highways department.

Continued on page 110

You were asking CHATELAINE

QUESTION

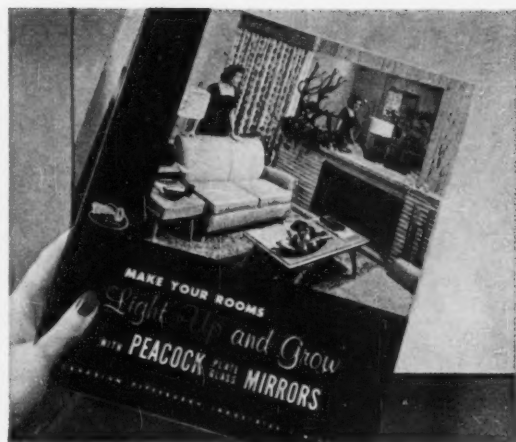
How can I make my legs look shapely? I have very thin calves.

ANSWER

Seamless stockings, in light tones, will help make legs look more rounded. So will shoes with medium rather than high heels. The length of your skirts is important: stand in front of a full-length mirror and experiment with various hem lengths until you find the one most flattering to your legs. (It will probably be slightly longer than the current mode.) Wear slacks, if you wish, but never shorts.



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Continued from page 108

"You give 'em an inch an' they'll take a mile," the freedom fighter was warning, the egg beater raised like a hammer and sickle in her plump hand. "Down home, they took Ma's caragana bushes an' the hen house the first time they come along. Then they up an' took the potato patch an' the pigpen."

"The pirates!" Nan exclaimed in heartfelt sympathy.

"An' that ain't all they took," Milly added darkly as she marched in with the peach trifle. "Nothin's sacred to them heathen. Then they left us settin' so close to that four-lane highway, there ain't even privacy to spit."

"There. You see?" Nan looked triumphantly at her family. "That's exactly what we can expect here in a few years—a four-lane highway going right past our noses."

"We-ell . . ." Allan, the family clown, pursed his lips, his round face solemn. "We have indoor facilities. If anybody feels like spitting, they can go upstairs."

Squelching him with a glance, Nan threw up her hands in exasperation. "Oh, what's the use? For some peculiar reason, you've all decided to be aggravating about this."

"It's not that we don't care, Mom. They're taking a slice off our place, too." Jim, her eldest son, spoke quietly, like his father ill at ease with words. "Carol and I have just had to accept that we can't do anything about it."

"I'm tellin' you," Milly shouted through the serving window. "You'll make the mistake of your lives if you let 'em get a foothold. Pa says if he had it to do again, he'd fill the seats of their pants with buckshot the minute they showed their faces."

"Wow! What a shot!" Allan said admiringly.

"Oh, great," Cia murmured. "Now we're supposed to shoot it out like the Martins and the Coys. Mother, please let's be reasonable about this."

"What none of you seem to realize is that there's a principle involved," Nan said grimly. "This is a country that prides itself on protecting the rights of the individual and yet they could put that road right through our living room and we wouldn't have a word to say about it."

"In other words . . ." Peg was frowning earnestly, "you believe in rule by the people for the people. Mother, until it lands on your own private bunion."

Nan looked at her in silence for a

moment. "I can't deny that I'm guilty of being human, Peg. But I'm in outright disagreement with the principle behind a wider highway. Speed and more speed. What's the good of it? Where will it end?"

"Oh, let's face it, Mother. This is the twentieth century!" Sally, her youngest, spoke with the dedicated sophistication of the teen-ager. "We'll plant another row of trees for you. Won't we, men?"

THEY WEREN'T unsympathetic, Nan realized as she looked at them in helpless frustration. The trees were simply not a vital issue to them and they had no conception of how vital they were to her. But I won't give up, she thought behind lowered lids, withdrawing from them. I'll organize a petition! I'll go to everyone down the road. To the wives first—Bertha Obermeier, Myrtle Fitch, Carol . . . Carol would not surely refuse her support, would she?

Searching, uncertain, her glance sought the face of the girl who had taken her eldest son from her and, as usual, when their gazes met, Nan knew that the cool, intelligent green eyes were measuring her as an opponent rather than a friend. She knew too, suddenly sick, that to humble herself before her daughter-in-law or before any of the other women down the road would be one of the most difficult things she had ever done.

It became difficult to the point of subtle agony as she drove down the high narrow road the next morning and realized that none of their neighbors had as much to lose as the Martins. A little desperately, she began with Bertha Obermeier who was noted for her easy good nature. But although Bertha functioned adequately within the frames of reference of her rather narrow life, she had seldom in thought or action stepped beyond them. She listened, unmoved, to Nan's exposition of theory and principle.

"I dunno, Mrs. Martin," she said, shaking her frizzy mop of hair. "It's up to Herman. I know he don't like the idea but he figures we have no choice."

"I thought perhaps a petition . . ." Nan said and spoke haltingly of her trees.

"Yah, that's too bad," Bertha shook her head again. "But I think Herman figures to buy a new tractor with the money."

"Oh . . ." Nan said faintly and was unable to bring the paper and pen she

Continued on page 112



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Continued from page 110
had brought for the petition from her purse. As she left, depressed by her failure, she tried to comfort herself with the assurance that Myrtle Fitch was a better prospect. Myrtle, small and round, with eyes like black buttons, was a powerhouse of volubility in community affairs. If she could enlist Myrtle's support, she thought wryly, she'd have the equivalent of a public address system on her side.

But as she talked over coffee in the Fitch's kitchen, beginning once more with the principles at stake, the words echoed so hollowly even to her own ears that she could no longer deceive herself. It wasn't the principle of the thing that was driving her to do this any more than it was the principles involved that would influence her neighbors. Nothing short of an outright personal appeal on her part would penetrate their apathy, and its success or failure could very well depend on their personal regard for her.

The thought was very revealing and the words died on Nan's lips, as the knowledge sank deep into her that she couldn't even call these women her friends. They respected her, yes. She had given them dynamic leadership in their organizations, set them a tireless example in the community, and they had rewarded her by nominating the Martins for the Master Farm Family Award with which the province gave recognition to its outstanding agricultural families. But they owed her no more than this—a public reward for public service. She hadn't even had the time or desire to sit with them like this over coffee, exchanging the confidences, sharing the problems, fulfilling the rites of friendship.

"Oh, I might as well stop pretending, Myrtle," she said painfully. "It's my trees. I can't bear to see them go..."

"And I don't blame you," Myrtle Fitch cried warmly. "That's what I said to Eddy. I said the Martins'll be hit hardest—losing those beautiful trees and all."

"Myrtle, if someone were to take up a petition to have the road left as it is, would you—would you sign it?"

Myrtle tilted her head to one side, sparrowlike, considering. "Well, I don't know as it would do any good, Nan. None of us are happy about having a busy highway this close to us, but they've got the law on their side. After Eddy and I talked it over with some of the other folks, we de-

cided we might as well make the best of it. And of course we can use the money."

"I see," Nan murmured, and as she rose to go she was struggling desperately to hide the hurt that accompanied the knowledge that she had been left out of their discussions.

Without the will to go further, she drove home and seldom in her life had she felt more alone. Life exacted payment in such subtle ways, she thought. This was just one of the prices she had paid for success and it had taken Mr. Ogilve to show her where she stood.

AS THOUGH her thought had conjured him there, she saw with a sinking heart as she neared home that his car was parked for the third time in their driveway. With remarkable perseverance, he had returned the day after his first visit only to find himself up against Milly. "We got nothin' to say to you," she had said belligerently, answering his knock. "Now you git while you're still healthy!"

"Now, Milly, we shouldn't be rude to him. He's only doing his job," Nan had said sternly as she watched the poor man moving with agitated haste to his car.

But Milly had just finished a long talk on the phone with her elderly but still lively mother and had hung up primed with warlike propaganda. "Rude, nothin'," she grumbled. "He's lucky he didn't get the slop pail on his head. That's what Ma said she'd give him if she was in your shoes."

The picture rising in her mind's eye had brought a knot of unruly humor to Nan's throat but she had swallowed it hastily, uneasily aware that all Milly needed to make good the threat was a little encouragement. She had known with a depressing sense of fatalism that Mr. Ogilve would be back. With the doggedness of the St. Bernard on a mission, he would plod up to their door again and stand, hat in hand, a faithful servant of the people.

But why did it have to be today of all days, she thought wearily. There was something unnerving about the fact that he was so exactly as she had envisioned him. Or was he? He was at the back door instead of the front and as she drove past him into the garage, she was struck with the strange feeling that there was something different about him after all. Something odd about his head, she thought vaguely. But it wasn't until she had

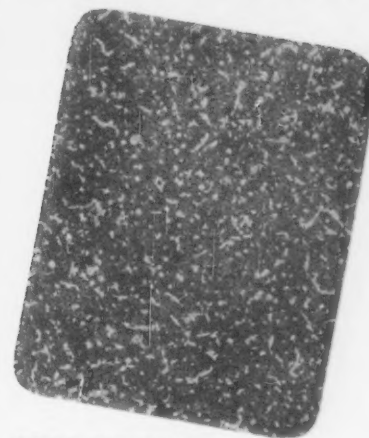
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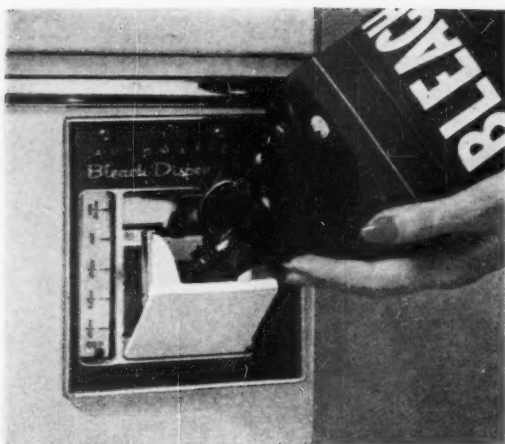
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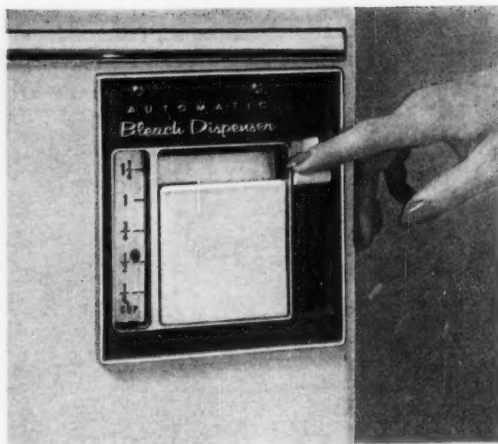
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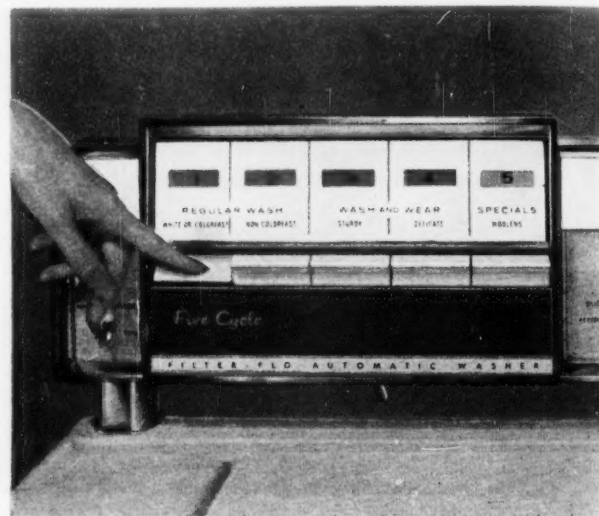


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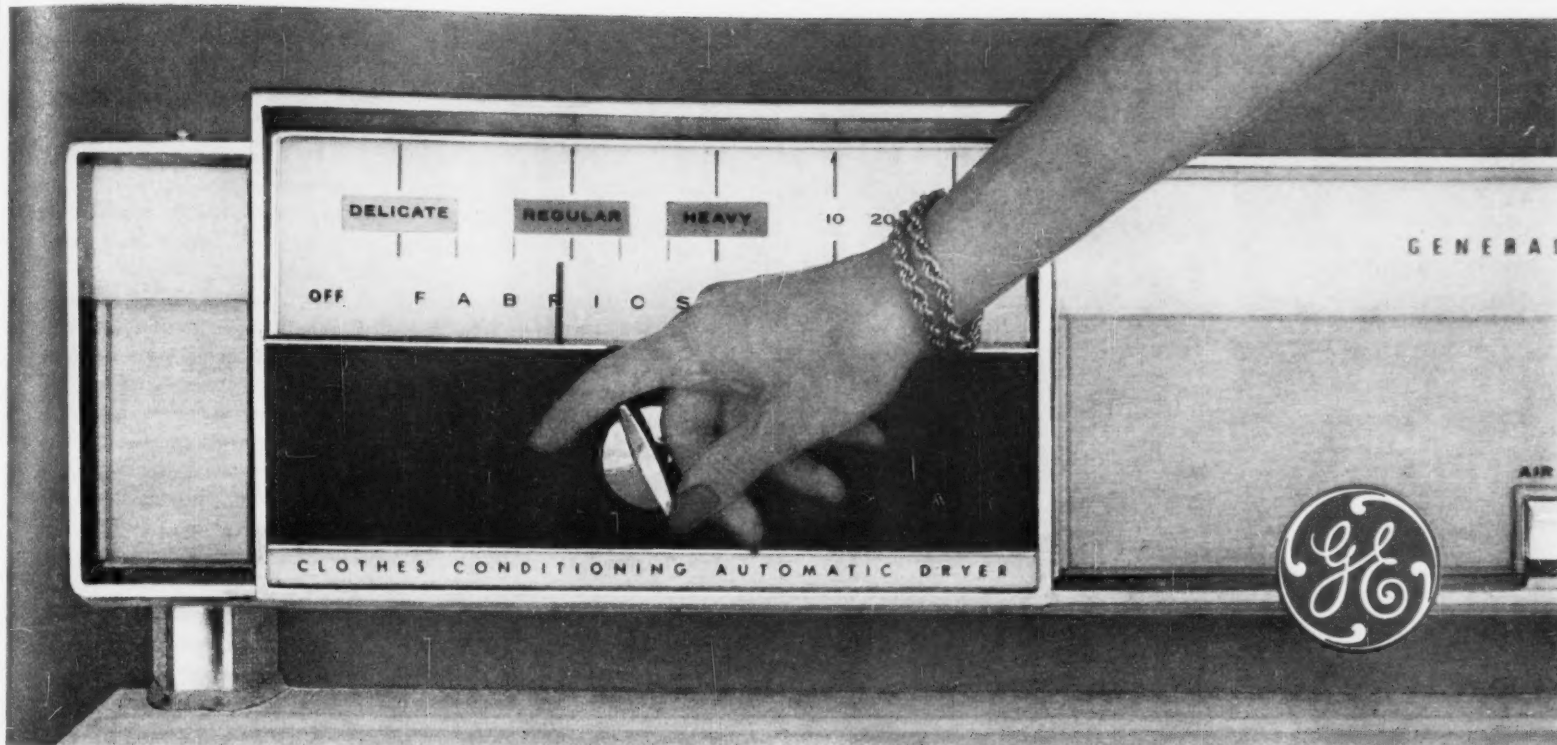
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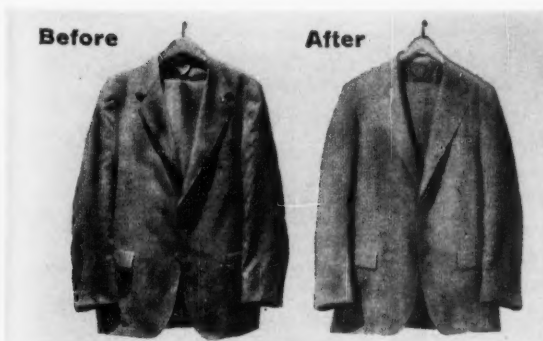
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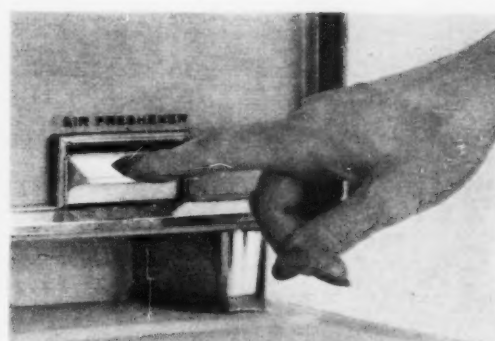
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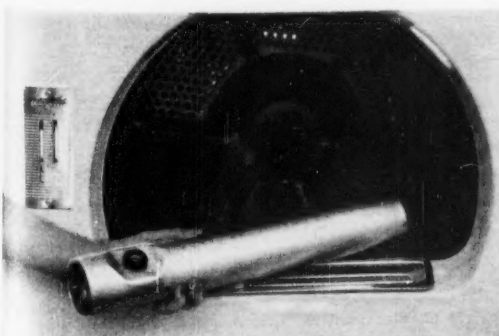
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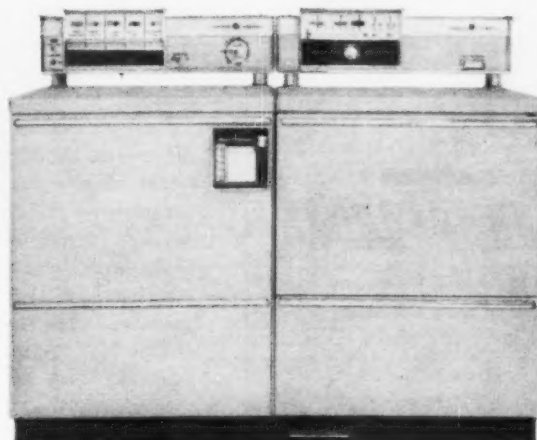
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Continued from page 112
emerged from the garage that she realized, aghast, that he had muddy water dripping from his eyebrows and potato peelings hanging like the tresses of Medusa from his thick greying hair.

"Milly!" she gasped after staring at him speechlessly. "Milly, you didn't!"

"It was an accident, Miz Martin," Milly bawled from the window above. "I just told him at the front door you wasn't in. How was I to know he'd come around here? The nerve of him! Standing there callin' me a liar. That's what it amounts to!"

Soggy and outmanoeuvred, Mr. Ogilve had lost his urbanity. "Do you mean to tell me that it's normal procedure in your household to throw potato peelings from an upstairs window?" he spluttered, turning on Nan. "That . . . that woman was quite aware that I was here, Mrs. Martin. I made it clear to her at the front door that I was determined to see you today."

"There! What'd I tell you?" yelled Milly. "He's calling me a liar!"

"You must accept my apologies, Mr. Ogilve," Nan murmured, her mind moving sluggishly. Making small deprecating sounds, she helped him off with his coat and shook the potato peelings from the shoulders. "I'm sure Milly didn't realize what she was doing! You must send us your cleaning bill. Would you care to come in and get cleaned up? Your hair . . ."

"He ain't washing his dirty head in any sink I gotta clean!" Milly's words descended like hailstones from above.

"Thank you, no." Mr. Ogilve mopped drearily at the top of his head with his handkerchief. "I came by today because I thought it only fair to warn you that we're drawing up agreements now with everyone else concerned. I've . . . ahem . . . just talked to your husband, Mrs. Martin, and he implies that you are the . . . ah . . . Well, anyway, the way is still open — if you'd care to change your mind?"

His tone and the mournful droop of his jowls clearly indicated that he felt he had given his all to the Cause and Nan was filled with reluctance to add to his epic martyrdom. Gently, as she handed him his coat, she said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Ogilve, but I simply can't bring myself to sign my name to something I'm bitterly opposed to. I hope you understand . . ."

"Yes. Yes, I see . . . We dislike very much to have to do things this

way though. It's very regrettable. Very."

"A lot he cares, the old hypocrite," Milly muttered audibly as he returned to his car. "You try to take them trees and you'll get your nose punched!" she shouted.

"Milly, that will do!" Nan glared up at her lone supporter. "You come downstairs at once. I want to talk to you!" But she found when she faced the hurt reproach in Milly's eyes that she really had very little to say. "I do appreciate your loyalty, my dear," she said, softening. "But you simply must get it into your head that violence is out of the question!"

As she went to remove her suit jacket, she was aware that her faithful old servant wasn't exactly converted but knowing Milly's distaste for physical activity she found it difficult to take her desire for combat seriously. She'll subside in a few days, she thought, preoccupied with the



SUMMER'S END

*Hear the bend of the wind
Over the long grasses,
The rasping cough of rain
In the curled dry leaves,
Above a clamorous wedge
Of wild geese passes . . .
The golden days have gone
Like hunted thieves.*

BY JOY TRAIL



ache of her own defeat. Obviously nothing short of a miracle could save her trees now.

Milly however had no intention of subsiding. Below her homely exterior was a deep devotion to her mistress, and since Nan was too much of a lady to fight for herself she reasoned stubbornly that it was up to her, Milly, who had no such drawback to deter her, to carry the battle to the enemy. This she heroically resolved to do even though it might involve exertion.

NAN WAS UPSTAIRS washing her hair the day the men arrived to begin work on the trees. As a result, she was unaware that a minor revolution was starting on her doorstep until she heard Milly charge upstairs to Harv Junior's room and charge back down again, sending a violent shudder



through the house as she slammed the front door. By the time she had raised her head, soapy and dripping, from the sink to look with dumbfounded eyes out the window, Milly was dog-trotting down the driveway, carrying Harv's shotgun at the ready as she ran.

"Oh, no!" Nan moaned, torn between a powerful urge to disclaim all responsibility for Milly and the knowledge that it was on her behalf that Milly was launching her one-woman uprising. Desperately, she cast about in her mind for an escape. Harvey and the boys were in the fields and Sally wasn't home yet from school. There was nothing for it but to give chase herself. Seizing a towel, she wrapped it turbanlike around her head, and clutching her wrapper around her, hurried out the front door, half convinced that she was the victim of a bad dream.

The nightmarish quality of the day did not lessen as she toiled down the long driveway. Peering anxiously ahead, she could see that the battle had been joined and was moving swiftly to a climax. Burly men were scattering for cover while one craven, later identified as the foreman, had sped off in one of the trucks. Still unconquered, were two stout fellows, obviously made of sterner stuff than their comrades, who were trying vainly to disarm a writhing Milly.

"Milly!" Nan panted as she swung out of the driveway into the glare of the afternoon sun. "Milly, come back here at once!"

But her words were wafted away by the breeze and Milly, sighting her, was under the gleeful impression that reinforcements had arrived. "Here, Miz Martin," she shouted, flinging the shotgun with her free hands. "Watch they don't get behind you an' shoot to maim! Killing's too good for these buzzards."

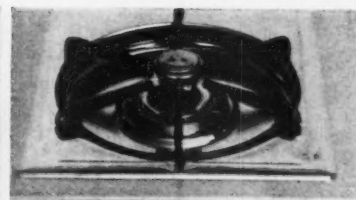
The gun had landed at Nan's feet and she bent to retrieve it, relieved that Milly had been disarmed without bloodshed. Resting the muzzle gingerly on the ground, she mustered an icy dignity to offset the unconventional nature of her attire.

"You can let Miss Schmidt go now, if you don't mind," she said firmly to Milly's captors who were staring at her as though they had never seen a woman in a purple wrapper and white turban on a public road before.

"We was told to keep her here until the boss gets back," one of them said defiantly. "In case you don't know it, this woman has committed a



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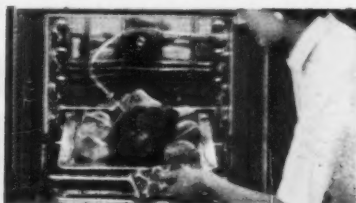
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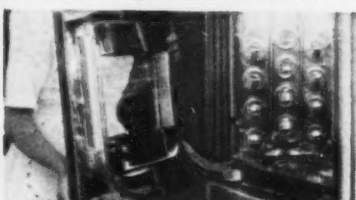
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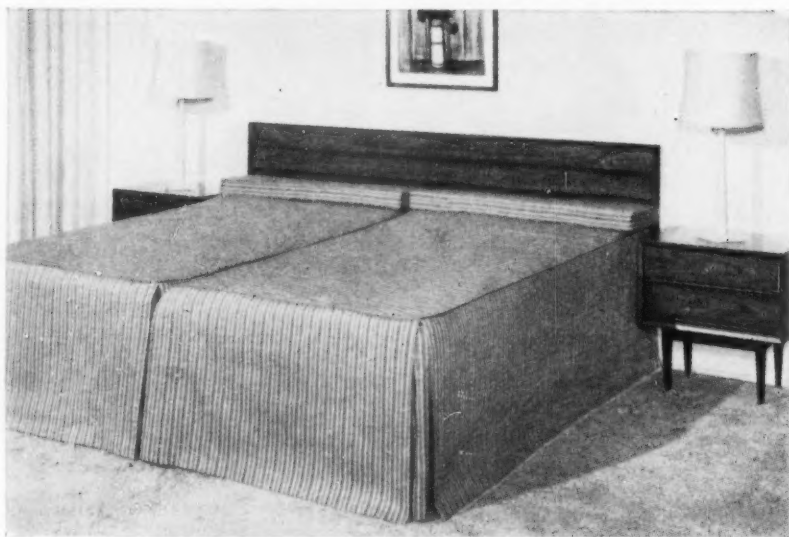
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felony. This here's a citizen arrest."

Receiving an elbow in his stomach, the citizen grunted like a wounded rhinoceros and momentarily released his hold. "Shoot, Miz Martin," Milly shrieked, breaking loose. "Give it to 'em right between the eyes. Wounding's too good for 'em!"

If there was one thing about Milly that was consistent it was her inconsistency. Nan thought, fighting the desire to dissolve in nervous laughter as Milly dodged behind her.

"Oh, no, you don't!" the enemy yelped simultaneously as Milly, having reached sanctuary began busily picking up stones.

"I think you'd better stand back," Nan said with forced calm. "Miss Schmidt is in my employ and I assure you that I will assume responsibility for her from now on."

"That's all very well, lady," the wounded one protested, still hugging his stomach. "But we ain't gonna stand here and let her clobber us with rocks. Besides, we was told to hold her."

"Milly, put down those stones!" Nan snapped, her nerves beginning to unravel in earnest. As she faced the steady threatening advance of the two men, she could see only one way of preserving the dignity of her own person and the freedom of her loyal henchwoman's. Slowly she raised Harv's shotgun and in horrified disbelief heard herself say hoarsely, "All right, get 'em up! And stay right where you are if you don't want the seats of your pants filled with buck-shot!"

SHOCKED, AND a little confused by the ambiguity of this unladylike threat, the men stood rooted to the spot while Milly paled noticeably. "Hey, Miz Martin," she breathed heavily in Nan's ear. "You don't want to get yourself in trouble with the law. Besides there's something you oughta know. That thing ain't loaded."

"A fine time to tell me that," Nan muttered, "but don't you dare back out on me now, Milly. I'm beginning to think you had the right idea all along."

"Boy, oh boy, you women are sure in for it now!" With unexpected alacrity, the men were retreating and, horrified afresh, Nan realized that they were no longer alone. In fact everybody in the neighborhood seemed to be making a beeline for Martin Acres. A police siren was wailing down the road, cars were converging on them from both directions, and Harvey and

the boys, drawn by the siren, were coming at a run from the wheat field. Even the school bus, loaded with wide-eyed children, had chosen this inopportune moment to arrive at their gates.

In the vanguard, assuming the role of master of ceremonies, was Mr. Ogilve. "I'm glad you were in the vicinity, officer," he was saying, welcoming the constable in the police car with outstretched hand and turning a look of pained reproach on Nan. "I was on my way out here in case of trouble when I met our foreman. But, my goodness, I never dreamt they'd go this far!"

The young Mounted Policeman nodded, taut and businesslike, "Get those children out of range," he shouted angrily at the bus driver as though he expected the air to be filled with flying lead at any moment. "Now, Mrs. Martin," he warned sternly, "I'm afraid I'm going to have to read you the Riot Act."

"The Riot Act?" Nan looked at him blankly, suddenly aware that she still held the gun thrust out at a threatening angle before her. Lowering it hastily, she said faintly, "But I can explain, officer. These men are trespassing on our property. Miss Schmidt was only acting on our behalf and when they..."

Oh, what was the use? Mr. Ogilve probably had a court order in his pocket, and as the full realization of her position struck her, her story seemed too long to tell and too impossible to rationalize. And anyway this *had* to be a nightmare. She couldn't be standing here in broad daylight in the middle of a crowd of people, clad skimpily in her old purple wrapper, a towel wound rakishly around her head, a shotgun in her hands.

This slapstick dilemma could not be happening to Nan Martin who had never in her life appeared before her neighbors without being faultlessly groomed and carefully composed. Indeed, her grooming and her composure, like her trees, were so much a part of her protective covering that, deprived of them, she felt naked and shivering.

Helplessly, she looked around at the faces of her family and neighbors, wondering if this were the extent of their regard for her. Were they going to stand by in silence and watch her subjected to this? She could hear a gopher squeak inquisitively nearby as they stared back at her, their eyes dazed. Then suddenly the gopher



could no longer be heard as bedlam surrounded her.

"Now just a minute here!" Harvey, her big quiet husband, was the first to recover from the shock of finding his wife to all appearances prepared to shoot it out with the law in her dishabille. He strode fiercely toward the police constable. "I'd like to know what's been going on here before you read the Riot Act or anything else to my wife!"

"Mother, Mother, what are they doing to you?" shrieked her youngest, breaking away from the driver of the school bus in a manner that was anything but sophisticated. Not to be outdone, her male offspring were heading like fighting cocks for the two workmen who could be heard casting ungallant slurs on her sanity. Milly, meanwhile, was surreptitiously ridding her person of rocks. That done, she devoted herself to egging the boys on with hoots of encouragement mingled with jeers at the highways department.

CLEARLY SOMEONE had to restore order before a full-scale riot did ensue and as Nan struggled to free herself from Sally's clinging arms, she was thanking heaven there wasn't more of her devoted family present.

"Sally, I'm all right," she gasped. "For goodness' sakes, let me talk to that constable before your father gets himself arrested for obstructing the law. Milly, will you please be quiet! Boys! Harv! Allan! I forbid you to fight with those men. They aren't really to blame for this. Oh, for heaven's sake, won't anybody listen to reason?"

"You're a fine one to talk about reason," Harv said grimly. "But no matter who's to blame, nobody talks about you like that. You apologize to my mother, Bub! D'you hear?"

"Okay, okay, we apologize." The citizen who had received Milly's elbow in his stomach decided to capitulate before he got a fist in it. "But somebody's nuts around here. Those crazy dames come at us with that cannon and we gotta apologize!"

"You really needn't have worried," Nan said kindly, once more attempting to muster her dignity. "This cannon, as you call it, doesn't happen to be loaded."

Encouraged by their sheepish exchange of glances, she was on her way to restrain the rest of the family when Myrtle Fitch and Bertha Obermeier bore down upon her from the Fitches' car which had skidded to a

The *Hushtone* Blower...

Only one of the reasons why

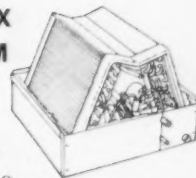
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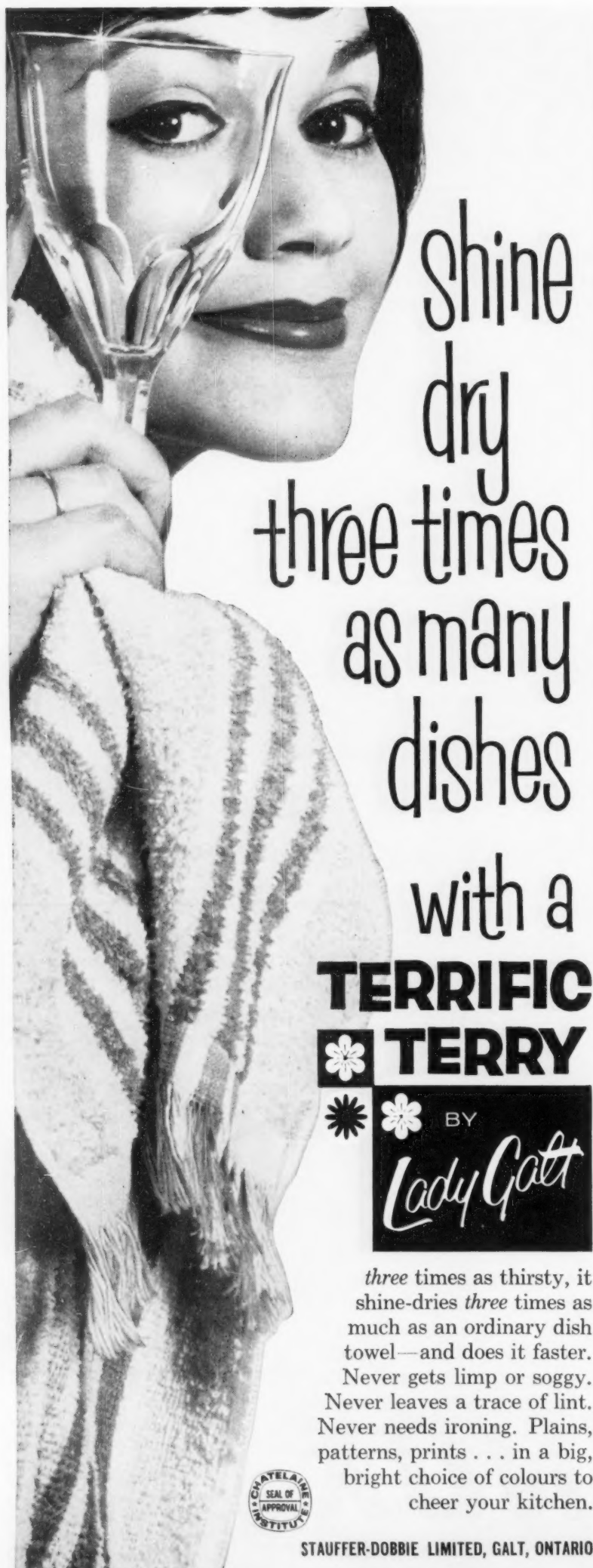


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wild stop just behind the school bus.

"My land, Nan, what's happening here?" Myrtle was asking shrilly, her eyes popping as she took in the wrapper and towel. "We were just drinking a cup of tea, Bertha and me, when that foreman came to use our phone. My land, the old fool tried to tell us some woman was going berserk with a shotgun down here . . ." Abruptly Myrtle halted, her face stiffening as she caught sight of the gun which Nan still held in Hawkeye style under one arm. Slowly her eyes lifted to Nan's face. "Oh, Nan, you poor dear!" she said, her tone hushed. "We had no idea you felt so strongly about this!"

What was the use of trying to explain, Nan thought again, and was appalled to find her vision blurring with tears as Myrtle and Bertha each put a sympathetic arm around her.

"There, there, don't you worry another minute," Myrtle crooned. "We're going right over there and tell that government fellow we've changed our minds! Aren't we, Bertha?"

"Sure," Bertha agreed, her face perspiring and earnest. "Herman's got a real respect for you, Mrs. Martin. If he'd known you wanted to make a fight of it this bad, he would've backed you up sure."

"But you really don't understand," Nan wailed weakly.

"Oh, yes, we do," Myrtle cried, her eyes snapping. "You're the only one of us who had the gumption to stand up for yourself. The rest of us have just sat around like a bunch of sheep. We never did want this road, did we, Eddy?"

Once aroused, Myrtle was not one to be suppressed, and with her new supporters marching solidly on either side of her, Nan found herself propelled to the spot where her husband was arguing heatedly with the constable and Mr. Ogilve. Still trying vainly to bring lucidity out of Babel she laid a restraining hand on his arm. "Harvey, please! If you'll just let me do the talking for a minute, I can explain all this."

"No, sir, Nan, we're not backing down now!" He put a big arm around her, sheltering her. "So help me, if the trees mean this much to you, we'll fight it through. We'll go right to the premier if we have to!"

"Hear! Hear!" Myrtle squealed enthusiastically and swinging to face the gathering which was swelling with every car that approached, she waved her handbag for silence.

"None of us wanted this highway,"

she cried accusingly. "But we let ourselves be cowed by a big bogeyman called the government. If you ask me, we should be ashamed to call ourselves Canadians! It's taken Mrs. Martin here—one lone courageous woman—to show us the spirit that has preserved democracy!"

"Well, really, it wasn't my idea at all," Nan protested, feeling unworthy of this stirring tribute. "I was washing my hair when they came. It was Milly who manned the gates."

"In that case, three cheers for Milly," bellowed a voice from the audience, and caught up in the wild, free spirit of Milly's uprising everybody cheered as though Milly were the advancing troops of a liberating army.

"There now!" Myrtle turned triumphantly on Mr. Ogilve. "After this, you can bet your bottom dollar that not a farmer down this road will sign away an inch of land without a fight. You can't put us all in jail, can you?"

THE DISCOVERY that her private no man's land had been invaded by an army of friends was almost too much for Nan. She fought back another embarrassing rush of tears and with a compassionate gaze watched Mr. Ogilve shrinking into an aged version of himself.

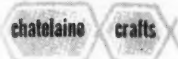
"But the agreements," he bleated piteously. "They're already in the mail. You people gave me your word."

"Yeah, but it strikes me you been rushing us a little," Eddy Fitch removed his cap and scratched his balding head. "But by golly, I been thinking about it and I figure you could have taken the cutoff south of town just as well. Runs parallel, don't it?"

"Yes, yes, but the foundation isn't as sound. We've got all we can do to beat the frost as it is." With a look of utter despair, Mr. Ogilve wiped his brow. "I'll consult with the minister. That's all I can promise."

"Just remind the boys in there that we're all old enough to vote. They'll see it our way," somebody shouted confidently.

In the laugh that followed, Nan looked up at her trees, still lifting their spires serenely to the sky. The miracle, it seemed, had happened! But as her neighbors crowded around to shake her hand and slap her husband on the back, she stood humbly in wrapper and towel, knowing as she looked with misty eyes into their faces that the reprieve of her trees was not the only miracle that had happened at Martin Acres that day. END



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By WANDA NELLES Chatelaine Crafts Editor

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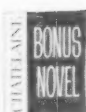
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DEATH COMES TO THE ISLAND

Continued from page 36



The members of the Fallon family were once more seated around the long table, with its gleaming white cloth and fine old silver.

Mrs. Starke turned her head. "Well, my dear," she said to Suzy, "I see that you have changed your mind about leaving us. Come in and sit down."

Seated and served with overdone fried chicken and some underdone accompaniments, the new arrivals ate rapidly and in silence.

Presently ice cream was served and Gertrude, the rabbit-looking maid, came in carrying a napkin-wrapped bottle as though she expected it to explode. As Mildred rose quickly to take it away from her, George Fallon turned to his half brother. "Why don't you pour the champagne for Mildred, Larry? She must be tired."

Mildred looked, Suzy thought, about as tired as a leaping flame. Her big pale eyes were brilliant and the smile she bestowed on Larry as he took the bottle was dazzling as ever.

Larry filled the last glass and Mildred returned from the kitchen with an elaborately decorated cake. On it blazed eight small pink candles.

George stood up unsteadily and lifted his glass. "To your good health and—uh, many more birthdays, Grandmother."

They all rose to drink, the toast, and then the second Fallon brother raised his glass again. "To Grandmother,"

Tom said, "who has been like a second mother to every one of us."

His stepmother tried to speak but his wife was quicker. "To dear Grandmother," Lilas said. "And may I add that my fondest hope is to be just a little like her on my eightieth birthday."

Those last two toasts made even Suzy wince. Just how far could the Fallons go with this sort of thing?

Mrs. Starke looked down at the blinking circle of candles on her cake. "Mildred," she said, "bring me another candle, please."

"But, Grandmother, each of those candles is supposed to represent ten years of your age. You don't need more than eight."

"You have more candles, haven't you? Bring me another."

While Larry located a second bottle and filled the glasses again, Mildred brought another candle. Mrs. Starke took it in her thin jeweled fingers.

"My dear children," she said, her tone so sweetly amiable that Suzy was astonished. "I want to thank you for your kind wishes and for coming here again. In addition to being my eightieth birthday, this evening is also a milestone, and the candles on this cake represent more than the decades of my age. Last year eight of us gathered to celebrate, but tonight we have another Fallon with us and our number is nine. Suzy, come here—"

Suzy started. Somewhat apprehensive, she rose and walked around the table.

Mrs. Starke smiled at her. "This," she said, still in that amiable tone, "is the girl who was our dear Roger's wife, the mother of his child. In her honor I will place another candle on my cake." She lit it from one of the others

and shoved it into the frosting in the centre. "You, my dear," she told her, "are the ninth candle."

Certain that the old woman's tongue was in her cheek, Suzy mumbled something and kept her eyes on the cake.

"So we"—Mrs. Starke lifted her own glass—"will drink a toast to the ninth member of our family—to our ninth candle." She gulped the champagne with obvious enjoyment. "And another to the absent tenth member, little Suzanne Valery Fallon, my only great-grandchild, for whom I hope next year to put another candle on my cake." She emptied the glass. "You may sit down now, my dear."

Relieved, Suzy hurried back to the chair beside Nick. Reaching for her napkin, she became conscious of a sudden silence and looked up to find all the Fallons staring at her again. Then George smiled at her. But no one else did.

Suzy's fingers pulled at the napkin in her lap. It seemed to her that Grandmother Starke had deliberately stirred up this hostility. Now, if they were foolish enough to believe what she had just been saying, the Fallons must really be afraid the old woman might be planning to change her will again.

"We will have our coffee in the drawing room," Mrs. Starke announced.

SHE WAS SEATED in a wingback chair, her diamonds glittering in the lamplight, surrounded by books, boxed letter paper, gloves, and handbags, all of them looking expensive. Turning to Mildred, who had neatly stacked the folded wrapping paper on a table and was trying to unsnarl a length of green ribbon, she told her to throw the stuff in the wastebasket.

"I think," Mrs. Starke added, "that

I can afford to buy fresh paper and ribbon when I need them."

"It's quite a lot of paper and ribbon, Grandmother," Tom's wife said in her clear penetrating voice. "Perhaps Mildred would like to keep it for herself."

Mildred dropped the ribbon as though it had stung her. "If you're hinting that I don't have much spending money, Lilas," she said coldly, "you are right. You're very fortunate in having an income of your own."

Lilas had crossed her long slim legs and was adjusting a fold of her sleek black skirt. "You might have been a little more fortunate yourself, my pet," she told Mildred, "if you had used your head."

"You can't blame Mildred for having bad luck," George Fallon said.

"Bad luck?" His tiny blond wife began to laugh. "I wouldn't exactly call it that, would you, Lilas?"

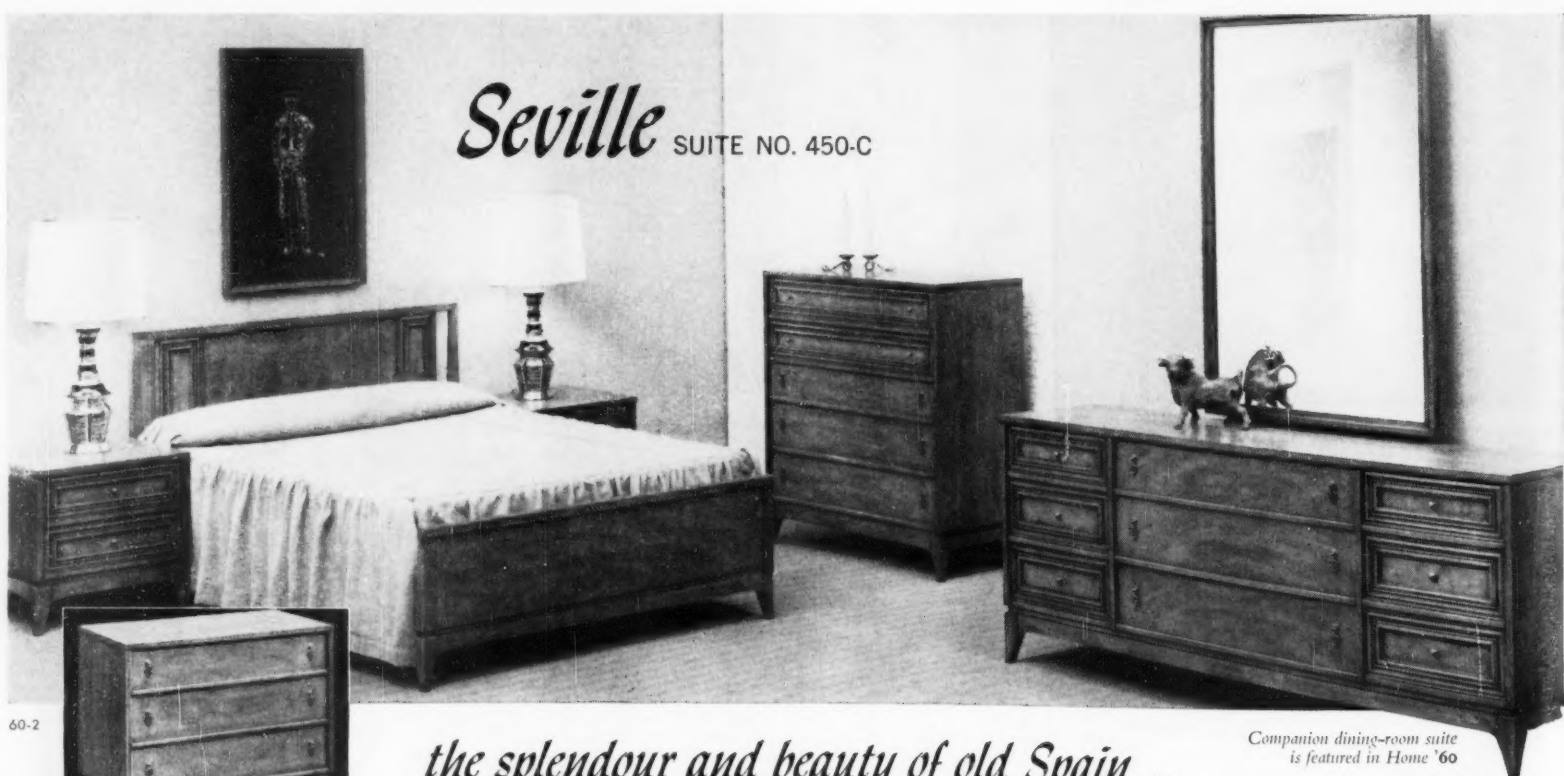
"Not exactly, Irene."

Why, Suzy wondered, did these women dislike each other so much? Since Mildred, who was to receive an annuity anyway, no longer had anything to gain or lose, no matter which of her grandsons the old woman favored, there must be more than greed behind it.

As Mildred put the birthday gifts back in the basket, and turned to leave the room, Suzy decided to follow. She might have an opportunity to question her.

But before she could speak, George was taking the basket. He left the room with Mildred, which finished off that possibility.

For the first time Suzy had to look squarely at the possibility that she might have to leave this island tomorrow with the mystery of Roger's death still unsolved. I waited too long, she thought, hating herself again. It's buried



Seville SUITE NO. 450-C

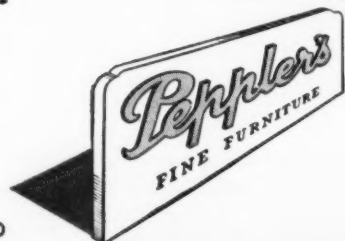
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so deeply that I may never be able to do it up.

Mildred and George returned and were told to sit down. When all her guests had been seated in a semicircle around her, Mrs. Starke looked at them, a faint smile on her wrinkled face.

"Tonight," she announced, "we are playing a little parlor game."

"But, Grandmother," Lilas protested, "we've all been hoping for a chance to talk to you—"

The old woman told her, "I am certain this game will interest you."

With an air of resignation Mildred rose. "I'll get the paper and pencils."

"We won't need them. Don't fidget, Irene. A woman should learn to sit quietly. And you might as well stop hunching your chair toward the door, Larry. If you think you can get out of this room without my noticing, you are wrong."

"Why, he wouldn't dream of doing such a thing!" Clover cried indignantly. "He's been looking forward to this party for weeks, haven't you Larry dear?"

"Sure have, Grandma." He tossed one of those bright appealing smiles at the old woman.

Again it seemed so familiar that Suzy almost gasped.

Then she saw Nick watching her with something which looked like troubled comprehension in his eyes. Had he guessed that she had noticed a disturbing resemblance to Roger? She hated herself for being so obvious.

MRS. STARKE leaned forward, "My dear children," she said pleasantly, "you may be interested to hear that I am thinking of making a new will."

The silence which followed this statement was like the aftermath of an explosion. Then again Suzy became conscious of eyes staring at her. She was the intruder, the upstart who seemed to be interfering with all their careful plans. Suddenly she became certain that this really was Grandmother Starke's reason for summoning her to the island and refusing to let her leave. She was a necessary piece of property in the play the old woman was staging.

"The older I become," Mrs. Starke continued, "the more I am impressed by the need to make wise disposition of my property. One way to arrange this, of course"—she paused to brush a bit of lint off her sleeve—"would be to leave all of it to charity."

Carefully she brushed a bit of something off her black skirt. In the hush Suzy could hear rain beating down.

"However, this does not appeal to me," Now Suzy was sure she heard exhalations of relief. That old witch was playing on their hopes and fears as though they were the keys of an organ.

"As you may recall"—the dry voice had a twang of what might be amusement—"my present will divides it equally among my three surviving grandsons, with an annuity for Mildred. But . . ." Again Mrs. Starke paused, this time to adjust her glittering bracelets.

And still none of the Fallons moved or changed their frozen expressions. The tension in the room was like something which could be picked up and handled.

"But," Mrs. Starke went on, "it has occurred to me that there may be some better way of accomplishing my purpose. Perhaps there is among you someone so wise and deserving that he or she could be trusted with the entire estate." Once more she paused. Then her tone became brisk. "So tonight we will play this little game. Each of you in turn will tell me what you would do if you had it."

Continued on page 125



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SHOPPING

with CHATELAINE

BY JEAN BYERS

How to buy her back-to-school wardrobe

"Looking like the other girls" is important, so take your daughter with you when you shop. It not only helps develop her taste and teaches her how to shop, but until standard sizes are adopted it is the best way to be sure of garment fit. (By the way, Canada Standard Sizes for children, based on waist, chest, and hip measurement, should be available in nightwear and underwear in the next six months. Look for the label in up-to-date branded lines.) If you can't take your daughter along, do take her measurements, or a dress which fits her now, to check against your purchase. Take your own tape measure — stores often don't have them. These are the fit features which make a grow-able garment:

Neckline: low enough in front for comfort, snug enough in back not to ride up or down. Fiddly buttons and button loops are a nuisance; elastic thread or real buttonholes last longer and are easier to handle.

Shoulders: wide — but not so they'll slide out of place. Raglan and kimono styles give an easy shoulder fit.

Sleeves: must be roomy. Buy short sleeves loosely cuffed or long sleeves well bloused over slightly loose cuffs.

Waistline: slightly loose but not sloppy. Elastic part way around is good if not too tight. Princess, empire and Chanel lines give waistlines that grow with the girl.

Length: dresses should be the current length with at least a two-inch hem (preferably more). Blouses should have a long tuck-in. Separates allow greater lengthwise growth and several seasons' wear from a favorite outfit.

Fabric and construction: check labels — wherever possible the garment should be washable (see Shopping



Check: long sleeves should be bloused over cuffs.

with Chatelaine, May 1960, for fabric combinations that wash and wear). Branded permanent cotton finishes look fresher, take less care. Wool and synthetic blends may machine-wash, need only steam ironing. Plaids, stripes and any small pattern will show wear and tear less than plain fabrics. Dark cottons in small prints, scaled to the wearer are good year-round, worn with machine-washable cardigans, and "stretch" tights. (Make sure the tights have plenty of stretch, particularly in the feet and seat.) All school garments should have pockets somewhere. Tunics and jumpers should have adjustable shoulder straps or deep armholes. Wide (for letting-out) seams should stand up to strain, buttons to small hands, zippers to impatient tugs. Finally make sure the garment looks becoming — it's no fun wearing something you don't like.



Holders of Chatelaine Seal of Approval

- | | | | |
|--|---|--|--|
| Ace Kettle De-Scaler | Electrolux Floor Polisher | Lloyd Baby Carriages and Strollers | Sanitized Process |
| Ace Oven Kleen | Electrolux Vacuum Cleaners | Melmac Trademark | Scot Towels |
| Amico Rubber Tiles | Flash Zippers | Modess Feminine Napkins & Belts | Scott Table Napkins |
| Amico Vinyl Tiles | Flo-glaze Colorizer Paints | Nescafe Instant Coffee | Scotties Facial Tissues |
| (Opaque and Translucent) | Formfit Foundation Garments | Nobility Plate | Silknet Lingerie |
| Angel Wear Baby Garments | Gerber Baby Foods | Numilk Instant Skim Milk Powder | Simoniz Paste, Non-Scuff and Vinyl Liquid Floor Wax |
| Arborite #6 and #10 | Gold, Red & Pink Seal | Ocean Spray Cranberries | Smith Cush-N-Tred |
| Arborite Twin-Trim | Fancy Quality Salmon | Peerless Rugs | Soft-Weave Toilet Tissues |
| Barrymore Broadloom | Harding Carpets | Pie Pork Loaf | S.O.S. Scouring Pads |
| Beacon Polythene Housewares | Hi-Flo Syrup | Pierson Sashless Windows | Spam |
| Blue Ribbon Spices, Extracts and Baking Powder | Hoover Steam or Dry Iron | Pioneer Household and Beauty Gloves | Sss-T Steam Iron Cleaner |
| Calgon | Hoover Floor Polisher | Playtex Bras | Success Heavy Duty Paste Wax |
| Catalina Swimwear | Hoover Vacuums—Constellation, Convertible, Pixie | Playtex Living Beauty & Hand Saver Gloves | Success Paste Floor Wax |
| Celwood Folding Doors | Hoover Electric Floor Washer | Prestige Furniture Wax | Success Self-Polishing Liquid Floor Wax |
| Co-Ets Quilted Cotton Beauty Squares | Instant Chocolate Mil-ko | Princess China | Success Trio Wax |
| Corticelli Hosiery and Sweaters | Instant Mil-Tone | Puritan Beef Stew | Sunworthy Pre-Pasted Wallpaper |
| Culligan Automatic Water Softener | Jim Dandy Liquid Household Cleaner | Pure Barbados Fancy Bulk Molasses | Tex-made Combed Percale, Colonial and Homestead Sheets |
| Dahlberg Miracle-Ear, Optic-Ear & Magic-Ear II | Kirsch of Canada, Drapery, Hardware, Venetian and Vertical Blinds | Red Rose Teas, Coffees, Instant Coffee, Instant Tea | Topic Plasticware Cleaner |
| Dominion Domolite | KnitKing Home Knitting Machine | Revere Ware | Vilas Branded Furniture with Vila-Seal Finish |
| Dominion Inlaid Linoleums | Knox Gelatine | Royal Doulton Bone China and Earthenware | Wabasso Hostess Percale, Anniversary, Family and Muslin Sheets |
| Dominion Vinyl Tile | Kool-Aid | Samsonite Luggage—Streamlite, Silhouette and Stratford | Whisper Nylons |
| Dominion Marbleum | KVP-Appleford Household Waxed Papers | | Windsor Salt |
| Dow Corning Suede Saver and Shoe Saver | Lady Galt Towels* | | Zero Cold Water Soap |
| Duralay—Rug Underlay | Lightning Slide Fasteners | | |
| Du-val Distributors | | | |
| Ladies' Accessories | | | |

*Seal covers thirteen of the Lady Galt lines. END

DEATH COMES TO THE ISLAND

Continued from page 122

Shocked, Suzy stared at Roger's grandmother.

"You're joking, Grandmother," Lilas was saying.

"Indeed not," Mrs. Starke said. "I consider this an important investigation. We will begin with the younger members of the family. Stand up, Larry, and tell me why you need my money."

Suzy saw Roger's stepmother, Clover, stiffen on her chair, but her son rose willingly enough. The handsome young face beneath his smooth red hair looked cheerful and confident.

"Well, Grandma," he said, and again the warmly coaxing note in his voice startled Suzy. "I guess people always need money, don't they? Especially when they're young? When I graduate I'd like to go to Europe."

"What would you do there?" Mrs. Starke inquired.

"Travel around," Larry said easily. "Look at things."

"What things?"

"Oh, art galleries, churches, stuff like that." He smiled again.

"I am wondering," she went on, "which of these art galleries is most likely to interest you. Do you enjoy such artists as Botticelli, Tintoretto, or Meissonier?"

"Very much," he said promptly.

"But I suppose it would be only natural for a boy of your age to prefer Hattushash."

"You're right about that." Once more the quick smile lighted up his face. "He's one of my favorites."

"Hattushash," the old woman told him, "was the capital of the ancient empire of the Hittites. Sit down, Larry."

For a second his expression was a ludicrous mixture of shock and almost childish astonishment, then recovering his jauntiness, he laughed and returned to his chair.

It was quite evident that his mother did not consider it as a joke.

"Suzy," Mrs. Starke said, "it's your turn."

Suzy started and her eyes flashed yellow as her amber earrings. "I'm not playing this game."

"You are not interested in money?"

"Not in yours."

"Grandmother"—George spoke loudly from the love seat—"she didn't mean it the way it sounded! She—"

"I," Suzy told him, "meant exactly what I said—"

"Suzy!" His tone implored her to be silent.

"For heaven's sake, George!" Pink with fury, Irene glared at her husband. "Why don't you stop interrupting people?"

Suzy wondered why he had been so anxious to silence her. Was it possible he was hoping the old woman would mention his brother's child in her new will?

"Your turn, Lilas," Mrs. Starke said.

LILAS ROSE promptly and stood tall and straight before the old woman, her dark-gold hair shining in the lamp-light.

"Dear Grandmother," she said in her clear voice, "if sometime—many years from now, we hope—you are kind

enough to leave a little money to Tom, both of us will try to spend it in ways of which you and Grandfather Starke would approve—"

"What ways?" Mrs. Starke demanded.

"I'm afraid it would be hard to tell you now, because each year we change our list of contributions a little. We like"—her expression became serious—"to review them, and consider what seem to be the greatest needs at the moment—"

"Am I to understand," Mrs. Starke's tone was caustic, "that the entire income from any money I may leave to Tom will be contributed to worthy causes?"

Suzy almost laughed, but Lilas looked completely undisturbed.

"Of course not," she said. "Tom and I don't pretend to be saints. I'm sure we'd each rush out and buy something quite frivolous and extravagant." She glanced at the diamonds on the old woman's hands. "After that I suppose we'd pack our bags and take a trip. But don't you think Grandfather Starke would have approved of that?" She looked around the room. "He loved to travel, too, didn't he?"

Then she was silent, the smile still on her lips. She seemed to be waiting, most willingly, for further questions. When none were forthcoming, she glanced at her husband's grandmother, as though to ask permission, and returned to her chair.

And that, Suzy thought, had been quite a performance, and could not have given Grandmother Starke much pleasure. Lilas was clever. Also it had become evident that having an income of her own had not dulled her interest in the old woman's money.

Mrs. Starke looked around at the fidgeting relatives who had not yet been called upon. She pursed up her lips, seemed to consider, then pounced on her next victim. "Your turn, George," she said.

Irene's blue eyes were fixed on her husband's face and they were as compelling as a couple of sledge hammers.

George glanced at her anxiously, then cleared his throat. "Well, uh, this is your birthday, Grandmother, and naturally I'm eager to do . . . uh, whatever you suggest. I think my reasons for needing money are . . . uh, obvious. The mortgage on that new house Irene wanted to buy is—"

"You wanted to buy it, too, George," his wife said firmly. "We had to have a bigger house."

"Why?" Tom Fallon demanded.

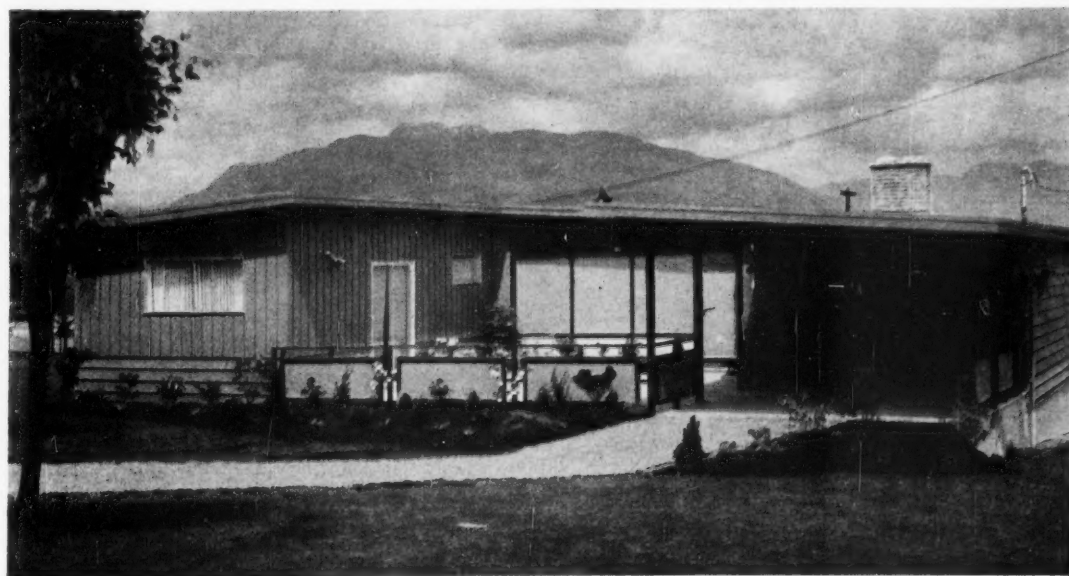
"Why?" Irene's lovely little face flushed with indignation. "You and Lilas bought a big house, didn't you? We have to do just as much entertaining as you do. Your share of the company's profits may have been enough for you and Lilas. But she has an income of her own."

Tom's wife frowned. "I," she announced, "am getting rather tired of hearing about my income. I see no reason why Irene and Mildred should make such a fuss about it."

"If you call it fussing to mention your income," Mildred said quickly, "then I suppose we have been fussing. I didn't realize you were ashamed of it."

"My dear Mildred, I am not in the least ashamed. Nor am I ashamed of having had the good judgment to marry a man who could have supported me without it."

Continued on page 126



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Continued from page 125

A scowl had appeared on Tom's handsome tanned face. "Why don't we change the subject?" he suggested.

"Change the subject—that's the thing to do," George agreed eagerly. "We all know Mildred's had bad luck, but that's no reason to—"

"I don't call it bad luck," Irene interrupted, tossing her blond head. "I was the one who had bad luck. George hardly drank at all when I married him, so how did I know he was going to start drinking so much later?" Then she turned on Mildred. "But Dennis was drinking all the time when you married him—and you knew it!"

"In a way, I think it was quite clever of her to marry him when she did," Lilas drawled.

Mildred said nothing. But something was happening to her eyes. Those big pale eyes had grown murky, as though a storm were gathering behind them.

Mrs. Starke looked at her secretary and companion. "What is wrong with you, Mildred?" she inquired. "Aren't you feeling well?"

SUZY DID NOT know what it was she heard in that seemingly solicitous voice. But suddenly she was sharply alert. The old woman appeared to have forgotten the "game" they were supposed to be playing. Could it be that the game had been intended to lead to something else?

"Don't you think," Mildred asked in a tight voice, "that I've had to take enough from them?"

"Perhaps," Mrs. Starke said. "What do you suggest?"

Nick nudged Suzy. "She's doing it deliberately," he whispered. "That old gal is deliberately trying to break her down."

Suddenly Suzy was certain that Grandmother Starke was not tormenting her relatives merely because she enjoyed watching them squirm. She was, after all, a very old woman, and she had begun to look tired and strained. What could she be trying to do? Why was she doing it?

Mildred still looked surprisingly cool. "I must not forget I am your employee and that these—these people are your guests," she told Mrs. Starke. "Have I your permission to speak?"

The old woman's black eyes glistened. "Say what you please."

Mildred fixed her big murky eyes on Tom's wife.

"You've never let me forget it, have you, Lilas?" she said. "And neither have you, Irene. It was quite a crime I committed." Mildred smiled, her lips tight and scornful. "A man jilted me, and three months later I married his brother. In four years you'd think they would have stopped talking about one broken engagement, wouldn't you? Do you know why they haven't?"

"Why?" Mrs. Starke asked promptly.

Mildred laughed and the sound was like breaking glass. "I suppose you know that when all of us were younger half the girls we knew wanted Roger. What you may not know is that the two who tried hardest to get him were Lilas and Irene—"

"That isn't true!" George's wife cried indignantly. "I never had to try hard to get anyone!"

"Irene," Tom's wife said, "you protest too much. It's unconvincing."

"Lilas Fallon, it just happens that I was once engaged to Roger myself—"

"So was I. What of it?"

As Suzy gasped and sat up, Nick's fingers dug into her arm. "Take it easy," he whispered. "I don't believe a word of it."

"They didn't have a chance with him," Mildred continued as though there had been no interruption. "Long before I finally became engaged to him,

both of them had given up and married George and Tom—"

Suzy saw Tom wince, though Mildred did not seem to notice.

"You may have guessed some of that, Grandmother," she continued, "but you would have been interested to see how Irene and Lilas behaved when Roger came here for that weekend three years ago—without his wife."

"I was here, wasn't I?" Mrs. Starke said. "And I am not blind."

"Yes, you were here," Mildred said, "but they were very careful while you were around."

"Is this intended as a confession?" Lilas inquired waspishly. "I seem to remember that you spent more time with Roger than Irene or I did."

"Of course—" Mildred paused then, as though suddenly remembering that Roger's widow was in the room. She flung what seemed to be intended as an apologetic glance at Suzy. "Of course three years ago they misunderstood us completely. Roger and I had always been congenial. We were glad to see each other and we became friends again—that was all."

"Friends?" Irene's laughter was like hard metallic little bells. "Was that why the two of you were always going off somewhere alone?"

"Roger had lost the wedding ring he was supposed to wear," Lilas drawled. "Don't you remember? He and Mildred had to spend most of their time hunting for it."

"If you have finished," Mrs. Starke told Mildred, "then sit down."

Mildred started. "But—"

"You've said it all, haven't you?" The old woman's voice was harsh.

"What more is there to say? Sit down." For the space of a minute there was silence. Then she leaned forward. She did not look tired now. Her eyes were violently alive.

"Three years ago," she said slowly, "Roger died. I listened to the explana-

tion of the tragedy which was given to me—"

"For God's sake, Grandmother!" Tom exploded. "We went over all of that again at lunch, didn't we?" His voice was taut. "I think both George and I have heard more than enough about Roger's death today. If you want to spend the rest of the evening talking about how he died, you'll have to excuse us if we leave. Come on George—"

"Sit down!" The old woman's voice was like the crack of a whip.

For a moment Tom stood his ground but as her voice lashed out at him again, he slowly returned to his chair.

"I," Mrs. Starke continued, "began to wonder. While I was willing to admit that the average man who climbed a high rock at night might step into a puddle, slip, and fall to his death, I found it hard to believe that this particular man would have done such a thing—"

"Roger was a healthy young man with normal vision. He must have known every crevice in that rock. He had a flashlight with him. And unlike other members of this family"—Mrs. Starke glanced at George, who seemed about to be sick—"he was not a heavy drinker."

Suzy was on the edge of her chair. Was it possible that after three years Grandmother Starke might actually be trying to find out who had killed Roger?

"For more than two years," Mrs. Starke continued, "I have sought for the real explanation. I remember having noticed tension among all of you that weekend. I remembered that some of you had seemed surprisingly pleased to see Roger again. That you, Clover, had kissed him when you saw him—"

"What?" Roger's stepmother started, her plump face flushing. "Why, of course I was glad to see him! He was my husband's son—"

"Whom you hated. Whose life you made so difficult that he sometimes thought of leaving home—"

"That isn't true!" Clover's voice became shrill. "If Roger told you that, he lied—"

"Be quiet. I remembered that Lilas and Irene had also seemed delighted to see him. And they too had reason to hate him—"

"Hate him?" George's wife cried. "Where did you get that idea? I was fond of Roger—"

"Be quiet, Irene," the old woman snapped. "For three years I have had to watch the revolting spectacle of Lilas and Irene grieving over Roger. Of Clover shedding tears whenever his name was mentioned. But I wished to be absolutely certain, so tonight I explored the whole situation more thoroughly." She paused, her black eyes glittering.

"What," Tom demanded, "are you talking about?"

Mrs. Starke laughed and the sound made Suzy's flesh creep. "For years," she said, "your wife and your sister-in-law have been pretending a great fondness for Roger. They did it so well that they succeeded in fooling each other. They even succeeded in fooling Mildred. Three years ago they fooled her so completely that she is still holding it against them—"

Mildred sat up. "You mean—"

The old woman leaned forward suddenly, her red head angled, her nose like the beak of a hawk about to swoop down on its prey. "Stand up, Lilas . . . Clover . . . Irene . . . and come here to me!"

Lilas looked startled, but she obeyed. Clover and Irene followed, looking frightened.

Side by side they stood on the Chinese rug before Roger's grandmother. The tall beautiful woman with the dark-gold hair, the tiny doll-like blonde, and the plump middle-aged woman with the curls and the taffeta ruffles.

Mrs. Starke's eyes blazed at them. "You three," she cried, "have made my son and grandsons miserable! For years I have watched you doing it and said nothing. But on my seventy-seventh birthday one of you went too far! It seemed so easy, didn't it? I was an old woman and I had a favorite. I could be expected to favor someone else, or at least to divide my possessions more equally—if the favorite was no longer there?"

Suzy's hands gripped the arms of her chair. She held her breath.

"Which of you three followed him out to the point that night? And pushed him off the rock—and killed him?"

For a long moment there was no sound but the splash of rain against the windows.

Then Tom leaped up. In two strides he reached the old woman, seized her by the arm, and pulled her to her feet. "There's been enough of this foolishness, Grandmother! It's time for you to go to bed."

"It certainly is!" Lilas took a quick step and seized the other arm. "Does she have any medicine that will quiet her, Mildred?"

"I'll give her a sleeping capsule," Mildred hurried toward them. "You'd better come upstairs now, Grandmother—"

"Let me go!" Mrs. Starke's voice became a screech. "Take your hands off me! I'm not finished—"

As the struggling old woman was carried from the room, George began to be very sick.

THE RAIN had ceased but dampness hung about the island. They sat on a rock near the shore and Suzy shivered and turned up the collar of her coat.

Continued on page 130

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TEEN TEMPO

When your date takes you to eat after a movie,
how can you tell how much he expects you to order? By SUSAN COOPER



How to phone . . . how to order

Dear Susan:
My parents are positively irrational. When my girl friends are on the phone, they don't mind how long I talk but if I talk to a boy, they get angry.
— ANNE

Dear Anne:
Ask your parents how long you can talk to a boy. Then cut your conversations with the boys to the arranged number of minutes and you can talk without fear of being embarrassed. Just tell the boys your parents don't like you holding up the phone longer.

Dear Susan:
My cousin has flipped for my boy friend. What shall I do? I'm so blue.
— ALICE

Dear Alice:
No man likes moody, unhappy girls. All you can do is keep your sense of fun and gaiety. If the worst does happen it's out of your control and you'll have to take it. Don't show your blues to the world or you'll ward off any other approaches.

Dear Susan:
I am fifteen. My younger sister is always taking my jewelry and lipstick and things. Why do younger sisters always take your things?
— MAUREEN

Dear Maureen:
Odd as it may seem, little sisters take your things because they admire you and want to

be like you. They want to try on the lipstick and the jewelry to see how it feels. Talk to your sister and see if you can't work something out. Maybe if you tell her you'll let her try your things when you're there to show her how, it might work. If nothing does, then you'll have to hide your most precious possessions till she's old enough to appreciate how you feel.

Dear Susan:
I've tried not to be a gold digger. The other night I ordered a Coke and my date got nasty and asked if I thought he was too poor to treat a girl properly. How can you know if you should order a lot?
— PATSY

Dear Patsy:
Just say you don't know what you feel like having and ask him what he's going to have. If he's ordering a lot you can be sure he's ready for you to be hungry too.

Dear Susan:
I'm going steady and my mother says she thinks I should be going out with other boys. If I sat around waiting for those fellows I'd end up an old maid! However, everything isn't rosy. My beau persists in doing things that annoy me. Also, he hardly ever asks me out.
— DOT

Dear Dot:
You aren't having much fun, are you? What on earth is the point of being chained to someone who annoys you and never takes you out?



These limber
lasses have the
JUMP on
fashion for fall



Fashion riddle: What looks like a skirt, has the zing of sportswear, and is VERY BIG on the fall fashion scene? Everyone who answers, "Culottes," goes to the head of the class. Divided skirts, in the culotte manner, started making news last spring, and this fall they're at a popularity peak. Now culottes report for classroom duty in swingy-skirted jumpers (sometimes called "jump-suits") that are fun for after-class capers, too. Co-ed above wears a zipper-front corduroy culotte with matching Oxford cloth shirt. In burnished brass or Wedgwood blue. Sizes 10-18; jumper about \$14.95, shirt about \$6.95. By Casual Togs. Bouncing blonde wears a jumper-culotte in wool plaid with Arnel-and-cotton shirt. The outfit is about \$30—in sizes 5-15. By Mr. Mort.
PS: For the "ring-a-ding" touch: colored leotards, squash-heel shoes.

END

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Something to see...the new shape of me...as only this new Formfit Skippies can fashion it!

Q. What pantie girdle is so entrancingly new?

A. Style-setting Skippies by Formfit!

Q. And what is it only this Skippies can do?

A. Create a whole new fresh point of view!

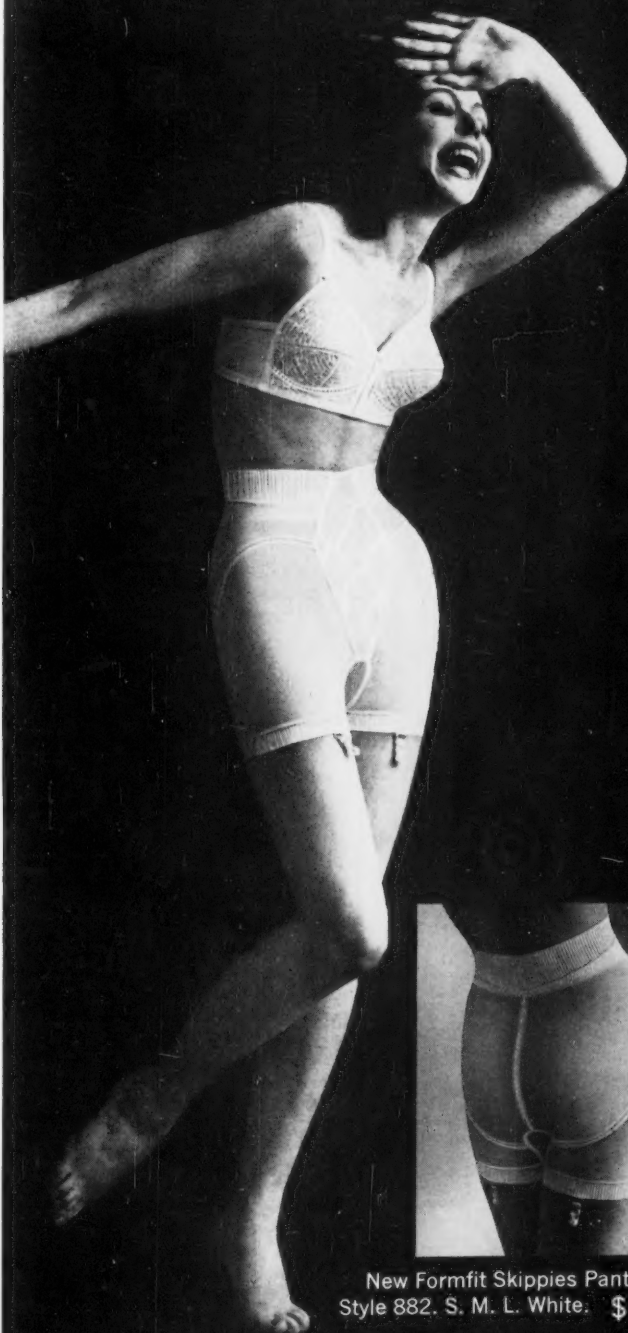
Only this Skippies shapes and controls a lovelier, more natural line without a rear control panel!

Only this Skippies uses light elastic power net joined with marvelous seaming to form a natural contour to your hipline and derriere, controlling, gently molding a marvelous new view of you!

And this Skippies flatters your front, too... with a lace-luxuried nylon panel attached to the waistband for more control!

Q. So, naturally, this Skippies can't help but give you...?

A. That Formfit Feeling!



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Style 882. S. M. L. White: \$10⁰⁰

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Rave Bra Style 589. \$4.00
Matching Skippies Girdle
Style 982. \$10.00



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DEATH COMES TO THE ISLAND

Continued from page 126

"But why did they stop her then?" she asked. "I don't see how they dared."

"The old lady went too far," Nick said. "She overlooked the fact that there might be something they would be more afraid of than losing the money."

"You mean they were more afraid of having people find out there was a murderess in the family?"

"Yes. Once they realized what she was trying to do, they closed ranks and lined up solidly against her."

Suzy shivered again. Beyond her in the darkness the great waves thundered against the rocks. The tide was coming in now, she thought. It must have been like this the night Roger died...

Her shoulders sagged. To be so close to finding out the truth—and then learn nothing—seemed unendurable.

"Why do you suppose she waited so long before she tried to find out who had killed him?"

"She had to wait for another birthday, so she could be sure of having the whole family here at the same time. Considering the kind of show she managed to put on tonight, my guess is that she hasn't thought of much else for the past two years."

"And I suppose," Suzy said slowly, "that the anonymous note I found saying Roger had been murdered was intended to make me willing to spend the night here and see what I could find out."

"She must have been watching those women for years, and tonight she used everything she knew about them. She got them into such a state that they hardly knew what they were saying."

Suzy frowned. "Lilas didn't look upset. I think Grandmother Starke must know more than she was allowed to say tonight. Do you really believe she would have spent the whole evening working on them—if all she could do at the end was line them up and shout accusations at them?"

"Maybe not," Nick admitted.

"Don't you think she must have had a plan for trapping one of them?"

"It's possible."

"Then the thing to do is find out what—"

"Suzy," Nick said, "you won't be able to find out any more. It's finished. And you should be very glad it is." He touched her hand. "Hey, you're getting cold. Let's go back to the house."

They waded through the wet grass, climbed the porch steps, and closed the door after them. Suzy jumped as a figure materialized in a doorway.

"Hello," Mildred's voice was soothing syrup poured into chaos. "I'm sorry we gave the two of you such an unpleasant evening, but until tonight I'm afraid none of us realized how badly Grandmother has failed—"

"You think the old lady has failed?" Nick asked in a dry voice.

"That was rather obvious, wasn't it? Of course it never occurred to any of us that she would lose control of herself and create such a ridiculous scene," Mildred smiled. "I hope you didn't allow yourself to be upset by it, Suzy. Like any family, we sometimes get on each other's nerves but we're really very fond of each other."

Still smiling, she turned to Nick. "There's a room ready for you on the east side of the house, Mr. Endicott.

I left the door open and the light on. I hope both of you sleep well."

In the doorway of her room Nick looked down at Suzy for a moment, his expression troubled. "Just for my sake," he suggested, "why don't you lock this door? You're perfectly safe of course, but I'll sleep better if I know you're locked in."

WHEN HE HAD gone she closed the door and walked thoughtfully across the creaking floor.

How could Mildred, who had once loved Roger, be so eager to conceal the facts of his death and protect the killer?

How could Tom have tried to silence their grandmother? How could George, sick or not, have sat there and allowed him to do it?

How could they?

Only Roger's grandmother had cared enough to try to find out the truth.

She walked back across the room, pausing to pull off the amber earrings and drop them on the dresser. The

You were asking

CHATELAINE

QUESTION

I have a short waist and would like my clothes to give a longer effect in the waistline (I am only five feet two inches). How do I achieve this?

ANSWER

Look for styles with narrow matching belts, or no belt at all. Avoid wide belts and cummerbunds. Suits with Chanel-style jackets that just reach to the hipbone will help, too.

moment Roger had appeared on this island three years ago and it had begun to look as though his grandmother had forgiven him, his stepmother and his brothers' wives had had motives for killing him.

Suzy felt as though she had just bumped into a high stone wall. Then resentment stirred in her. Why hadn't Grandmother Starke had sense enough to tell her what she was planning to do?

I could have helped her, Suzy thought angrily. I even asked her why she thought Roger had been murdered. But all that silly old woman would talk about was my earrings, the photograph album, and...

The photograph album! Suzy caught her breath. Suppose Grandmother Starke had had some real reason for telling her to look at it?

In her enormous relief at finding something which could still be done, Suzy thought no further. She whirled around and headed for the stairs.

With the aid of two matches she managed to find the staircase. She groped her way down to the first floor, to the library doorway. There she pressed the button of the light switch and book shelves, table, and chairs sprang

out of the darkness. She found the album and pulled up a chair.

As she slowly turned the pages, she thought she heard a sound on the staircase. She listened for a moment, then shrugged. This old house had been creaking all evening. She turned a few more pages and found the photograph of Tom and Lilas.

Looking down at their happy young faces, she began to hear creaking sounds over her head. As though someone were walking around in the room above her. She was turning another page before she remembered that the bedroom above was her own.

Suddenly she had the unpleasant feeling that someone was watching her. She glanced toward the doorway, but the hall was so dark she could see nothing. Finally she decided she was too tired and nervous to accomplish anything here. She would have to take the album upstairs to her room, lock the door, and look at it there.

That was when she remembered Nick had told her to lock the door.

There could have been only one reason for telling her to lock it. He had not really believed she was safe in this house. Far from it. She remembered what he had said earlier. "Don't you realize that a man or woman who kills once will kill again, if it seems necessary? Just give that man or woman the idea that you suspect something, and you're in danger..."

Suspect? Suzy stiffened on her chair. No human being in her right mind could have listened to Grandmother Starke this evening without doing more than suspect. And all the Fallons knew she had heard every word. Could she be counted on to keep silent in order to protect Roger's relatives? Not for a minute. The murderess might be expecting her to go to the police...

Suzy's cold hands tightened on the album. She really had heard someone in her room! Someone had gone there, just as Nick had feared. Had found her missing and followed her downstairs. That someone was in the dark hall now, watching her!

Somehow she managed to control her panic. She took a deep breath, turned out the library light, and started toward the stairs. And distinctly heard another step on the floor behind her.

She gasped and dropped the album. Something was whipped over her head. She screamed but the sound was lost in the smothering folds. She had just time enough for a second of complete terror before she hit the floor.

SOMEONE WAS shaking her. "Suzy!" a voice said. "Suzy!" She sat up dizzily, blinking into the darkness.

"Suzy!" the voice said urgently. "Suzy, are you hurt? What happened?"

"I—I don't know. I—" "You're just bruised, I guess. Look, honey, stay here on this bench till you feel better, will you? I'll be back."

For a while she stayed where she was. Something warm and woolly had been wrapped around her and she pulled it closer. She wondered what all the noise was. She became conscious of an acrid smell which tickled her nostrils.

Finally she turned her head. Smoke was pouring from two broken second-floor windows at the corner of a big house, and through it she could see the bright leap of flames. Her head began to clear and she realized that this burning house belonged to Roger's grandmother. And that she herself had been spending the night in it.

She looked around. The gravel path from that doorway on her left led to the garden, so this must be the west side of the house. And the fire seemed to have started in that bedroom at the corner. The southwest corner...



KARSH

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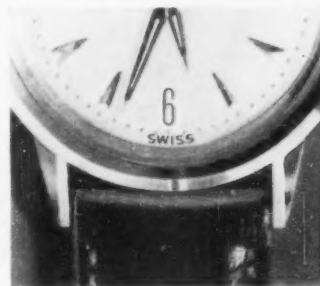
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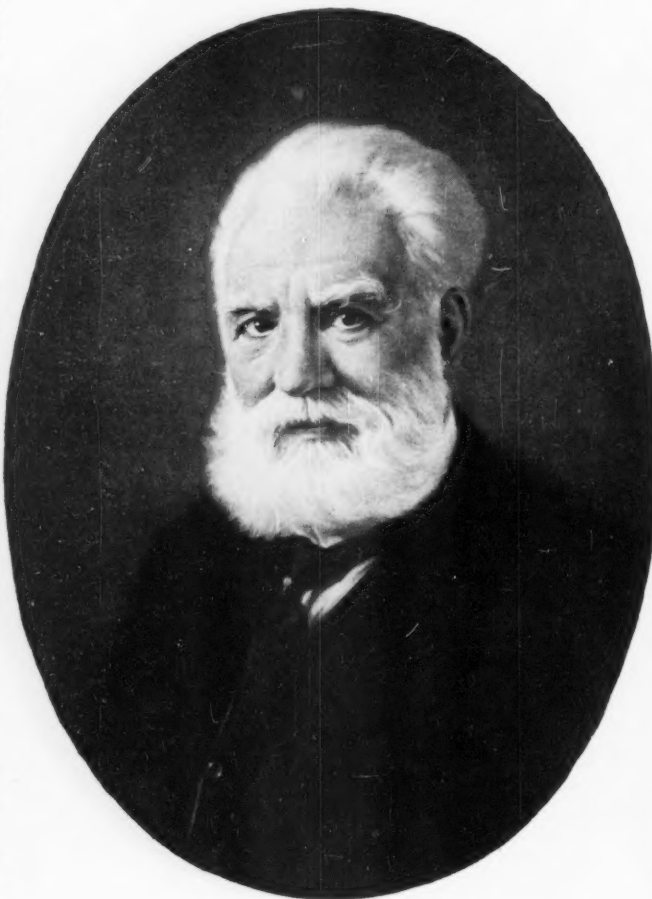
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It was her room in which the fire had started! Quickly her hands went to her ears. She found them bare—and remembered. She had left her mother's amber earrings on the dresser in that room which was roaring with flames like an overheated furnace!

Someone had tried to kill her and then set fire to the house to hide their crime. In its ruins should have been found the charred remains of Suzy Fallon. What could be easier than blaming a fire which had started in her room on a seemingly careless smoker who was no longer there to deny it?

Suzy gasped. Would the killer try again? She was not safe while she was on this island. Not for a minute. Oh, where was Nick?

She started to run. Then, like a snake which has been hiding in the grass waiting, another horrifying thought struck at her. Nick had heard all that she had heard. He was in danger too. And he did not know that someone had already tried to kill her...

She raced past the front of the house, and rushed frantically to the service door. The narrow hallway was lighted and smelled of smoke. She entered a huge tiled kitchen and saw someone snatching things from a closet shelf, tossing them into a basket.

She plunged toward him. "Nick!"

It was Roger's half brother, Larry. Confused and frightened, she watched flames light up the windows of another second-floor room. And another. Below them dark figures scurried in and out of the burning house, carrying pictures, chairs, and assorted objects.

"Where's Nick?" she demanded shrilly.

"Your boy friend?" Larry's unconcerned voice was a shock. "He's outside somewhere, picking up blankets. Hey, wait a minute!" He reached out to catch her wrist. "Let me go!" She tried to pull away. "I have to find Nick—"

"That guy is big enough to take care of himself."

His unconcern, his stubborn grip on her wrist, were more than Suzy could take. "You let me go!" In her desperation, she raised a hand to slap his face.

Then she saw the expression on it. Slowly the hand dropped to her side.

"Hey, you look cute when you're excited," Larry said. "Your cheeks are the color of apples—"

With a suddenness which stopped

her breath, three years had slipped away. She was back in the tiny kitchen of a tiny apartment and a tall red-haired man was struggling with her playfully. She could see the warmth in his eyes. She could hear the coaxing tenderness in his voice...

"I like you with your hair mussed." He reached out a hand to rumple it more. Something deep inside her gasped at the familiar gesture.

But this was not Roger! Roger was dead. This was only...

THERE WAS a crash of breaking glass. A rock bounced across the kitchen floor.

"Suzy!" Nick's voice shouted. "Come out! Come out quick!"

She had a second in which to realize how the smoke had thickened. She plunged to the window and scrambled out.

Nick seized her arm. "Let's get out of here," he said. "We're going to the boathouse."

As he hurried her through the heat and smoke, the pattering rain began to seem like a last touch of nightmarish fantasy.

They reached the grove of dripping pines. Suzy stopped. "Nick, somebody tried to kill me..."

The arms which gripped her grew rigid. "Dear God!" Nick muttered when she had finished. "I should never have left you alone in that house. Not for a minute. Now we have to get ourselves out of this mess."

She lifted her chin. "If we stay awake and together, nobody will have a chance to hurt either of us. Then tomorrow, when the boat comes, we can leave."

"I'm afraid it won't be that easy."

She felt a fresh stab of apprehension. "What do you mean?"

"The murderess must really be scared now. If she hadn't been desperate, she wouldn't have tried to kill you in the front hall tonight. But don't worry, honey," Nick pulled her closer. "All we have to do is find out which of those women is the murderess."

All? Suzy thought. Was that all? She supposed he was trying to reassure her, but she had to bite her lip to keep back the wild laughter.

"But I must tell you," he went on, "I don't think his death was a premeditated murder."

It was a moment before she could control her voice and speak. "Why not?"

You were asking CHATELAINE

QUESTION

I am the wife of a high-school teacher and the mother of two small children. We are moving from a small town to a midwestern city and I am worried about my clothes (they seem to be at high-school level) and the impression I will make.

ANSWER

To be well dressed, never buy on impulse. Choose a basic becoming color and build your wardrobe — including accessories — around it. Choose everything, even the smallest item, with an eye to how it will co-ordinate in line and color with the other things in your wardrobe. To avoid the "high school" look, choose simple styles without any frilly detail. Avoid Peter Pan collars, flowers, "little girl" prints and pastel shades. Wear slim skirts (full ones are junior-looking) and never wear flat-heeled shoes, except with slacks or slims.

"Push a man off a twenty-story building and you can be pretty sure he won't be turning up later to accuse you of doing it. But that point is no higher than a three-story building. People have survived falls like that with nothing worse than bruises."

"But Roger had been here for nearly three days before it happened! And so had the others. If one of them was afraid the will might be changed again, she must have begun to be afraid the minute she saw him. She had three days to decide how to do it."

"That's why I think there must have been some other motive."

Suzy stiffened. "If you," she said coldly, "are suggesting that Roger was mixed up with one of those women—"

"Don't be an idiot," Nick's tone was curt. "If that cat fight we had to listen to this evening meant anything, three women were at least interested in him, weren't they?"

"Grandmother Starke doesn't think so. She thinks they were pretending."

"Grandmother Starke," Nick said, "is a very smart old gal. But she is old. She's so old that I suppose she's forgotten how much more important than money some things can seem—when you are young."

Suzy filled her lungs with the cold damp air. "You mean you think one of those women was running after Roger?"

"Yes," Nick said gently and went on. "It doesn't seem to me Irene would have the weight or strength to push a big man off a cliff. But Lilas must be five feet eight or nine in her stockings. And she's the one who accused you of burning that hole in the quilt." He paused. "You said you thought Irene or your husband's stepmother must have been watching in the hall, didn't you?"

"I don't believe Lilas would have taken the chance of being caught. I think now it must have been Irene who helped her."

"Well, it shouldn't be hard to stir up Irene..." Nick paused again. "Can you be catty the way they are?"

"If I really try," Suzy told him, "I can probably be cattier. Why?"

"Might come in handy. Did you lose anything in the fire?"

"I lost my coat and purse—and my amber earrings."

"That's it," Nick said. "Now this is what we'll do..."

ON THE WET dilapidated bridge which led to the boathouse Nick found a loosened section of one of the broken rails. "This should do the trick," he said. "There's a good-sized nail still in one end. Now let's get out of this rain."

The loft above the boathouse had evidently been furnished to accommodate the boatman overnight when necessary. It contained a stove, a woodbox, a small sink, a single oil lamp on a table, and a cot.

Wrapped in blankets, bathrobes, or whatever they had been able to snatch up, the Fallons huddled about the stove, eating what appeared to be canned stew and drinking coffee. They were tired, cold and cross, and they were not attempting to be pleasant about any of it. Grandmother Starke lay on the cot, covered by a blanket, and seemed to be asleep.

Nick touched Suzy's arm. "Ready?" he asked softly.

She took a deep breath. "Ready," she said.

He tapped the floor with the piece of bridge rail. "Your attention please!" he said in a loud voice. "Tonight before the fire, Suzy went downstairs to get a book. In the hall somebody knocked her down and she fainted. When she recovered, her earrings were

missing. They are valuable antique earrings and she wants them back."

The heads had lifted. But the eyes looked at him dully. It seemed to take the exhausted Fallons a moment to understand what he meant.

Then Tom asked sharply. "Are you suggesting that one of us took her earrings?"

"I," Nick said, "am going to blow out this lamp and count to a hundred. When I light it again, I expect to find the earrings on the floor, in which case Suzy and I will say no more about it—"

"What?" They understood now, all

of them. The word burst indignantly from several throats.

Suzy looked at the outraged faces. It was almost funny, she thought. Those women could wait like ghouls for an old lady to die, so they could spend her money and sell her possessions. They would steal another woman's husband, if they could. But accuse them of stealing a pair of earrings and they burned with righteous indignation.

Suddenly Tom was on his feet. He pulled in the belt of his muddy wool robe and knotted it tightly. "You," he told Nick, "had better keep quiet or

be tossed out into the rain. Larry —"

His half brother jumped up quickly, a grin spreading over his face. The two of them started for Nick.

By that time Suzy had moved out of the way and he was in a strategic position in the corner. He let them take a few steps. Then he lifted the piece of bridge rail and brandished it like a club.

"Stay where you are," he said.

Larry stopped. "Hey, Tom" — his voice was high-pitched — "there's a nail in that thing!"

His mother shrieked. "Come back,

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Larry! Don't let him hit you with it!" Tom had stopped. "What the hell are you trying to do, Endicott? Kill us?"

"If you don't like the idea," Nick said, "then sit down and let me ask a few questions."

For an instant Tom's narrowed eyes seemed to study him. Then he looked at the nail again.

Finally he shrugged. "Okay, Larry. I don't want my head split open either."

As he turned, Suzy saw him glance at the lamp on the table. She understood then why Nick had picked the corner near it. Neither Tom nor Larry could reach it without taking the chance of having his skull cracked.

NICK WAITED till the two of them had sat down again. "All we want," he said then, "is the earrings. Just give us the earrings and we'll be satisfied."

He paused. But no one produced the earrings, of course. The Fallons looked at him angrily. "Well," he said, "I guess I'll have to be more specific."

"How did you start that fire in Suzy's room?" Nick turned quickly to Irene. "Did you touch a match to the curtains?"

"What?" Her voice rose half an octave. "You mean you're accusing me of starting the fire? How dare you say such things to me? How dare you—"

Lilas began to laugh. Irene turned on her furiously. "Don't you laugh at me, Lilas Fallon!"

"I can't help it. If you could see yourself—trying to be dignified when you're wrapped in a blanket and have your hair in pin curls!" Lilas laughed again.

That did it. "You can't laugh at me!"

Irene shrieked. "I know too much about you. I think you started the fire yourself—so you could blame that girl for it! First you burned the quilt on her bed so Grandmother would think she was a careless smoker, and then—"

"What makes you think she burned the quilt?" Nick interrupted.

"I don't just think—I know! I saw her burn it!" In her rage Irene did not seem to realize what she was admitting.

"That does it!" Nick tossed a grin at Suzy. "That was what we wanted to know."

"What the hell?" Tom said angrily. "I thought you were trying to find out what became of those earrings—"

"I," Nick said, "am talking about murder." He turned to Lilas. "You tried to kill Suzy, tonight, didn't you? And three years ago you killed her husband—"

"What?"

Tom was on his feet now, protesting loudly. But he had no chance with Suzy. This was her big scene. She knew exactly how to do it.

She leaped up. She pointed a finger at Lilas. Her well-trained voice poured out, reverberating in every corner. "You knocked me down tonight and tried to kill me, Lilas! You started that fire to dispose of my body! You were afraid I would tell the police you had murdered Roger. You loved him and he didn't want you—so you pushed him off the cliff! You murdered my husband!"

There was silence. The audience held its breath. But the woman at whom the finger pointed missed her cue. "Good heavens!" Lilas said. "What next?"

For a moment Suzy stared at her in shocked disbelief. Lilas did not look

frightened. She was not even trying to defend herself.

Then she saw Nick's expression change. Quickly she turned her head.

Grandmother Starke was sitting up on the cot.

Mildred had taken a cup of coffee to the old woman. And Mildred suddenly looked quite different. Her black head was up, her big eyes brilliant. There was color in her cheeks.

She handed the cup to Mrs. Starke. "Grandmother," she said, the note of triumph in Mildred's voice was unmistakable. "Irene and Lilas set fire to your house."

"She's a liar!" Irene screamed. "She's always been a liar, Grandmother, and I can prove it! After Roger jilted her, she said she didn't care about him any more—and she lied! The minute she saw him again, she started running after him—"

"Irene!" George sat up, his voice anguished. "Irene, don't—"

"I can prove it! When we were here three years ago I saw her kissing him!"

Shocked by Irene's vicious tirade, it took Suzy a few more seconds to realize that Mildred's appearance was changing rapidly. The color had faded, leaving ghastly pallor. She seemed about to collapse.

Suzy went to her quickly. She put an arm about the limp shoulders. "I don't believe a word of it!" she said indignantly. "That was a dreadful thing to say."

Abruptly Mildred jerked away. "Keep your hands off me!" Her voice was cold, furious. "I don't need your sympathy! Not yours! I feel sorry for you. Don't you know that Roger never loved you?"

"What?"

"Oh, don't try to fool me! I know exactly how you tricked him into marrying you. And you got exactly what you deserved because he never loved you! Never! Never! Never—"

The furious voice was out of control now. The face was out of control. The words gushed forth like lava spewed from an erupting volcano.

Slowly Suzy backed away. Never before had she seen hatred in the eyes of any human being.

MRS. STARKE rose from the cot so quickly that she almost upset Suzy. Leaning on her cane, she limped toward Mildred. For a second the unblinking black eyes stared at that lovely alarmed face. Then the hawk pounced.

"So it was you!" she shouted. "I suspected you this morning when I became certain you had destroyed my first two letters to Suzy! You wanted to keep me from meeting Roger's wife and child! You wanted his child to be disinherited—"

"Oh, no, Grandmother! I—"

"Don't call me grandmother! I am no kin of yours. You hired those detectives to spy on Suzy, didn't you? And I know where you got the money to do it. You told George you needed it for something else and the fool gave it to you! When she came here you ignored my orders and tried to drive her away—"

"Grandmother, I—"

"Don't call me grandmother!" The old woman's voice became a screech. "I felt responsible for you! I tried to take care of you — and what did you do? Three years ago you saw happiness in the eyes of the man you had learned to hate — and that you refused to endure! You followed Roger out to

.....look at its flowing lines.....



.....examine how expertly it's crafted.....



the point that night! You pushed him off the rock and killed him!"

The cup slipped from Mildred's fingers and hit the floor. Her face was grey.

"Grandmother," George shouted, "you are wrong!" He scrambled to his feet and hurried to Mildred. He put an arm around her. "Let her alone. She didn't kill anyone —"

"You stupid booby!" the old woman screeched. "You've never had a grain of sense about women!" She shook her fist under Mildred's nose. "Admit the truth, admit you killed Roger!" She seemed about to strike her.

"That's enough!" George thundered.

The change in him was startling. With his arm about the shrinking Mildred, he seemed suddenly taller.

"Grandmother," he said, "Mildred didn't kill Roger —"

"No, George — no!" Tom shouted.

George did not glance at him. He looked steadily at the old woman. "Mildred didn't kill Roger," he said. "I killed him."

The old woman wobbled on her feet. Her lips moved but no sound came.

"No!" she whispered at last. "Oh, no." Then she crumpled.

Larry picked her up and carried her to the cot.

Slowly, very slowly, Mildred turned her head to look at George.

"You . . . killed . . . Roger?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"He'd have hurt you again, Mil."

It was all in his voice. In his eyes. George was hiding nothing now. Suzy knew she had seen that look on a face before. Beneath the heavy flesh she could begin to recognize the features of the lanky young man in the photo-

graph in the album. It had not been Dennis Fallon who had looked so yearningly at Mildred. It had been his brother, George.

For another second Mildred was motionless. Then she turned on George like a maddened cat. "You fool!" She spat out the words. "You stupid fool! Roger never stopped loving me! He told me so three years ago! He said his marriage to that girl had been a mistake and he was going to divorce her and marry me! You fool!"

"Mildred!" Tom yelled.

"Never mind, Tom." George's voice was quiet. He looked at her in silence. Without another word, he thrust a hand into a pocket and started for the door.

Moving with quiet dignity, George reached the door. He went out and closed it after him. Tom made a queer choking noise. For the space of a minute there was no sound but the rain on the roof. The drip of water.

Then Suzy heard something else. Tom rushed to the door. Nick and Larry hurried after him.

There was something under the bridge, illuminated by the beam of Nick's flashlight. It sprawled on the weed-covered rocks. The cold salt water washed over it.

JANE ROWLEY Fallon Starke, who had outlived two husbands, three grandsons, and her only child, sat in an armchair in the dingy small-town hotel bedroom. Today she looked much older than her eighty years. She might have been a hundred.

"I can't believe it," she said. "I still can't believe it was George."

"And nothing could have been done for him?" she went on. "Even if we had

been able to take him to a doctor."

Tom shook his head. "I think George was gone when we picked him up. That stuff he took works — fast."

"And you knew he always carried it with him?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Starke's fingers pulled at the blanket. She looked old as Time.

"What," she asked after a moment, "did you tell — them?"

"I said George had been worried about money, and was drinking heavily. I said he had threatened suicide before."

"Did you have to say that?"

"What else could I have told them? The truth?"

The old woman seemed to shrink.

"Well, at least I know now," she muttered. "At least I know."

"And is that better?" Tom's voice was harsh.

Her wrinkled face screwed up. "I loved Roger," she said, as though she were talking to herself. She blew her nose noisily. "I want to know why. Was it really because of Mildred?"

"Yes," Tom's face hardened. "George loved her from the moment he met her. He might have had a chance — if you hadn't thrown her at Roger."

"I thought she and Roger would be suited to each other. How was I to know that George —"

"I suppose you didn't even suspect that Roger was engaged to another girl at the time?"

"What?" Suzy said.

Tom studied the end of his cigarette. "Her name was Janie Carpenter, and she and Roger had some sort of — well, understanding. Nothing serious, of course. They were pretty young. Then Grandmother started shoving Mildred under his nose and that was

the end of Janie. It was the end of George, too, though he didn't realize it. Mildred kicked him around for another year before he finally got the idea."

"Where women were concerned," Mrs. Starke said feebly, "George had no sense at all."

"Not a bit. He wanted to take care of them. He wanted to be kind and generous. Well, at least —" Tom's mouth twisted — "he's had plenty of chance to be generous with Irene!"

He went on. "Mildred was addressing the wedding invitations when Roger was offered that job in New York. He was still trying to decide whether he wanted it when Mildred told him he would have to refuse, or else. Roger left the next morning. After that we heard Mildred was sick and the wedding would have to be postponed. But Roger was gone and people had begun to talk, so she gobbled Dennis —"

"Gobbled him?" Suzy said.

"The word," Tom said, "is accurate. Poor old Dennis was never much of anything, even when he happened to be sober. He didn't have a chance."

Mrs. Starke looked up. "The Fallon men," she announced weakly, "have a remarkable talent for choosing the wrong women."

Tom bit his lip and mashed his cigarette in the nearest ash tray. "After Dennis died, George had another chance. Not what he wanted, but even that meant a lot to him. Mildred started working for you. He was able to see her —"

"What?" The old woman sat up, a sudden gleam in her black eyes. "You mean that he and Mildred —"

"Nothing like that. Sorry to disappoint you. He had a chance to be kind to her. And he was lonely, of

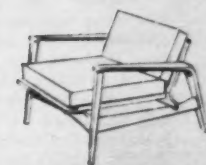
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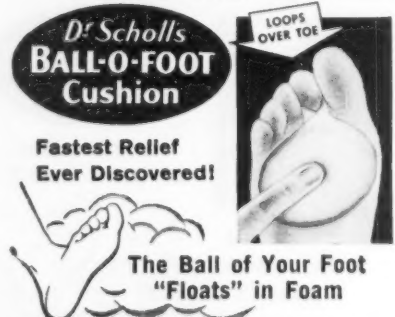
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course — he's been lonely ever since he married Irene. He used to buy little presents for Mildred, theatre tickets, perfume, stuff like that."

"And she took them?" Suzy cried. "She took them. Mildred always liked attention. She was even pleasant to him — for a while."

"And then?" Mrs. Starke asked. "Then" — Tom's voice was tired — "we came to the island for your seventy-seventh birthday party. And Roger was there — without his wife. Why didn't you come with him, Suzy? If only you had come —"

"I told you I wasn't invited." "Nonsense," Mrs. Starke's voice gathered strength. "Of course you were. I am not so stupid as to invite a recently married man without his bride." She turned to Tom. "Go on."

Tom seemed uneasy now. Even Nick seemed uneasy and Suzy wondered why.

"So," Tom said, "we came to the island and Roger came alone. George was delighted to see him again. He was eager to hear about his new wife and his new job. Roger was glad to see George too, at first —"

"Then what?" Suzy asked. Tom lit another cigarette. "Well — uh —"

"By this time, Tom," Mrs. Starke announced with unexpected energy, "it should be evident that both Suzy and I wish to hear the truth."

TOM LOOKED from one of them to the other. "All right," he said. "I'll tell you. Heaven knows I'm tired of keeping it to myself. After the first hour Roger had no time for anyone but Mildred. Lilas and Irene poured out all the charm they had, trying to stop it. For more than a year they'd been able to call Mildred a 'poor thing,' and they didn't want Roger to get interested in her again. And Mildred wanted to show them, of course. It didn't take her long —"

"Ah!" Mrs. Starke said. "She and Roger tried to hide it while you were around. But they didn't seem to give a damn about the rest of us. It was a terrible shock to George. He told me Mildred would be hurt again —"

"He was sure she would be hurt again?" Suzy asked.

Nick had gotten to his feet. She felt his hand on her shoulder and tossed him a reassuring smile. "Go on," she told Tom.

His face had darkened. "It went on for three days. At the end of the third George was frantic. He told me he had tried to warn Mildred, but she wouldn't listen. He said he had talked to Roger and Roger had laughed at him. They hurt him, both of them — they hurt him badly. That was the night he started drinking —"

He stared at the floor. "By ten-thirty that night George was so drunk he had become a nuisance. I managed to get him upstairs and into bed. I didn't know he had left his room till someone reported seeing him outside the house in pyjamas."

He gulped in smoke. "While I was looking for George, Roger changed his shoes and went out to the point. Just killing time while Mildred was busy, I guess!"

"I didn't find George!" he pounded his clenched fist on his knee. "I could have stopped it, but I didn't find him! I could have saved Roger—saved both of them..." He took a deep breath. "George found me half an hour later. He was cold sober then and shaking as though he had a chill. He told me what he had done. He asked me to go back to the point with him and see if we could —"

Tom shook his head. "We couldn't do anything, of course. George said

he had warned him again to stay away from Mildred and Roger wouldn't listen. He said he wasn't sure what happened after that — until he saw Roger fall. And realized he had pushed him."

"Perhaps he didn't intend to do it," Suzy said. "Perhaps it just — just happened."

"That's what I tried to tell George. But he said he could remember a moment when he felt that Roger deserved to die. When he hated him, wanted him to die. He said he had killed him."

The room was suddenly very quiet. The old woman's face looked wrinkled as a raisin.

Tom filled his lungs with smoke. "George," he said after a moment, "was not exactly what you'd call a forceful character. He wasn't clever or amusing but he loved Mildred, and it finished him."

"And Roger?" Mrs. Starke croaked. "I'm not making excuses for him. He killed his brother —" Tom's mouth clamped shut.

"George," he went on after another moment, "wanted to go straight to the police and admit he had done it. Heaven help me, I sold him the idea that we could pass it off as an accident." He shook his head. "George died that night, just as surely as Roger did. He's been drinking ever since."

Tom sighed and put out his cigarette. "Suzy," he said, "those cheques from Roger's friends were George's money. For three years he has been worrying about you and your child. Grandmother, I think Mildred probably did destroy your letters to Suzy, though you'll never get her to admit it. But she didn't hire those detectives, and —" he turned to Suzy — "neither did Grandmother. George hired them."

"George?" she echoed incredulously. "When you sent back the cheques and said you didn't need money, he couldn't make himself believe you. He had to be sure." Tom sighed again and shook his head.

Suzy remembered the look in George's eyes when he had talked about Roger's child, the niece he had never seen. She was silent for a moment. "I — I'm sorry, Grandmother Starke," she said at last.

Nick touched her arm. "Well, I guess we've heard all of it now, haven't we? Ready to go?"

"Not yet," she looked at Tom. "There were quite a lot of them, weren't there? Jamie Carpenter and Mildred and Irene and Lilas. How many others were there, too?"

Tom looked uncomfortable. Nick looked worse.

"I want to know," Suzy said.

Tom looked at her. "All right," he said then. "From the time Roger was about sixteen there was always some girl who thought she was going to marry him — or two or three of them. Roger," his face softened, "had that damn charm. It seemed as natural as breathing for him to use it. George and I used to tell him he was asking for trouble, but we couldn't stop him. Larry is pretty much the same way..."

Larry! She heard no more. Suddenly she realized that Larry was the key to Roger. Not quite so convincing yet. But he could put it all into his eyes and voice — for any woman. For Irene, for the sister-in-law he had just met, even for his grandmother.

She knew now Roger had not told her the truth about his grandmother's invitation to come to the island for her seventy-seventh birthday party. If he had lived he would have hurt her too.

Nick changed the subject. "There's just one thing I still don't understand. Who knocked Suzy down last night? Do you know?"

Tom's face reddened. "I'm sorry, Suzy. I tried not to hurt you."

"What?" She stared at him. "You mean that was you? But why?"

"I was being too careful, I guess. But until you found that album yesterday afternoon, I didn't even know the thing existed. And I'd never seen that photograph of George and Mildred." He paused. "Did you realize it was George with Mildred?"

"Not then."

"I suppose not. George had gotten to be — hard to recognize. But after that session with Grandmother last night I was pretty worried about what you might do. I decided I had better destroy the photograph. When I found you looking at the album again, I was sure you had guessed the truth."

"But I don't think I could ever have guessed all of it," Suzy said.

"Maybe not. But by the time Grandmother got through with us last night, I was in no condition to think sensibly. I didn't think you would have noticed how George felt about Mildred — not just from seeing them together. George had learned to cover up. But if you recognized him in the photograph and started putting things together, I was afraid you might begin to get the idea." He added, "Do you think you would ever have recognized the photograph if George hadn't confessed?"

"I don't know," she said slowly.

Tom sighed. "I guess I was being just too careful. I'm sorry I frightened you."

Suzy wondered whether he would ever guess that if he had not frightened her, she and Nick might not have started on that desperate attempt to make Lilas admit she had killed Roger — and forced George into confessing. With all her heart she hoped he never would.

Tom had turned to the old woman. He looked at the numerous rings and bracelets which still glittered on her bony hands. "You saved most of your jewelry, didn't you, Grandmother?" he said. "Or did you save all of it? Was that house insured?"

"Certainly it was insured. I am not stupid enough to neglect such a necessary —" She looked up. "Why do you ask?"

"As I was leaving my room last night to get the album, I saw you go into Suzy's room."

Mrs. Starke sat up straighter. "I suppose I have the right to walk about in my own house if I choose."

"Of course." He paused, watching her. "There was some talk last night about how Lilas and Irene might have set the house on fire. It occurred to me that to try to collect your insurance might become — awkward."

The room grew silent.

Tom's eyes did not leave her face. "You were really quite ingenious, Grandmother. First the little surprise of finding Roger's widow in the house, then that talk about changing your will — and then, when we were all squirming nicely, you let us have it! What I don't understand is why, if you suspected Mildred, you went to the trouble of accusing the other three first. Why didn't you accuse Mildred?"

"If you wished to know what I was planning to do," the old woman told him tartly, "you should have permitted me to finish."

Tom leaned forward. "Was it because you didn't have the evidence to prove Mildred was guilty? Because you were sure the others must have been watching her three years ago and would know more than you did? Because you thought accusing them would make them turn on Mildred and tell what they knew about her?"

Mrs. Starke's back stiffened. "I," she announced in an icy voice, "may be an old woman, but I am still in possession

of my senses. If I wish to investigate the death of a grandson, I expect the members of my family to listen to me! I do not expect to be carried upstairs, and tossed on my bed as though I were a bundle of laundry —"

"But, Grandmother —"

"I will *not* be treated that way!" She turned on him with such violence that his jaw dropped. "For two years I had been making plans to investigate Roger's death! And before I had finished you stopped me! All of you will be punished for your disrespect! All of you —"

"It seems to me," Tom said, "that you did a pretty good job of punishing us last night."

She looked at him for a moment. Her expression changed. "That fire really did frighten all of you didn't it?" she said slowly. "Those women were scared silly! And you really did lose your clothes and suitcases." She cackled in sudden mirth. "So you won't be able to sell *that* house after I'm gone."

SUZY STARED in amazement. Was it possible that Grandmother Starke had set fire to her own house?

Apparently she had. The satisfaction, the air of accomplishment were unmistakable.

She pushed aside the blanket and reached into a pocket of her crumpled black taffeta dress. She held out her hand to Suzy. "My dear," she said, "I have been wondering what excuse I could make for giving these back."

Suzy looked down at the two small objects on the wrinkled palm, and caught her breath. They were her mother's amber earrings.

Eagerly she snatched them up and cradled them in her own hand. She put them on her ears and smiled. Before she could realize what she was doing, she had flung her arms about Roger's grandmother and kissed her.

"Perhaps in return you will allow me to see my great-granddaughter occasionally?"

For a moment Suzy could only blink at her. Then she had to bite her lip to keep from laughing. "I think," she said when she was able to control her voice, "that it might be arranged."

Nick touched her arm. "Ready to go now, honey?"

She saw that he still looked troubled. Did he think that learning the truth about Roger must have hurt her? But why should he think it had hurt her? He must know he was all that mattered to her now . . .

Or did he? Had she ever told him?

He stood there waiting for her, a big tired worried man in badly rumpled clothes and shoes to which the dried mud still clung. For months he had looked so good to her that she had almost forgotten how he had looked at first, in the days when she had been comparing every man with Roger.

Suddenly she was on her feet. She said good-by to Mrs. Starke and Tom. She hustled Nick out of the room.

As the door closed, she poked a finger into his ribs. "You idiot!" she said tenderly. "Don't you know I don't care what Roger did — now? Don't you understand that I love you more than I ever loved him?"

He was staring down at her. His mouth twisted a little. "You don't have to say things like that, Suzy. It isn't necessary —"

"It's true. I was just a kid when I married Roger. I didn't know what I really needed. You suit me better. We — we belong together . . ."

She did not have a chance to say more. Right there in the hotel corridor, watched by two disapproving matrons and a grinning bellhop, she was lifted off her feet and soundly kissed! END

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His mother's **FAVORITE** photo of Tom Patterson

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Lucinda Patterson has seen hundreds of pictures of
her son Tom, most of them taken during the last eight
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centre in Canada's Stratford to a success which has made
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At five: before Tom visited the barber.

But, says Tom's mother, this portrait, taken when he
was five, is her favorite photo of Tom. "The reason it is
of particular interest to me," she explains, "is because
it was the last picture we had taken of him before he
had his lovely golden hair cut off. It almost broke my
heart." At young Tom's insistence the barber shop was
the next stop after the photographer's studio.



Now: Lucinda (called Mother Pat by the inner circle of the Festival originals) and son Tom together at their home in Stratford.

THE QUEEN'S OTHER FAMILY

Continued from page 28

When Prince Philip became a naturalized Briton in 1947, prior to his marriage with Elizabeth, he took the Mountbatten name. The choice was apt, for the Mountbattens did much for him during the difficult years when his own family were exiled from their native Greece. During Philip's late boyhood and navy days, he was the protégé of his mother's brother, Mountbatten of Burma. It was Mountbatten — Philip's "Uncle Louis" — who introduced him to the royal family. Philip was invited to dine aboard the royal yacht when King George VI and his daughter Elizabeth visited the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth where Philip was then a young cadet.

But it was his mother's other brother, the second Marquess of Milford Haven — "Uncle George" — (who died in 1938) who first gave him his start in Britain. It was Uncle George who had Philip to stay with

him at his home, Lynden Manor. It was Uncle George who paid Philip's fees at Cheam, the boarding school where Prince Charles is now following in his father's footsteps.

Though no one now thinks of him as other than British, Prince Philip was born a Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksberg. Technically, he was born Greek, on the island of Corfu. In his veins flows the blood of Danish, German and Russian princes. Years of intermarriage among the royal houses of Europe, plus the diplomatic manoeuvres which once placed a member of the Danish royal family on the throne of Greece, have made him a descendant of both staid old Queen Victoria and Denmark's King Christian IX.

Phillipos to Philip

He was christened Philippos, Prince of Greece and Denmark. His father was stripped of his nationality when he was exiled from Greece in 1922, regained it with the restoration of the Greek monarchy in 1935, and Philip himself finally renounced his

Greek titles when he became a British citizen, nine months before his marriage. However, the day before his wedding, George VI raised him from a mere naval officer to the triple title of Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Merioneth and Baron Greenwich.

Philip was brought up a member of the Greek Orthodox Church. He is now Church of England, as is his uncle, Mountbatten of Burma.

Philip's father, Prince Andrew of Greece, who died in 1944, was Greek-born of a Danish father and a Russian mother, the youngest son of the Danish prince who became King George I of the Hellenes. His mother — born Princess Alice of Battenberg — is English-born of German ancestry. Philip's mother is still alive and last February, when her brother's wife, Countess Mountbatten, died suddenly and unexpectedly, she journeyed to Britain to attend the funeral. Afterward, she stayed for a time at Windsor Castle.

Philip's mother and three sisters are, in fact, fairly frequent visitors to Britain. But such visits are treated as family matters of purely private inter-

est. They are not mentioned in the official court circular and do not always find their way into the newspapers.

Surprisingly little is heard in Britain of Philip's side of the royal family tree and few people ever think of the Queen as having in-laws. She has,

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of course — quite a host of them.

Compared with her own rather small family, that into which the Queen married is a large and confusing one. Prince Philip's mother has four children (including Philip), nineteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Philip's three surviving sisters are



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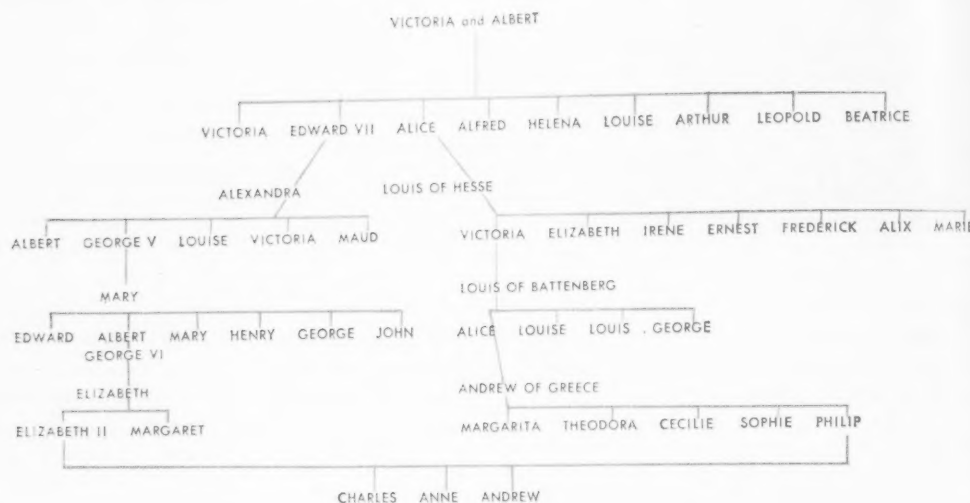
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ELIZABETH, PHILIP SHARE A FAMILY TREE

Chart traces family lines of the Queen and her husband back to Victoria and Albert



all married to German princelings. His eldest sister, Margarita, is the wife of Prince Gottfried of Hohenlohe-Langeburg. They have been married for twenty-nine years and have five children, including fifteen-year-old twin sons.

His second sister, Theodora, whom the family know as "Dolla," has also been married for twenty-nine years. She is the wife of Prince Berthold of Baden, son of the last chancellor of the German Empire. They have three grown children — two sons and a daughter who is a mother herself.

The youngest sister, Sophie, whom Philip calls "Tiny," has been twice married, first to Prince Christopher of Hesse and, after his death in World War II, to Prince George of Hanover. She has eight children — five by her first marriage, three by the second. Two of them, together with Princess Anne, were bridesmaids at the wedding last January of Philip's cousin, Lady Pamela Mountbatten.

An air crash — and tragedy

There was also a fourth sister, Cecilie. She married Grand Duke George of Hesse. The two of them, together with their two sons, were killed in an air crash while Philip was still at school.

The sisters bear little physical resemblance to one another. Margarita, the eldest, is plump and informal. Theodora, say those who know her, is inclined to be reserved and aloof. Sophie, the youngest, is the only one

who bears any likeness to Prince Philip. Both have inherited their father's rather elongated face.

In the main though, Philip's looks seem to stem more from his mother's side of the family. As a result, there is a quite striking resemblance between him and his uncle, Mountbatten of Burma. Seen together, they might easily be taken for father and son. Both have the same firm jawline, the same long nose, the same laugh, the same talkativeness and the same easy charm of manner.

At seventy-five, Philip's mother looks back on years riddled with uncertainty, misfortune, unhappiness and tragedy. She was born deaf, but in later years doggedly learned both English and German. Today she uses a hearing aid, a gadget which fascinates Prince Charles and Princess Anne when "Granny" comes over from Greece to stay with them at Buckingham Palace.

Philip's mother was eighteen when she met and married his father, Prince Andrew, youngest of the five sons of the king of the Hellenes. He was a dapper, dashing young prince, mustached and monocled, full of banter, fond of good living. She was quieter, more serious, beautiful in the Edwardian fashion, a natural blonde with long, flowing hair.

For them, married life was anything but tranquil, close as they were to the most precarious throne in Europe. Unrest, revolution, assassination and war darkened the years during which they were bringing up a young family.

in one wing of the stucco and marble royal palace in Athens. Finally came their first taste of exile.

It lasted three years. Had it lasted a few months more, Philip would have been born not in Greece, but in Switzerland, where that first spell of exile was spent. While the girls were all born within a year or so of each other — four of them over a period of nine years — Philip came along after a seven-year gap. He was actually born while his father was away fighting against the Turks in a disastrous campaign that was to have far-reaching consequences.

Into exile in an orange box

Philip's father became one of the scapegoats for the Greek defeat. He was arrested and placed on trial on a charge of disobeying orders while commanding the right wing of the Greek army. Others who stood trial were summarily executed; only world indignation at the executions saved Prince Andrew. Britain protested. So did Spain. The Pope intervened.

So Philip's father escaped execution, but it was a bitter and dispirited man, stripped of his rank and nationality, who stood on the deck of a ship and watched his native land fade into the mist behind him as he sailed again into exile, this time never to return. With him into exile went his wife and children — four young daughters and a baby boy who slept peacefully in an improvised cradle made from an old orange box, as a British cruiser



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carried him on the first stage of the wanderings that were to lead him, in time, to his future destiny as the husband of the Queen.

The years of exile which followed at St. Cloud, just outside Paris, were hard and difficult ones. Only financial help from relatives enabled Philip's parents to keep their heads above water at times. There was one occasion, in fact, when Philip, attending an American kindergarten in Paris, had to stay behind because it was raining too hard for him to get home without a raincoat. He was saving to buy one, he told the teacher.

It was during these years of exile that the family became split up, never to be fully reunited. One by one, the four sisters married their German princes. Philip's mother, her health affected by all she had undergone, went into a sanatorium in Germany. His father drifted off to the French Riviera.

Philip, at nine, went to Britain, where his mother's brother, the second



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Write to Wanda Nelles,
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481 University Avenue,
Toronto 2.

Marquess of Milford Haven, sent him to Cheam School. From Britain he moved on to Germany in 1933, where he attended the unorthodox, character-molding school at Salem.

There were family reasons for this choice of Salem as the next step in his education. This unusual school had been founded by the man who became father-in-law to Theodora, one of Philip's sisters, and is located in a wing of the vast castle where she and her husband live.

He mocked the Nazi salute

Philip did not stay long. He was high-spirited, addicted to skylarking, pranks and mocking the Nazi salute, which could be highly dangerous in the Germany of the 1930s. So after less than a year at Salem, he was shipped off back to Britain, where he continued his education first at Gordons-toun in Scotland, and later at the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth. Then came another world war, to drive this divided family even farther apart. Philip spent the war years as a lieutenant in the Royal Navy. His father, until his death from a heart attack in 1944, was in enemy-occupied France. His mother was in occupied Greece, his sisters in Germany.

There was one brief period of war when only a short interval in time and space separated in-laws who were fighting on opposite sides. While Philip and his uncle, Louis Mountbatten, were helping to cripple the Italian fleet in the Mediterranean, sister Sophie's first husband, Prince Christopher of Hesse, was in Italy as ministerial director to the German air minister.

On October 7, 1944, Christopher was killed in an air crash in the Apennines. His widow was still a young woman and a few years later she married again. The war was over and the wedding provided an opportunity for a family reunion. Philip went to Salem to attend the wedding — the first time he had seen his sisters since prewar days.

But when he married the girl who was then Princess Elizabeth in the November of the following year, his sisters were not at the wedding. "We were not invited," his eldest sister, Margarita, revealed subsequently. "I think the fact that Britain had a socialist government at the time may have had something to do with it." More likely it was the fact that old enmities die hard and the war with

Germany was still fresh in British minds.

By the time Princess Anne was born, in August 1950, Britain's attitude toward its former enemies was beginning to soften and Philip saw no harm in inviting Margarita to be the baby's godmother. He even sent her the money to pay the fare.

Like so many members of Europe's aristocracy, Margarita and her husband, though they live in an imposing castle which dates back seven centuries, have found themselves financially hard hit in recent times. At different times, to meet the vast cost of keeping up their stately home, they have experimented with turning one wing into a convalescent home, and with running it as a guest house. Neither venture proved particularly lucrative, and, more recently, they have been running an open-air restaurant in the castle gardens.

There was another opportunity for a family reunion at the Coronation, a ceremony which Philip's mother attended in the grey robes of a nun,

Order of Martha and Mary until it was dissolved last year. Today, though she still wears her nun's habit, she is content to live in quiet semiretirement in Athens when she is not visiting her daughters in Germany or her son and daughter-in-law in Britain.

In recent years, Prince Philip and his family have been able to see each other with increasing frequency. His mother has several times stayed at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. In January, after the wedding of Lady Pamela Mountbatten, Philip's sister Sophie and her second husband, Prince George of Hanover, stayed for a few days at Sandringham. Last summer, three of Philip's nephews journeyed from Germany to Balmoral for a shooting vacation with their uncle, and last December Philip flew out to Germany to spend a few days, in turn, with his sisters Margarita and Theodora.

He has, in fact, paid several visits to his sisters in Germany in recent years. Four years ago, when Margarita celebrated her silver wedding

The girls were stared at in public, sniped at in the newspapers, while a minor politician, meeting Beatrix at a social function, was so cuttingly rude about the girl's German ancestry that he had her close to tears.

There was a fresh outburst in the newspapers after Beatrix had thrown a party to mark her twentieth birthday. By all accounts it was a gay and boisterous affair, with plenty of gate-crashers supplementing the list of invited guests.

"I've been ticked off about the people I invited, the people I didn't invite, carrying on so late — oh, everything," Beatrix lamented afterward. "I don't suppose they will let me come back now — just as I'm beginning to enjoy myself."

Philip "blew away Satan"

Her prophecy proved accurate. When she went back to Germany for her summer vacation, she stayed there. Christina, however, is still in Britain, the wife of Prince Andrei of Yugoslavia. They live in the arty-crafty London suburb of Chelsea.

Philip played a prominent part in the christening of their first child, Marija. The ceremony took place in London's Serbian Orthodox Church. Aided by a priest, Philip named the baby, immersed her in the font and breathed upon her in the traditional way "to blow away Satan." The Queen, as a member of the family, was also present at the ceremony, but in a purely private capacity.

Because she is who she is, it is never easy for the Queen to separate her private life from her public position, to distinguish between Elizabeth the woman and Elizabeth the monarch. As a result, she is more fettered than most people in her relations with her in-laws.

Soon after she married Philip, when he was still in the navy and the two of them were at Malta together, it was suggested that they should pop across to Germany and visit her husband's sisters.

"We suggested they should come through Switzerland," Margarita told an acquaintance. "Theodora's husband (Prince Berthold of Baden) could have met them at the border and taken them to Salem."

But nothing came of it, and the Queen, though she has often played hostess to her sisters-in-law from Germany, has yet to visit them in their own homes.

END

You were asking CHATELAINE

QUESTION

Although I am always careful to buy the correct size, after wearing new shoes for a few times they seem to grow too big for my feet. The result is they slip and I am very tired by the end of the day. Have you the answer to this problem?

ANSWER

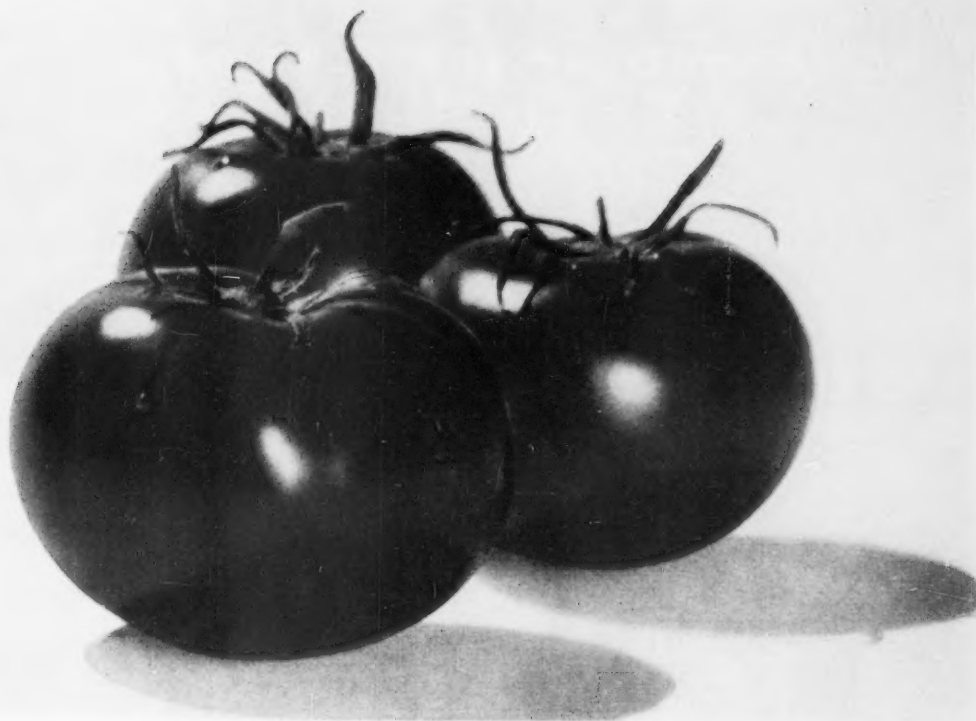
Provided your shoes are properly fitted, the only reason we can think of for your shoes slipping is that you have the long and narrow type of foot which is very flexible. Tie shoes with low or medium heels or strap shoes that give support over the arch are the best kind for long narrow feet. Low-cut pumps do not give this support and the foot rides forward.

presenting a striking contrast to the colorful traditional robes worn by her counterpart, the queen mother. After the war she had founded her own religious order on the tiny island of Tinos in the Aegean Sea. There she lived an austere existence in three sparsely furnished rooms which she shared with another nun, rising at three o'clock for morning prayers, making her own bed, cleaning her own room, devoting her time to caring for the sick, the needy and the fatherless. Subsequently, she left Tinos to return to Athens, where she founded and was mother superior of the

anniversary, he went to Langeburg to join in the festivities. The following year he was in Germany again, this time attending the wedding of one of his nieces.

When two of Philip's nieces — Beatrix, daughter of his eldest sister, and Christina, one of Sophie's eight children — decided to study in London, he contrived to get them fixed up at fashionable Dolphin Square, the city's most sought-after apartment block. It was a tactical error. Britain was still sufficiently anti-German to resent royal influence being exerted on behalf of Philip's German relatives,

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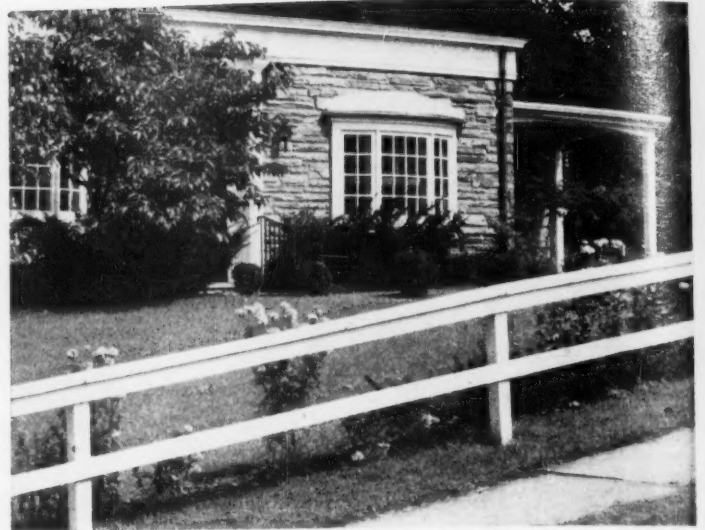
Back to school go the kiddies, and back to jobs or household routines go the adults. It's just go, go, go, in the fall! And everyone wants to feel in the pink for this busy schedule. So don't let diarrhoea with its fatigue, upset stomach and frequent embarrassment throw you or your family off balance! Rely on famous Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry to keep the household on an even keel of health habits. Known and used in Canada for over 112 years, Dr. Fowler's Extract is the favourite restorative of intestinal balance. Its pleasant taste, gentle but sure action make it a must for children too! Keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry handy in the family medicine chest . . . then you have the right answer when diarrhoea strikes!

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PLEASE FENCE ME IN!

By HELEN O'REILLY

. . . Says this post-and-rail enthusiast, who shows how you can easily make your house the best-dressed home in your neighborhood

■A garden without a fence or a hedge around it is like a painting without a frame — it simply doesn't show to best advantage.

That is one of the very good reasons for fencing your property, but there are many more practical reasons: to keep your children and dogs *inside* your garden and out of harm's way; to keep other people's children and dogs *outside* with all their harmful little ways; to give you a little privacy. You should love your neighbors, of course, but that does not mean they must share every minute of the day with you. In fact, you stand a better chance of loving them as you ought if you take them in well-spaced doses — and, of course, vice versa.

Then there are other practical reasons, such as the need for shelter from wind, protection from the sun — or uninvited browsing cows (well, that's what my fence is for, but it's another story); or a place to train flowering vines. And so on, right back

to improving the look of your place, which brings me to the crux of the matter — what kind of fence should you build?

After all this talk of being practical, I must confess that I changed from a perfectly adequate wire fence to a less efficient one of split rails. But few things about the place have given me more pleasure. It suits my cottage. You will have the same satisfaction when you decide on the fence that will not only frame your garden and serve your special purpose, but tie in with the style of your house and be fun to build. For I assume, of course, that you are going to do-it-yourself. (I always think "yourself" is a collective noun meaning "family.")

Whatever style of fence you decide on, the first and most important step is planning the foundation. In this climate your fence posts — or cement-block footing if you are building a brick or stone fence — must be set two and a

Continued on page 146

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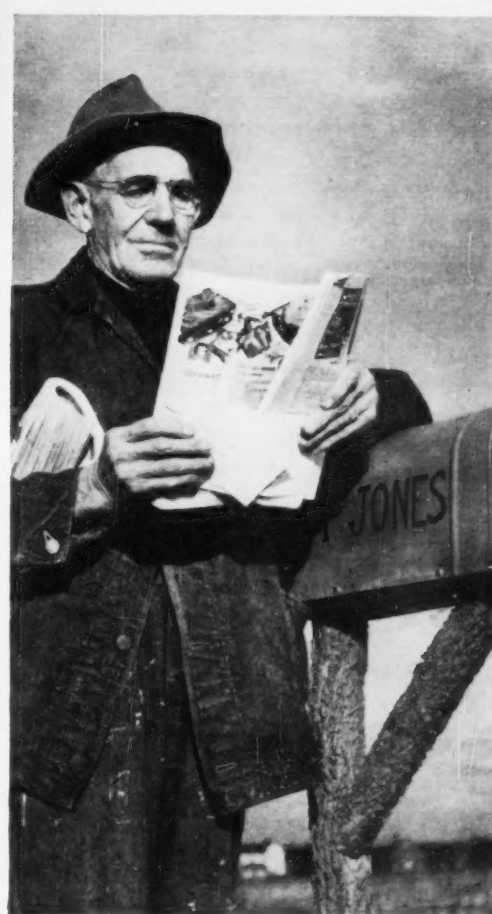
*Canada's periodicals
provide rich fare for
Canadian thought*

Fresh milk and dairy foods do double duty in Canada. They are nature's most nearly perfect source of nourishment. They are also an integral factor in the Canadian economy.

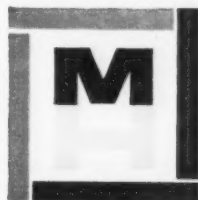
Each year, Canadians consume the equivalent of 1,000 pounds of milk per capita in one form or another. As a result, Canada ranks fifth in dairy food consumption. To supply these wholesome foods for the Canadian table, our dairy farmers maintain herds totalling some three million cows on Canadian farms.

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PLEASE FENCE ME IN!

Continued from page 144

half or three feet below ground level (deeper if the frost line is lower in your area). And there must be good drainage. Building a fence, fun or not, is a great expenditure of effort and unless the foundation is going to be seriously dealt with, I would advise you to forget the whole project.

The fence posts that are worth your hard labor are squared four-by-four-inch cedar posts. As I write, they are priced at \$1.26 for the six-foot length. If you are even more energetic, you can buy six-foot, round cedar posts with the bark still on (you can peel them or not as you fancy). They run from four to five inches in diameter at the top, larger at the bottom, and they cost forty cents each. These six-foot posts will allow you to sink them two and a half feet into ground and still leave enough above ground for a fence three and a half feet high. (Before planning anything higher, check the bylaws in your locality.)

To protect your posts from ground rotting, paint the part to be sunk into the ground, using a preservative such as creosote, a heavy tar preparation or even old car oil. But be sure to paint up high enough so that at least two inches of the protected part stand above ground level.

To set your posts securely, dig holes three feet deep and put into each a six-inch layer of gravel. Insert the posts and fill in around them with more gravel, with soil pressed down and running over. The gravel packing will prevent the accumulation of moisture and consequent settling that so often wrecks homemade fences.

Placing the posts at the right distance from each other and at the same depth in the ground is the most finicky part of the job, so here is where a yardstick and a pencil will pay dividends.

The spacing of the posts depends entirely on the length of the horizontal boards you plan to use. For instance, I was using sixteen-footers and so I cheerfully set my posts eight feet apart, measuring from the side of one post to the side of the next, and so on. Simple arithmetic, I thought. But, alas, I quite forgot that each board would have to overlap the four-inch-wide posts — at each end of the board — by two inches, so that the boards could be nailed to the posts.

It was the centres of the posts that should have been eight feet apart; the sides of the posts should have been seven feet, eight inches from each other. It works like this:



How to set posts and planks.



How planks overlap posts.

Note that you alternate the placing of the bars or "stringers," so that the joins come on different posts.

The depth you sink your posts into the ground determines the height of your fence, and unless all the posts are the same height your fence will look like a badly hung skirt! The usual practice is to put down all posts to the same depth, even where the ground is not level. This means that your fence will dip and rise as your land does. It will be not only easier to build but be more attractive than one that aims at a straight top edge.

For serviceable keep-in or keep-out purposes, make yourself an old-fashioned picket fence. It has charm, and it does the job. Fasten your beams (stringers) of two-by-four cedar (they sell at eleven cents a foot) near the tops of your posts and eight inches from the ground. Be sure you fasten these stringers on the inside of the fence, where they won't be seen from

the street or "show" side. Cedar pickets with Gothic tops — that is, shaped tops — are nineteen cents each in the length suitable for your three-and-a-half-foot fence. Please yourself on how far apart the pickets are nailed along the stringers.

Instead of the usual pickets, you may wish to use wide pine boards six-by-one inches, each set about an inch apart. They are available at thirteen cents a foot. Your fence will be pure Colonial Williamsburg if you paint it white — or you may prefer to stain it, for a more up-to-date effect.

The number of variations on a basic fence design are, of course, almost limitless. Perhaps one of the most unusual and eye-catching is the "basket weave."

You can make it by nailing wide boards horizontally to opposite sides of your posts and using uprights of two-by-one-inch cedar as "spreaders" where they cross.

Spruce boards six-by-one-inch cost six and a half cents a foot; in pine they are thirteen cents a foot; in cedar (which will weather best of all) they are twelve cents a foot. The uprights, or "spreaders," of spruce are two cents a foot; of cedar, four cents a foot. The spreaders should be cut so that they are as long as the depth of your stringers; they shouldn't show above or below the boards.

The simplest of all wood fences to build is called the Colonial (for example, see page 144). It makes an attractive border for your home or garden, but it won't keep the children and animals in — or out. It consists of two lines of horizontal rail boards, with a third line of boards running flat across the tops of the posts. It requires the minimum of nails and hammering. The effect is neat and the topping board (which, being wider than

the posts, juts out on either side) protects the posts from the weather. You first nail on the topping board, then directly under it nail the top rail board, so that it fits under the projection. The lower, second rail is set twelve inches above ground level.

Here's another design you can try. Simply string from post to post alternating six-by-one-inch and two-by-one-inch boards, with never more than an inch between them.

The most beautiful "fence" you could dream of would be a brick wall. I wouldn't plan to encircle your whole garden with one unless your family is large, energetic and madly keen. But for a short stretch — say out from the garage or the end of the house for a suntrap — it would look marvelous and last a lifetime.

Here again, the secret of success is in preparing a firm foundation level. Dig a trench four feet deep, fill in with cinders or gravel to the depth of one foot, and then lay a footing of cement blocks to ground level. It will pay you to have this job done professionally; it is a short job for one who knows, but a very long struggle for an amateur.

Now you are ready for the fascinating part. You can get old bricks from a wrecking company, and the time to get them is while a house is being torn down (probably at one and a half cents a brick) because then the wreckers are anxious to get rid of them. These old bricks are splendidly aged, of course, and give a wonderful effect. You may, of course, prefer new bricks to match your house if it is a modern one.

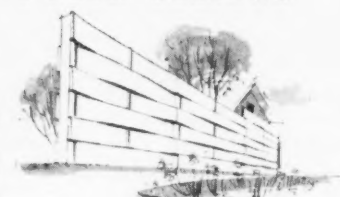
Make the mortar yourself — it will be cheaper. You will need washed sand, cement and dehydrated lime. For a good strong mortar, take one shovelful of cement to two of lime and

Continued on page 153

Four easy-to-build fences



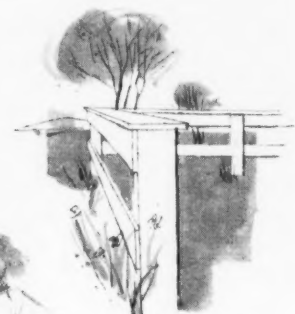
Old-fashioned picket fence.



Eye-catching "basket weave."




Alternating wide-and-narrow.



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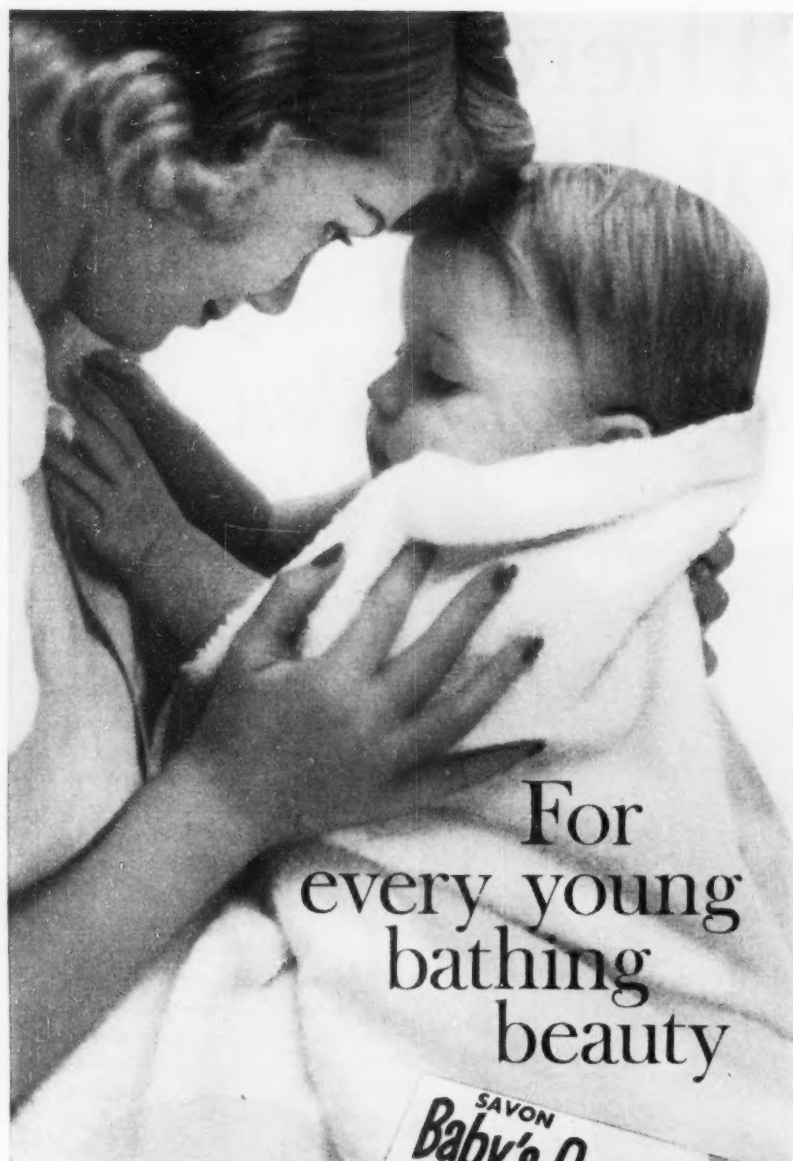
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YOUR CHILD BEHAVIOR

How to teach your child to learn from mistakes

By MARGUERITE W. BROWN,
Institute of Child Study, Toronto



● The responsibility of parents today is what it has always been — to help children grow up and become mature adults. In the course of growing up, children make many mistakes. What is important is that children should learn from their mistakes. This they usually do in physical learning — walking, riding a bicycle or skating.

Why then is it often so hard to teach children to keep rules, to get along with other people, to manage danger situations, not to be destructive? The aim of this article is to discuss how a wise use of "consequences" can help a child to learn appropriate behavior. By consequences I mean experiences that accompany or follow behavior. Included as part of the experience are feelings — the feeling of satisfaction or dissatisfaction a person has about a particular act.

We know that consequences affect subsequent behavior. Acts that have a pleasant or satisfying consequence tend to be repeated. Those with unpleasant or unsatisfying ones tend to drop out of the behavior pattern. Thus a girl who is the right age to learn to skip, and who derives pleasure from this activity, keeps on trying even though her feet often get entangled with the rope. Her satisfaction is greater than her dissatisfaction.

Parents are aware of the effect of satisfaction and dissatisfaction and use it in the discipline of their chil-

dren. Sometimes, however, the result is not what was expected. A little boy who was frequently naughty at his grandmother's house "suffered" the consequence of having her get very cross with him. This did nothing to stop the naughtiness.

The boy had discovered that only by being naughty could he gain his grandmother's attention — usually showered on his baby sister. Thus what seemed like an unpleasant consequence — the scolding — was for him less important than the pleasant consequence of her attention. This story brings out the point that learning must always be considered from the point of view of the learner. How does *he* feel? Is he being helped or hindered?

Be wary how you teach

Another point to keep in mind is the total development of the child and the part any particular learning plays in it. A consequence *may* be so severe that a specific act is not repeated. But one needs to be wary about using consequences in this way. Parents may argue, for example, that since streets are hazardous the child must at all costs be prevented from going off the sidewalk. Having this point of view, they may induce a strong fear or even terror of roads.

But a time will come when the

child must learn to cross a road. Then his parents will want him to exercise good judgment. If he is terrified of traffic, his fear will stand in his way. In such a case, the consequence that was used earlier to prevent his going on the road has been a poor one, and it has handicapped his later learning.

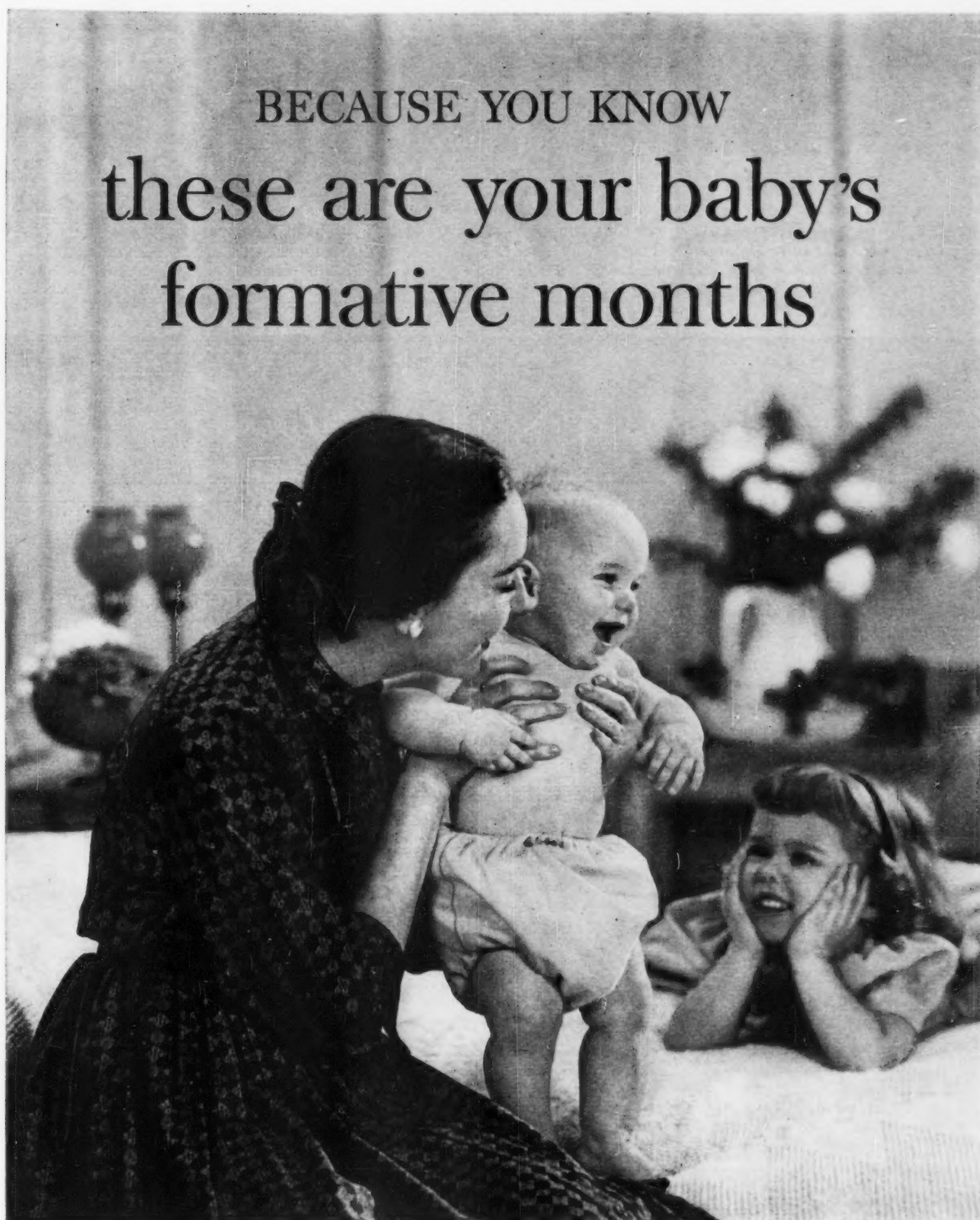
A constructive plan for helping a child to learn about roads and traffic might begin by allowing him to play in front of the house only when closely supervised. Whenever he attempts to go on the road, his mother says, "No, we play on the grass or sidewalk," and brings him back. Naturally he will need something suitable to play with. His satisfaction must be kept in mind. That is to say, there must be something worthwhile to the child when he keeps the rule of not going on the road — some fun and pleasure.

As he grows older and can understand directions, he will be told clearly what his limits are. He will still need supervision, though this will now be from the veranda. He will learn to keep the rules if he can derive satisfaction within the limits set for him, and if his mother is consistent in applying consequences — for instance, in bringing him back, perhaps to the back yard, *every time* he goes beyond the limits.

His confidence grows

What he learns from this experience and similar ones is that his mother is interested in his having a good time, and lets him do what he is able to do; but that she is firm about those things he may not do. Confidence in his mother (and father) grows. Therefore, when his parents begin to help him learn to cross streets, he has a background that is useful to him. He feels confident that he is ready, and responds to instruction about crossing at intersections, looking both ways and judging the speed of oncoming cars. The early consequences have laid a good foundation for subsequent learning.

How do you help children learn to use toys and materials constructively? Let us take for example the use of crayons. When a young child is given crayons for the first time, the parents should keep in mind that the child has not the skill to manage well, and that his span of attention is short, possibly only a few minutes. He will probably be able to make a few marks on the paper, and will then begin what we call "misuse" — throwing



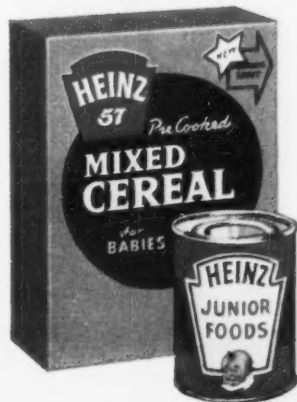
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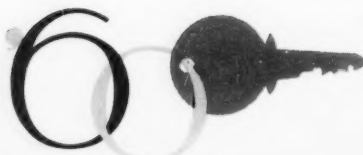


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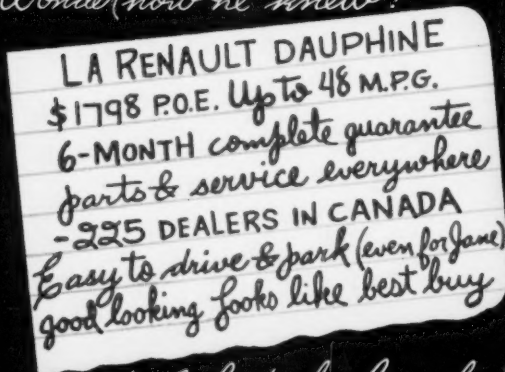
Souvenirs of our onerymoon



Um-m! Wonderful lunch! John says he's glad the Renault is economical to feed, because I'm not



Ticket man loved our car. He said "From Paris eh? Perfect for lovers" Wonder how he knew!



John gave me this for being The Person He'd Most Like To Be Stuck in a Renault With. But he says not to count on it - a Renault is so maneuverable.

Notes John took when choosing a car (Found in his pocket) Dad says John has a good head on his shoulders. Ooh, has he ever!



Chatelaine • September 1960

the crayons, breaking them or marking on the wallpaper.

At the first sign of misuse, the parent says, "Look! This is how we use crayons, on the paper." The child may use them on the paper for a few minutes and then begin marking the table. The parent then says, "All right, we'll put them away now."

Over a period of weeks and months the child is given a chance to use the crayons and is allowed to continue using them as long as he is willing to mark only on the paper provided. As soon as he is tired or shows signs of misuse, the crayons are put away. During the time of use, he gradually acquires more skill, can stay at the crayoning longer, and finally reaches the stage where he feels he is "making" something. The destructive behavior has dropped out in favor of the more rewarding constructive practices.

Consequences are useful in learning how to handle money. A child needs an allowance when he becomes aware of buying possibilities and when he has an opportunity to spend. If he is to learn, the allowance should be small at first, regular, and completely his own. He will, of course, make mistakes in that he will buy useless objects and ones that have interest for only a short period. The parent needs to see that the "consequences" can do their own teaching and that she can help best by staying out of the picture.

It is obvious that the consequences must be logical in terms of the behavior. Thus, sending a boy to his room may be logical for inappropriate social behavior ("Since you can't play here without knocking down Bill's blocks, you had better play by yourself"); but the same procedure would not be logical if the boy had forgotten to do an errand. Parents need to ask themselves, "What am I trying to teach? Is the child ready to learn? Will this particular consequence foster the kind of learning I want, or will it foster something else?"

It is often very difficult for parents to put into practice the theory of logical consequences. But parents, like children, can learn. It is a help to remember that one's aim is not "to stop them behaving like that," but to help them learn better ways of behaving. Not only that, but to ensure that the continuous learning, which, after all, goes on for a good many years, results in a well-integrated person, with many skills, a sense of responsibility and a mature attitude in adulthood.

END

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YOUR CHILD

• HEALTH •



When baby can't digest his food

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD

• What used to be called chronic intestinal indigestion in babies is now known to be caused by two distinct conditions, cystic fibrosis of the pancreas and coeliac disease. They have the same set of distressing symptoms but have different causes, and each requires its own particular treatment.

The first indication of either condition may be frequent, large, pale, greasy, frothy, foul-smelling bowel movements. Babies suffering from the coeliac syndrome (as this set of symptoms is called), either do not digest their food properly or are unable to absorb much of it. This naturally reduces their rate of growth.

Bacteria present in the large intestine (a perfectly normal and beneficial state ordinarily) act on the abnormal amount of unused food in the digestive tracts of these babies to produce gas and other irritating substances.

But there the similarities end.

When these symptoms occur in very young babies the diagnosis is most likely to be cystic fibrosis of the pancreas. Usually the cystic fibrosis baby has a good appetite, but research has shown that he is unable to produce normal digestive juice in his pancreas. Consequently he cannot digest, or break down into usable form, much of his food.

Not only the pancreas of cystic fibrosis babies, but practically all the

other glands that produce "external" secretions (that are emptied into other organs), can be abnormal. Thus cystic fibrosis is usually a generalized disease, affecting many parts of the body. One result may be the presence of unusually thick mucus produced by the glands of the bronchi and its branches. Instead of being coughed up, or swallowed, this mucus often blocks off patches of the lungs, where germs can multiply rapidly and cause severe infections. Such infections are often the first indications of the disease.

What doctors prescribe

Physicians now prescribe preparations of dried pancreas to compensate for the deficiencies in the digestive juice produced by the pancreas. These preparations are given to cystic fibrosis babies with their meals.

Most of the lung infections common to cystic fibrosis babies can be prevented with protective antibiotics.

Excessive amounts of salt are present in the perspiration of cystic fibrosis babies — a helpful symptom to doctors making diagnoses. In very hot weather such children need more salt than normal youngsters, because of the large amount lost through perspiration.

A few cystic fibrosis babies develop severe symptoms right after birth because of intestinal obstruction. An



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emergency operation is sometimes successful, and, fortunately, this critical form of the condition is rare.

Twenty years ago cystic fibrosis of the pancreas was always fatal. Now many children with this condition are doing quite well, and a great deal of active research is going on in the hope of still further improvement in their treatment.

It is believed that a tendency toward the development of this disease is usually present in both parents if it appears in their child. One or other of the parents often shows abnormal perspiration tests. Consequently, any of the couple's children may inherit the disease.

Parents of cystic fibrosis children, working with interested physicians, have organized several cystic fibrosis associations. The national headquarters is the Canadian Cystic Fibrosis Foundation, 16 Briar Crescent, Brantford, Ontario.

in a few instances, it may be caused by a rare abnormality in the digestive tract, or by a persistent chronic infection.

The baby with coeliac disease can digest his food normally — that is, his digestive enzymes can break his food into the simple substances of which it is composed. However, he is unable to absorb much of it from his digestive tract into his blood. In severe cases the baby shows wasting of the buttocks and legs and his abdomen becomes large and distended.

Where a new food appears to have caused the coeliac symptoms the offending item is left out of the baby's menu and the trouble clears up.

Be strict with his diet

A prolonged special diet, sometimes accompanied by other treatment, is usually needed to control the coeliac symptoms. Quite a few of these babies are sensitive to gluten, the main protein in wheat and rye, and they are put on a gluten-free diet by their physicians. Wheat starch (from which the gluten has been removed), rice flour and rice cereals, soy flour and cornstarch are good substitutes, and can be made up in tasty recipes devised by dietitians.

If the coeliac child is sensitive to gluten he usually starts to grow and his appetite and disposition improve shortly after he goes on a gluten-free diet, even though his abnormal bowel movements may not improve for a month or more.

Incidentally, it is surprising how many foods, such as soups, candy and commercial puddings, contain ordinary wheat flour. Rather than risk giving a coeliac baby gluten unknowingly, it is essential to stick rigorously to the diet the doctor prescribes. Some physicians believe that a long stretch on this diet may result in the coeliac baby getting over this sensitivity completely, whereas a shorter period may not. It is most important to keep in close touch with your doctor on the coeliac baby's diet.

When coeliac disease is due to a severe chronic infection, symptoms are relieved when the infection is discovered and cured.

Infections usually cause a recurrence of coeliac symptoms in children with any type of the disease. Parents are warned to avoid exposing such children to infections, and any infections they do get must be treated promptly.

END

FAUNA IN MY FLORA

For other gardeners, the rose.
Whatever in my garden grows
Is eyed by an enormous cat,
And I can testify to that.
He looks, with predatory squint,
Upon my parsley and my mint.
With horrid grace he ferrets out
Unhealthy radish, pallid sprout.
There's nothing he disdains to
eat,
From marjoram to marguerite,
And after meals he takes his
ease
Among my poppies and my
peas.
A menace in my garden
grows...
For other gardeners, the rose.
BY EMILY C. RUSHWORTH

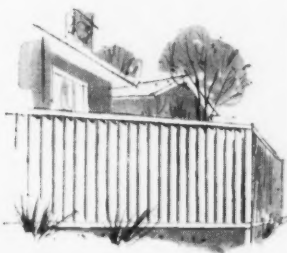
Coeliac disease, the other digestive condition which causes poor physical growth and is characterized by the abnormal bowel movements described, generally does not reveal itself until the baby is several months old. Recurrent or persistent diarrhea is a common symptom, and most babies suffering from the disease have poor appetites and are unhappy.

Coeliac disease can be due to a variety of causes. It may follow the introduction of a new food to which the baby is allergic, it may be due to sensitivity to wheat or rye gluten, or,

Privacy — with style



Brick wall—construction detail.



The "Venetian blind" fence.

FENCES Continued from page 146
five of sand. Mix them dry, and then add water, stirring with a hoe until the mortar is the texture of butter. Have the bricks soaking in water so that when you start building they will not absorb the water from the mortar before it sets properly.

Now the fun begins. Your wall should be two bricks wide. Fit the bricks together like blocks, always staggering the joints so that there is never a place where the mortar can split right through your wall. For instance, you will start with one whole brick on the first line (or "course") and a half brick on the next. Every third or fourth layer you set your bricks *across* the wall, to tie the courses together.

If you want a gate in your wall, set two or three heavy bolts between the bricks *as you build*, so that you can fasten a frame to them or hang a gate directly on them.

Of course, all this takes time and loving care. If you need shelter and a bit of privacy right now, design yourself a short wooden wall or baffle to screen your favorite nook, or to keep the garbage cans out of sight, or the traffic from appearing to come right in the windows. Baffles can be made of anything from bamboo to plastic, but I would settle for cedar boards — once again the six-by-ones at twelve

cents a foot. You can use spruce at six and a half cents per foot, but it must be painted, whereas cedar can be left to weather to a very pleasant silvery grey.

Your baffle can be a solid bit of wall, but I imagine you will want a circulation of air and filtered light through it. If so, a louvered style is the answer. Depending on the shape and style of your house, you will decide whether the louvers should run horizontally (like a Venetian blind) or vertically, giving a feeling of height.

Again the basic thing is posts set to stay and two-by-fours strung between them top and bottom. On this frame you set your boards all at the same angle with military precision. (Here again you may choose the woven effect described above, which makes a denser screen.)

The nice thing about fence-making is that you can follow your fancy; the only hard-and-fast rule is that the posts or foundations be set deep and on good drainage. After looking at these suggestions, and at some of the fences in your own town, you can go ahead and invent your own.

Whether your fence is a necessity or just a frame for your garden, it will add to the individuality (and value) of your house, and the pride you take in it. END

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE — John Sebert (cover, 32, 33), Clive Webster (3), Peter Smith (6, 8), Jim Murray (8, 124), Henry Fox (8), Alex Gray (12), Robert Ragsdale (12), Miller Services (12, 148, 151), Marjorie McEnaney (18, 19), Ray Webber (27), Wheeler's (28, 29), Central Press (29), Associated Press (29), Paul Rockett (38, 39, 40), Beverley Rockett (41), Peter Croydon (42, 43, 78), Alex Dellow (54), Dennis Colwell (92 to 106, 121), Roche (144). ARTWORK—Axe Petersen (3), Jerry Lazare (30, 31), Tom McNeely (34, 35, 146, 153), Fred Oakley (36), Robert Turnbull (37, 38, 41, 42, 80, 92), S. Dolesch (50), Eugenie Groh (128), John Thorne (154).



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The last word is yours —

This month artist John Thorne, who draws the cartoons for this page, helps us catch up on the world of hapless art directors and reluctant cover cats [What's New at Chatelaine, July] . . . and once again the United Nations asks you to be a foreign correspondent

The case of the reluctant cover cat

Your covers often go so well with my living-room décor, but why do you have to spoil the good-looking cover with that nasty-looking address tag? Would a brown wrapping that could be slipped off be too expensive?

Mrs. Alex Henry, Woodstock, Ont.

Yes.

—The editors.



Your magazine has become quite a favorite of mine but I was simply not amused by the story of Amber the cat which escaped from the arms of your art director in downtown Toronto [What's New at Chatelaine, July].

If your art director had never heard of borrowing a carrier from a vet, she at least could have taken the trouble to learn the one hold from which it is impossible for a cat to escape. A house cat, frantic and frightened, is not likely to survive long in a large city's business area, and it is to be thankful Amber had more brains than art director Joan Chalmers.

Nora Watts, London, Ont.

Cat owner Chalmers admits that brainy felines, including her own Turi, get the better of any contest with her any time.

—The editors.

\$\$\$ are a girl's best friend

Jesus Christ is the only expert on How to Meet the Challenge of Old Age [July], and women would do a lot better if they got back to their Bibles and prayer rooms like their foremothers and regained their belief in themselves as bona fide people rather than the "pawns" and "inspirational resources" of men.

What men like is money; give them

a dame with lots of it or one young enough to learn how to help them make it and after the honeymoon is over they couldn't care less what perfume you use—preferring homemade bread and raspberry tarts especially. This was the wisdom of the pioneer women, and, by golly, it still makes the only real sense we have ever learned from listening to all the experts on how to win men and keep them.

F. Lett, Saskatoon.

The duke disappointed

I was deeply disappointed that your July issue devoted space, and a good deal of it, to an article on the Duke of Windsor and his wife. Surely these very unfortunate people, whose lives are strangely lacking in thought for others, might be left to their own peculiar daily rounds.

Miss B. Clarke, Edmonton.

Please no more about the Windsors. What have they ever done for the good of the world or the cause of humanity? Who cares about the duchess' dinner dress or the duke's breakfast coat? I'm sure giving cocktail parties and being followed by six or seven dogs does not call for a heroic medal.

Mrs. W. Hennigan,
Chester Basin, N.S.

The grand old flag

May I add my suggestion for changing the song O Canada [Last Word, July]. Let's get rid of it entirely. As a child it embarrassed me to sing it for even then I recognized it for a silly folk song and one that contained less than nothing in the way of a sincere prayer.

There was a time when we fought to remain "loyalists." Now minority groups are making so much noise that even thinking people are finding themselves apologizing for our Commonwealth status.

Let's just this once, we who cherish

our heritage and respect the foundations upon which our nation is built, stand firm in our resolve that our national anthem and our grand old flag (and I don't mean that adulterated merchant-navy flag, either) won't be replaced without good cause.

Edwin Brown, Ottawa.

A doctor's love of life

The Last Word is Yours is one of my favorite pages in CHATELAINE. I, too, found Dr. Marion Hilliard a real student and exponent of life and love. These few lines may appeal to other students:

Love they say, makes us glad,
How about it when we're sad?
Sadness only comes from doubt
Therefore cast the sadness out.
Love to all brings perfect calm,
Fills the soul with rarest balm,
Heals all wounds, this I know,
That is why I tell you so.

Mrs. Maud Brooks, Willowdale, Ont.

Be a

foreign

correspondent!



Readers interested in overseas pen friends are again invited to write to the United Nations Association at the address below. Please enclose a fee of ten cents and a stamped self-addressed envelope with your request.

Mrs. R. T. Tanner, Director,
Overseas Correspondence Department,
United Nations Association in Canada,
Box 178, Markham, Ont.

We must clear the camps

Your editorials have been rapidly climbing the ladder until in June you have given us the most splendid one of all, Refugee Year Isn't Over For Us. We in Canada have so much and share so little. Here is an opportunity

to show that we are not as selfish as we appear to be—or are we?

Mrs. J. S. Cunningham,
St. Marys, N.S.

You might be glad to know that your editorial was reprinted in full on the editorial page of our St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Mrs. Herbert S. White, Aylmer, Ont.

It is only too true that Canadians have responded poorly to this cause. Perhaps it is because we who have so much do not understand what it is like not to have it. Refugee Year must not end for us until those camps are closed.

Tammy Adaskin, Toronto.

The sounding board

Your July issue was particularly interesting—two delightful short stories and that heartwarming article We Gave Up Our Child [by Ruth Doehler]. I have previously been only a patron of the U.S. women's magazines. However, if Canadian writers have all this to offer in an easy-to-read magazine such as CHATELAINE—all the better.

Mrs. C. S. Reid, Vancouver.

I look forward to receiving CHATELAINE more than any other women's magazine. You always seem to publish and discuss just what I have been thinking about.

Mrs. Peter Kennedy, Hanna, Alta.



Your greatest lack . . . I thought after studying your fattened-up magazine which is improving annually . . . is humor. You have rarely printed anything amusing, in any way. Why? Must we all suffer and suffer?

Mrs. H. R. Stacey, Saskatoon.

Send letters to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

NEXT MONTH IN CHATELAINE

BOB GOULET GOES TO BROADWAY

HOW TO KEEP FIT in only 12 minutes a day...



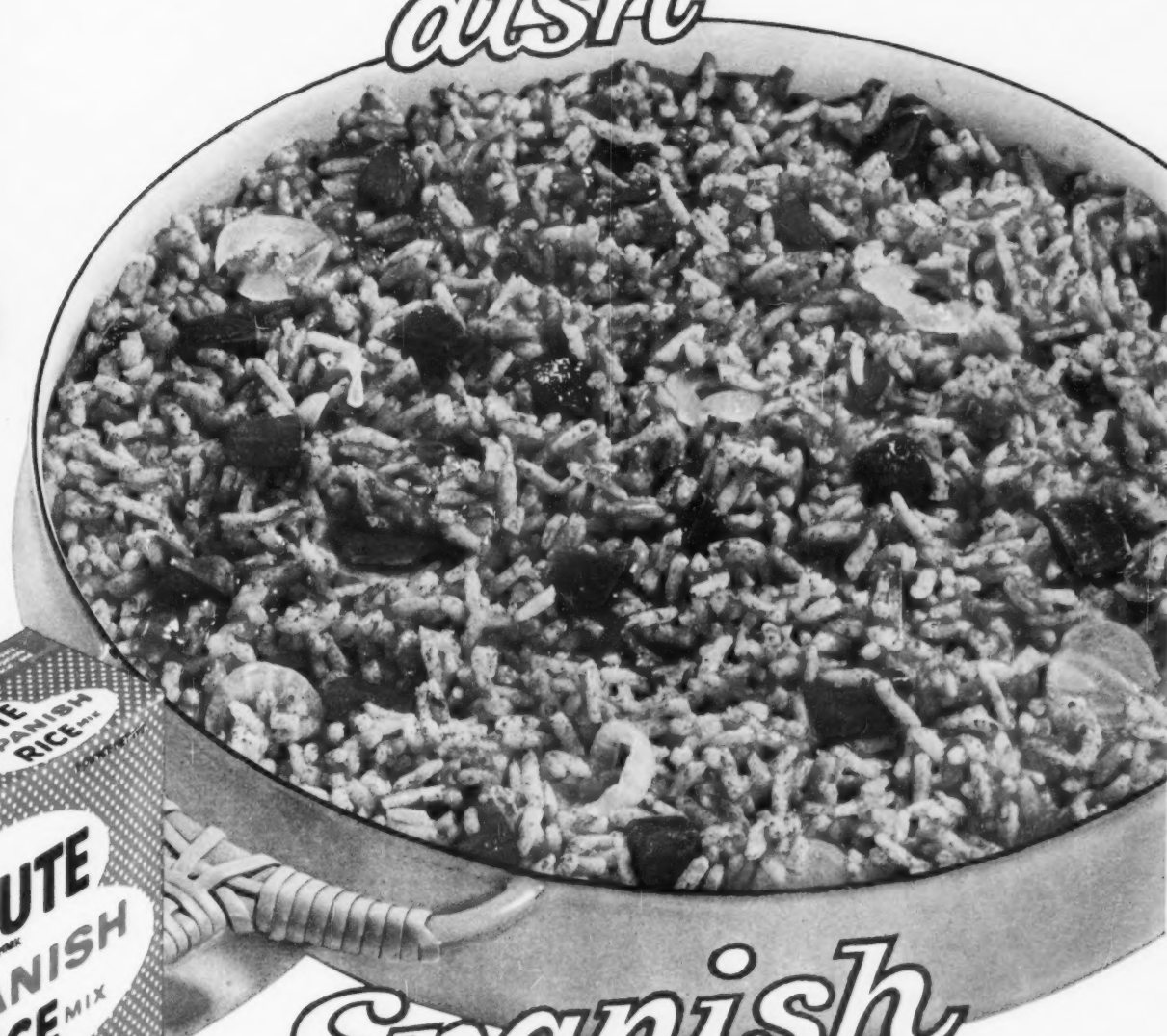
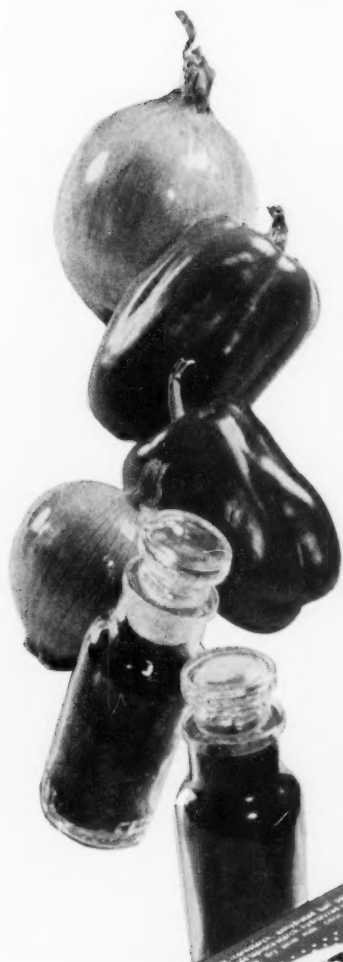
CAN'T WE STOP CRUELTY TO CHILDREN?

Beginning: THE TORONTONIANS

A new novel by Canadian author PHYLLIS BRETT YOUNG

FOR THE FIRST TIME

this savoury dish



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R. W. Davis
Vice-President and Senior Tea Taster
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